Liberty

What's Behind Our Expedition to Antarctica...By Stacy V. Jones

Book: MISTER ROBERTS
By Thomas Heggen

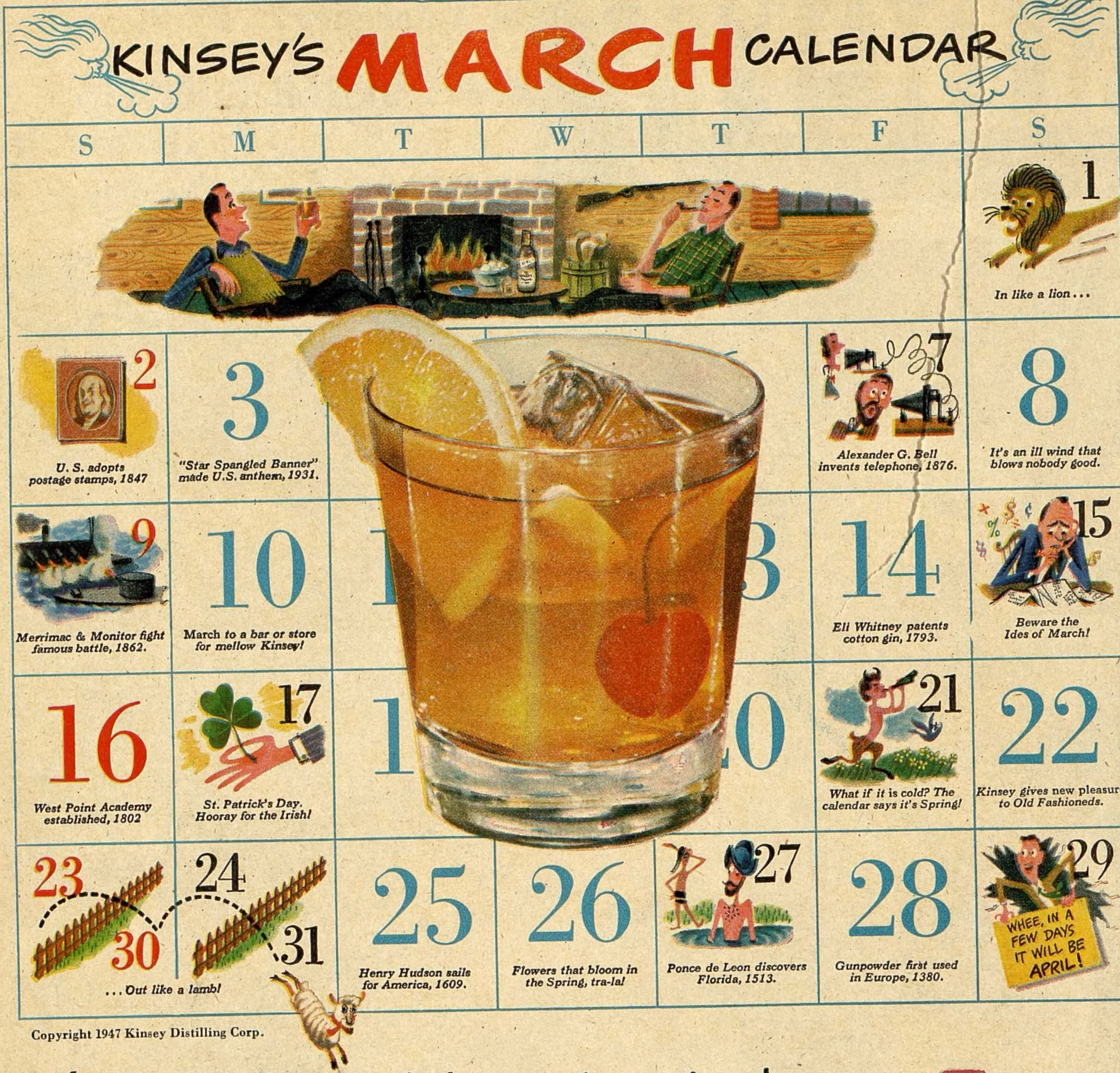
EYEWITNESS, Exciting New Picture Section

AR. 1, 1947

10c

see MUGGING FOR MONEY

KINSEY'S MARCH CALENDAR



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1 *In like a lion . . .*
2 *U. S. adopts postage stamps, 1847*	3 *"Star Spangled Banner" made U.S. anthem, 1931.*				7 *Alexander G. Bell invents telephone, 1876.*	8 *It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.*
9 *Merrimac & Monitor fight famous battle, 1862.*	10 *March to a bar or store for mellow Kinsey!*	1		3	14 *Eli Whitney patents cotton gin, 1793.*	15 *Beware the Ides of March!*
16 *West Point Academy established, 1802*	17 *St. Patrick's Day. Hooray for the Irish!*	1		0	21 *What if it is cold? The calendar says it's Spring!*	22 *Kinsey gives new pleasure to Old Fashioneds.*
23 30	24 31 *. . . Out like a lamb!*	25 *Henry Hudson sails for America, 1609.*	26 *Flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra-la!*	27 *Ponce de Leon discovers Florida, 1513.*	28 *Gunpowder first used in Europe, 1380.*	29 WHEE, IN A FEW DAYS IT WILL BE APRIL!

Copyright 1947 Kinsey Distilling Corp.

In March, when winds become impassioned, Try Kinsey's wonderful Old Fashioned!

This March, you'll come in like a *social* lion if you serve delightful Old Fashioneds made with superbly smooth Kinsey Whiskey. Here's how:

½ lump sugar . . . 2 dashes bitters . . . add enough water to cover sugar and muddle well . . . 2 oz. of mild, mellow Kinsey. Stir well. Add ice cube, lemon rind, slice of orange, lemon and a cherry.

Whatever your favorite drink for these blustery March days, it will taste more delicious made with Kinsey—the unhurried whiskey for unhurried moments. Try this fine blend *tonight!*

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the unhurried whiskey for unhurried moments

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guess how many gasoline companies display this trademark?

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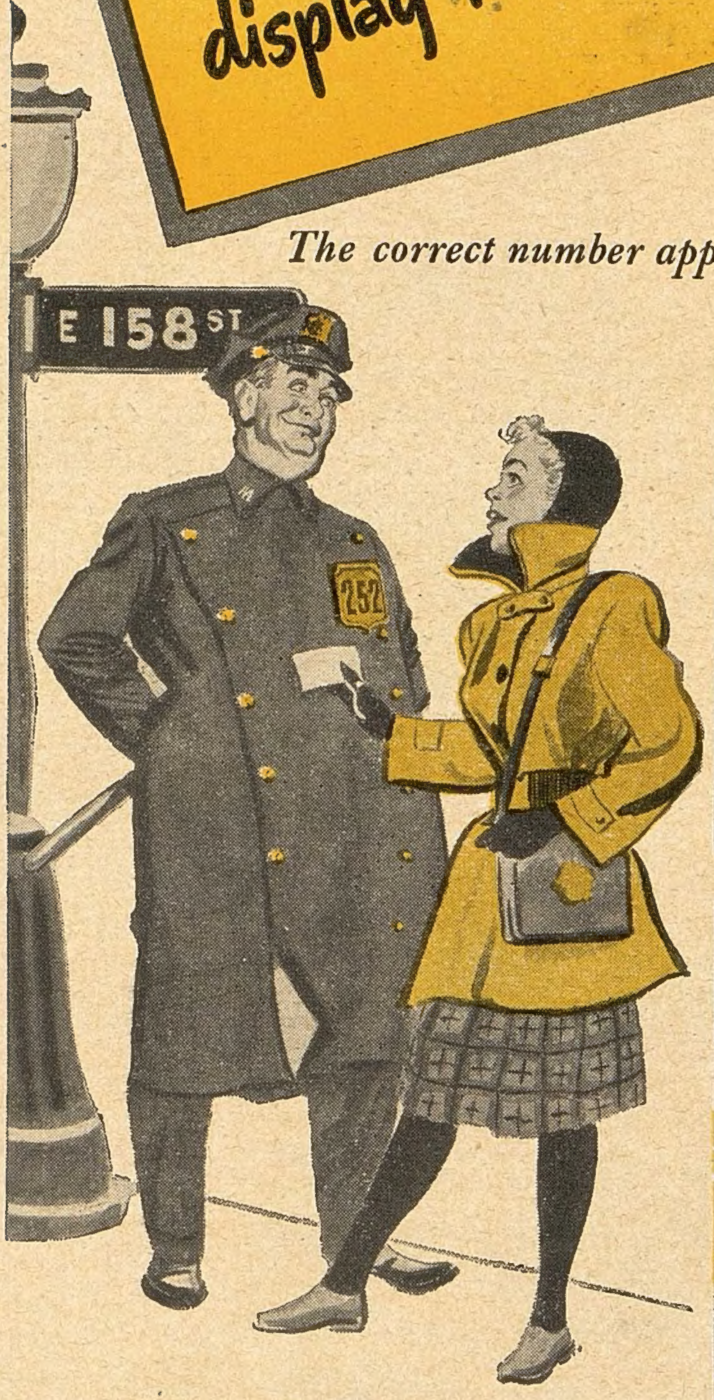
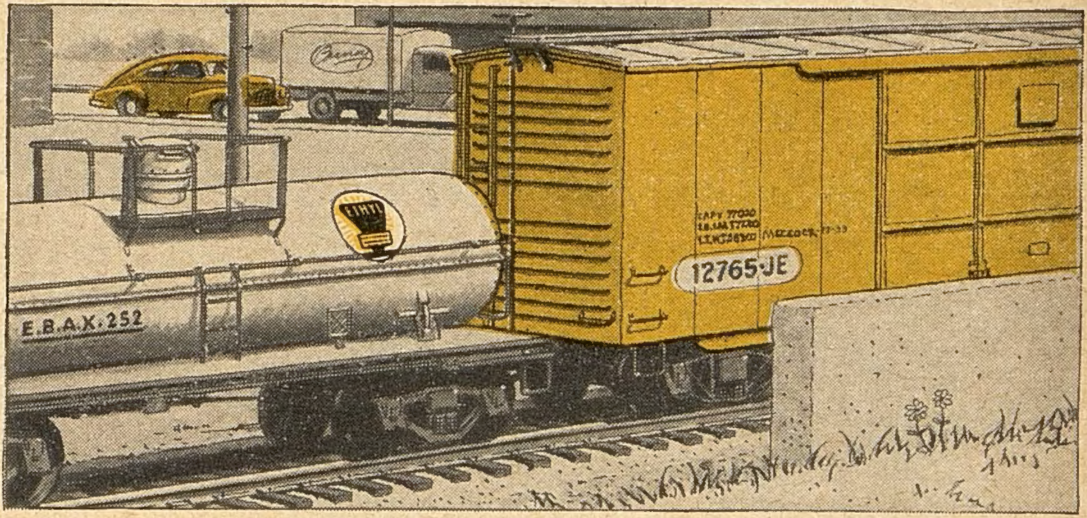
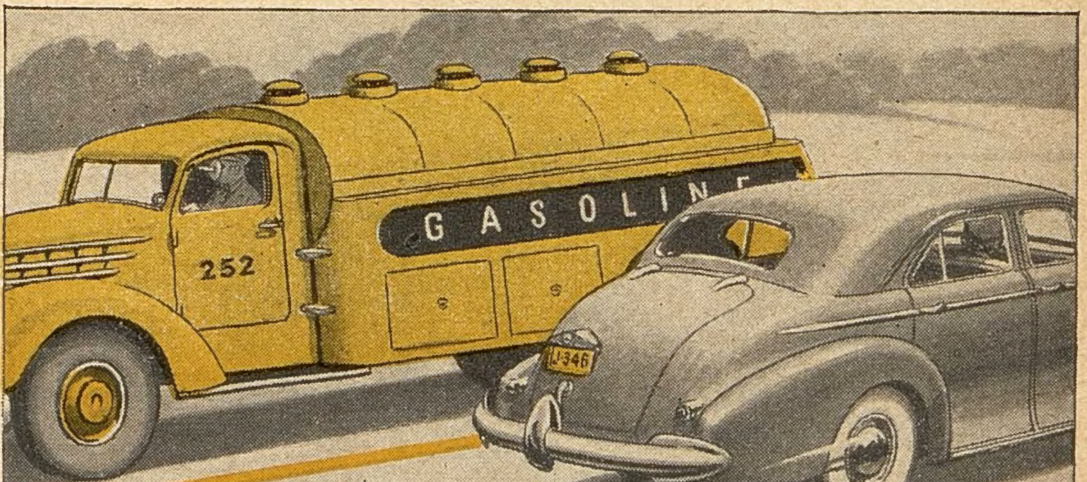
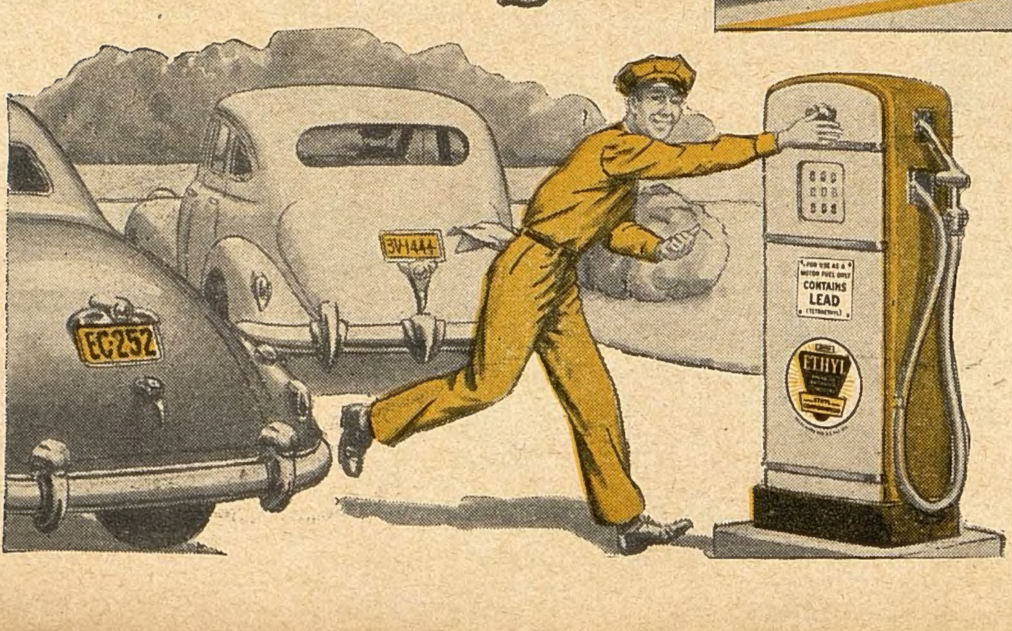
The correct number appears in all these pictures—see how quickly you can find it!





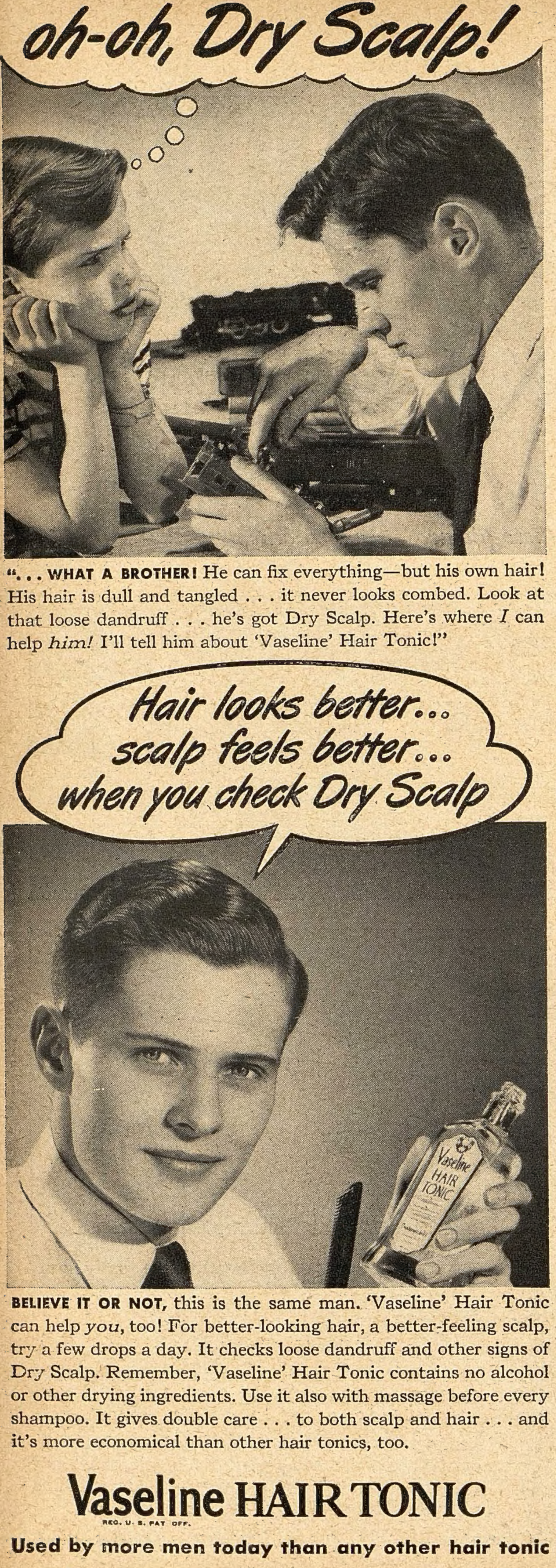




If your powers of observation are really keen, you saw that 252 is the only number that appears in every one of the pictures. And 252 is the number of oil refiners in the United States using "Ethyl" anti-knock compound to improve their best gasoline. These companies, therefore, may use the well-known Ethyl name and emblem.

But remember, these refiners sell the finished product through *thousands* of jobbers and dealers. These distributors may *also* display the Ethyl trademark on pumps containing good gasoline plus the famous "Ethyl" anti-knock fluid.

ETHYL CORPORATION—*makers of "Ethyl" anti-knock compound.*



oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

". . . WHAT A BROTHER! He can fix everything—but his own hair! His hair is dull and tangled . . . it never looks combed. Look at that loose dandruff . . . he's got Dry Scalp. Here's where *I* can help *him!* I'll tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

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BELIEVE IT OR NOT, this is the same man. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can help *you*, too! For better-looking hair, a better-feeling scalp, try a few drops a day. It checks loose dandruff and other signs of Dry Scalp. Remember, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Use it also with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair . . . and it's more economical than other hair tonics, too.

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Cover: Little Shaver

KODACHROME BY BILL PARKER

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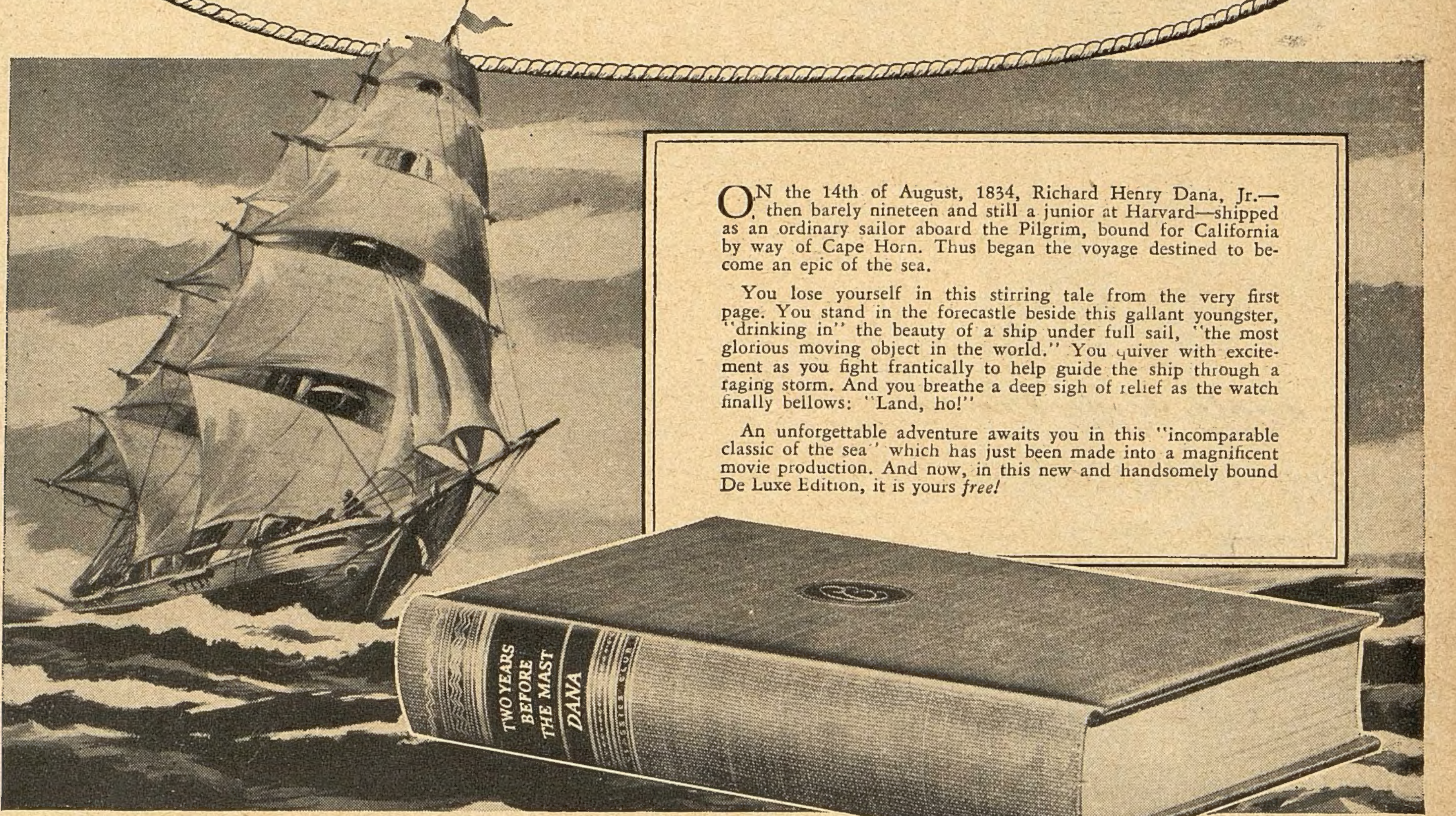
TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST
DANA

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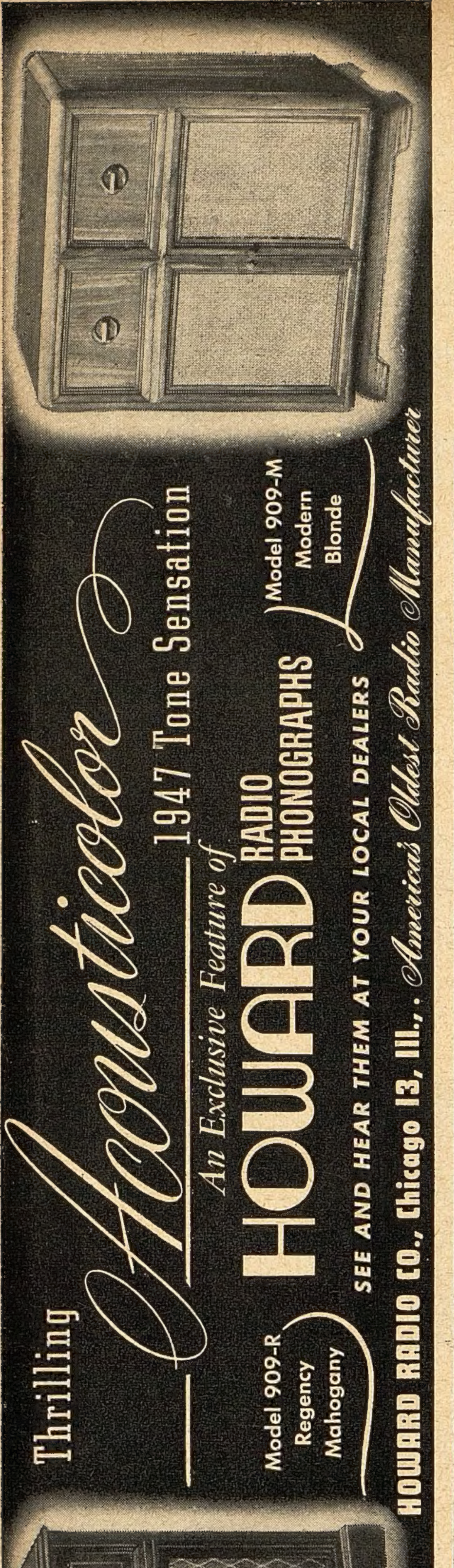
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★ VOX POP ★

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THANKS FROM EUROPE

Budapest, Hungary—I read Mrs. Whisenhunt's letter (August 3 Vox Pop), and though quite late, I answer it in a hope she will change her mind.

She is absolutely right when she writes that the United States is doing more than its share to care for the hungry world, that generous American families have adopted hundreds and hundreds of war orphans, that enormous amounts of food and clothes were sent across by the government. I am sure, however, that if she saw the hungry, homeless widows, orphans, cripples, and lonely that roam around aimlessly in every part of Europe, she would feel it's worth while.

We can do no more than just express our thanks and appreciation to the government of the U. S. A. that did very much for us, and please don't forget that those orphans that are adopted by American families will grow up to be good and loyal citizens of the country and they will try to build this world into a better one, with time.—*Emmy Karmazsin.*

REPUBLICANS AND BIG BUSINESS

Kansas City, Mo.—This is in answer to Joseph Mills (December 14 Vox Pop) as to what the Republicans have ever done for wage earners.

Evidently he is one of those who argue that the Republicans have always favored big business. Granting that may be true, I would ask who is it that gives employment to the wage earner? If we have favored big business, it was so big business could expand, thus giving employment to more wage earners.

The thing that has made this the greatest country on earth is the opportunity it has always offered for small business to become big business, and whenever that opportunity is taken away, the country will suffer, and the wage earners will suffer most of all.

I can remember several Democratic administrations, and in every one of them in which a war did not furnish employment, the wage earners were pounding on back doors, begging a handout, because the administration had made it so unpleasant and unprofitable for business that business could no longer continue to employ the wage earner, so both suffered the consequences.

If ever the employer and employee both get it through their thick skulls that any change that is not an advantage to both parties is a detriment to both, and learn to pull together instead of in opposite directions, there will be mutual good will and a real era of labor peace. —*Mrs. D. M.*

Neatly put, Mrs. D. M. Even a Democrat must admire your logic.—Vox Pop Ed.

ARE GIRLS PROMISCUOUS?

Boston, Mass.—I have just read Gerald Okrant's letter (January 4 Vox Pop) about the old-fashioned gal. He stated that 98 per cent of today's young women are promiscuous.

Well, I should say that 99 per cent of today's young men don't want the old pattern of courtship, engagement, and marriage. An affair is about all they're interested in.—*Lorraine Hayes.*

Chicago, Ill.—A Reply to Gerald Okrant: If he ever visits the big, bad city of Chicago, I will gladly introduce him to a few girls who are willing to go through the old pattern of courtship, engagement, and marriage, *without* having an affair first.—*Betty Bader.*

Woodside, N. Y.—To Gerald Okrant I have but this to say: Just show me a *man* who, today, "is willing to go through the old pattern of courtship, engagement, and marriage without an affair first." I've been looking for *years* and haven't found one yet!—*Career Girl (by choice) No. 95,000.*

Had enough, Mr. Okrant?—Vox Pop Ed.

(*Continued on page 8*)

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Print Name of Dependent ______ Age ______
Print Name of Dependent ______ Age ______
Print Name of Dependent ______ Age ______
ADDRESS ______
CITY ______ STATE ______
SIGNATURE ______
(Applicant be sure to Sign on this Line)

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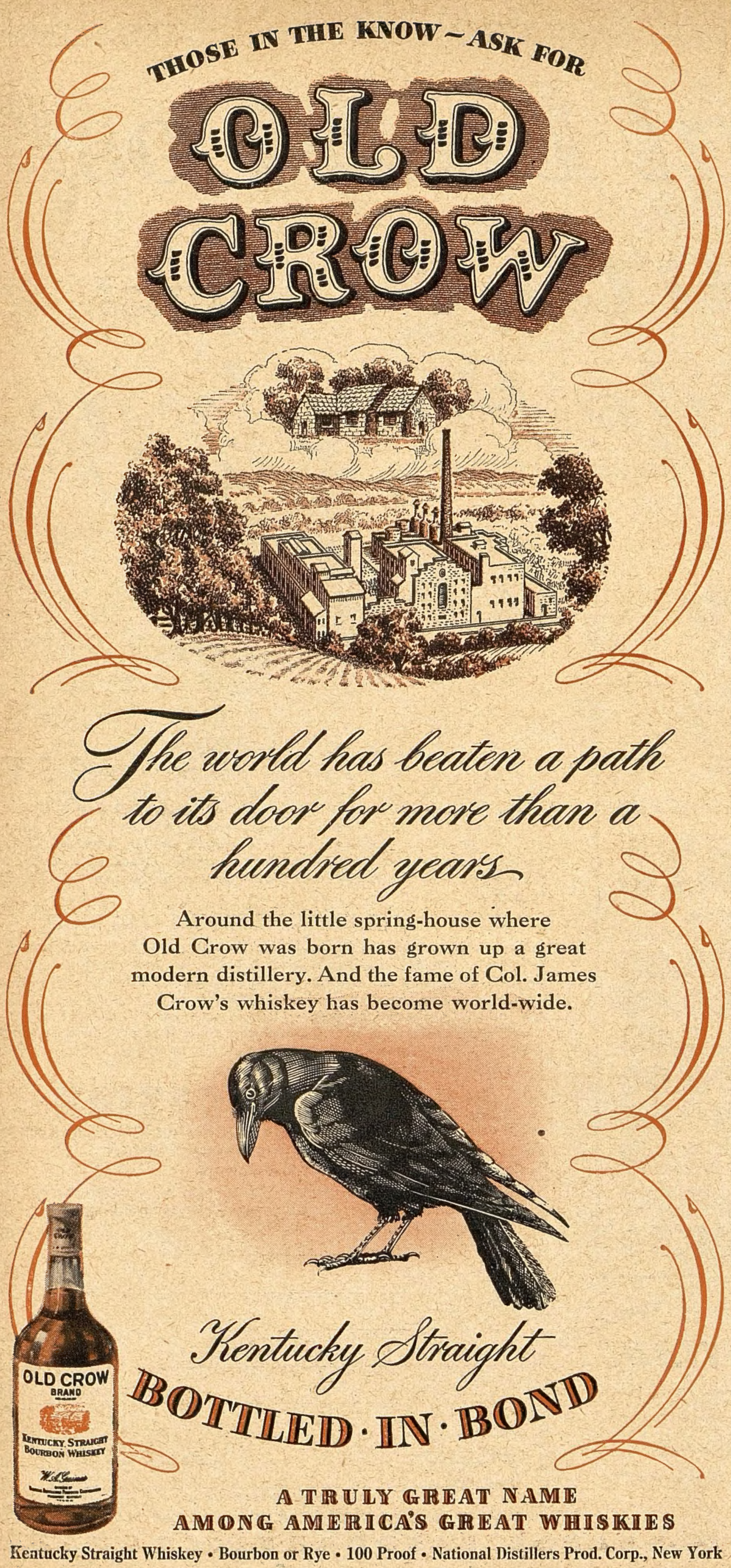

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(Continued from page 6)

MUST READING

PICAYUNE, MISS.—Stephen White's article, Peace—or Hell on Earth (January 11), should be printed in all languages of the world and distributed throughout all the nations as a must in reading material.—*Hollis Furr.*

AUTOMATIC PROMOTION?

SALINA, KANS.—Please, Mr. Hunter! I think it's fine for you to stress the excellent opportunities of an army career (Today's Best Job Offering, December 21). For the most part I agree with you, but when you go off the deep end and declare that "the soldier is assured of automatic promotion," I must protest. It just isn't so.—*Cpl. John R. Walters.*

TEACH CHILDREN THE TRUTH

SPRINGHILL, LA.—My hat's off to Francis Rufus Bellamy for the sane article, Let's Stop Kidding Our Children (December 14).

While my son was in a hospital in New Guinea and I was going mad with worry, my little daughter came home from school with a lot of idiotic tales about the *dear, misunderstood people of Japan* and how we should *love* them. There is just no word to describe the utter rottenness of such a thing.

Let's just cut out all the idiotic lies and tell our children the plain, unvarnished truth. Sooner or later they'll have to go out and face reality.—*June Tullous.*

EXPLANATION!

TAMPA, FLA.—I have just bought my January 4 Liberty at the newsstand and as usual turned to Vox Pop. The hotel where I am staying is a commercial hotel, and the boys travel Florida, Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee and are far from dumb.

I read aloud to them the letter from Chas. T. James, captioned Repeat Performance? and we had a dollar pool on the residence of the writer. The answers were: Georgia (2); Florida (1); Alabama (3); Tennessee (4).

When I read the answer: "North Olmstead, Ohio," one yelled, "Now I know why Taft gets votes!!!"—*Dr. Cranston Thomas.*

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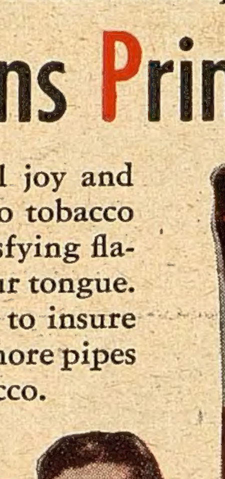

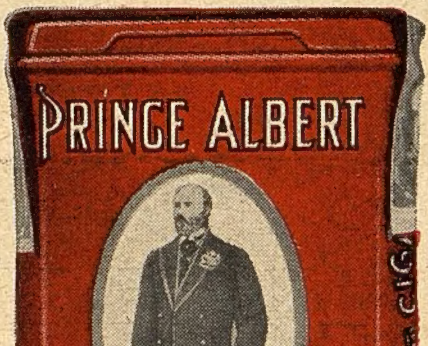
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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

MOTOR MAGNATE

Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., does not fit the Hollywood conception of a big-businessman at all. Instead of rotund, Mr. Sloan is tall and lank. He does not play golf. He once owned a yacht, but rarely spent any time aboard it. He smiles and has a soft voice with an almost Southern drawl (although he was born in New Haven, Connecticut). Mr. Sloan's rise to a chairman of the board of the vast General Motors Corporation does not fall into the usual pattern either. His grandfather had been a schoolteacher and his father a minister. Young Sloan whipped through the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in a record three years. At the age of twenty-two he became president of a roller-bearing company and rolled up a profit of $12,000 in the first six months. Before he left the company, business had passed the ten-million mark. Unlike sledge-hammer executives of earlier days, Mr. Sloan administers through persuasion. He is regarded as more of a thinker than a doer. It's his job to deal with human relationships on a vast scale, interpret economic principles, and lay down long-range policies. His one idiosyncrasy (for an automobile executive) is that he doesn't do much driving, preferring to let his chauffeur take the wheel. Mr. Sloan's article, WHICH WAY, AMERICA? on page 26 is the third he has written for Liberty in three years.

MISTER HEGGEN

Another top-flight producer in his field is Thomas Heggen, author of MISTER ROBERTS, condensed in this issue of Liberty. As far back as 1941, when he graduated from the University of Minnesota, Iowa-born Mr. Heggen had determined to write a best-selling novel. The war gave him his chance. While others wrote of breath-taking action aboard combat ships, Mr. Heggen (who served four years in the navy) wrote of men who plied between Tedium and Ennui on a supply vessel. Mr. Heggen's book establishes him as a first novelist of distinction. He is in his late twenties, and is currently on leave from the editorial staff of the Reader's Digest in order that he may complete a play version of MISTER ROBERTS.

Speaking of Mister Roberts, the Mr. Roberts who signs the piece, YOU CAN FIGHT MENTAL ILLNESS, on page 31, is the eminent one-time U. S. Supreme Court Justice.

COMING UP

March 15 (on sale February 28) brings another banner issue of the bigger, postwar Liberty. In it, AFL chief William Green tells HOW WE CAN GET MORE MONEY FOR EVERYONE. . . . Phyllis Kraft Newill has the answer to WHAT CHANCE HAS A GIRL IN ALASKA? . . . and there's also a compelling story of a woman who married without love, Fannie Kilbourne's AUTUMN HONEYMOON. . . . Elizabeth Wilson gives you a close-up of Olivia de Havilland . . . and there's the exciting new picture section, EYEWITNESS, Bob Allen's Washington lowdown, and lots more.

Gosh! It may be Infectious Dandruff!
Up-and-at-'em Listerine!
Boy! Does this make my scalp feel wonderful!

Why so many MEN make Listerine a "*must*" every week.

They jolly well know that infectious dandruff is nothing to fool with . . . that it is prevalent and contagious . . . and that Listerine Antiseptic and massage is a wonderful precaution against it, and a tested treatment as well.

NO MESS . . . NO SALVES

Why don't you get started yourself? Remember, those unsightly flakes and scales may be symptoms of infectious dandruff.

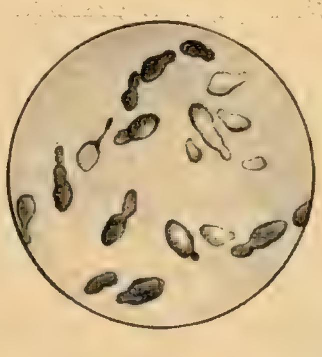
You'll like the treatment. It's so easy, so effective, so cooling, and so refreshing. No mess. No fuss. No salves or sticky lotions. You will be amazed, too, to see how quickly telltale flakes and scales begin to disappear.

KILLS "BOTTLE BACILLUS"

And here's the important thing to remember: Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale), the ugly little "bug" that many dermatologists say is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

This week, when you wash your hair, just try Listerine Antiseptic with massage. Remember, this is the treatment, used twice a day in clinical tests, that brought complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, symptoms of dandruff to 76% of dandruff sufferers within a month.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

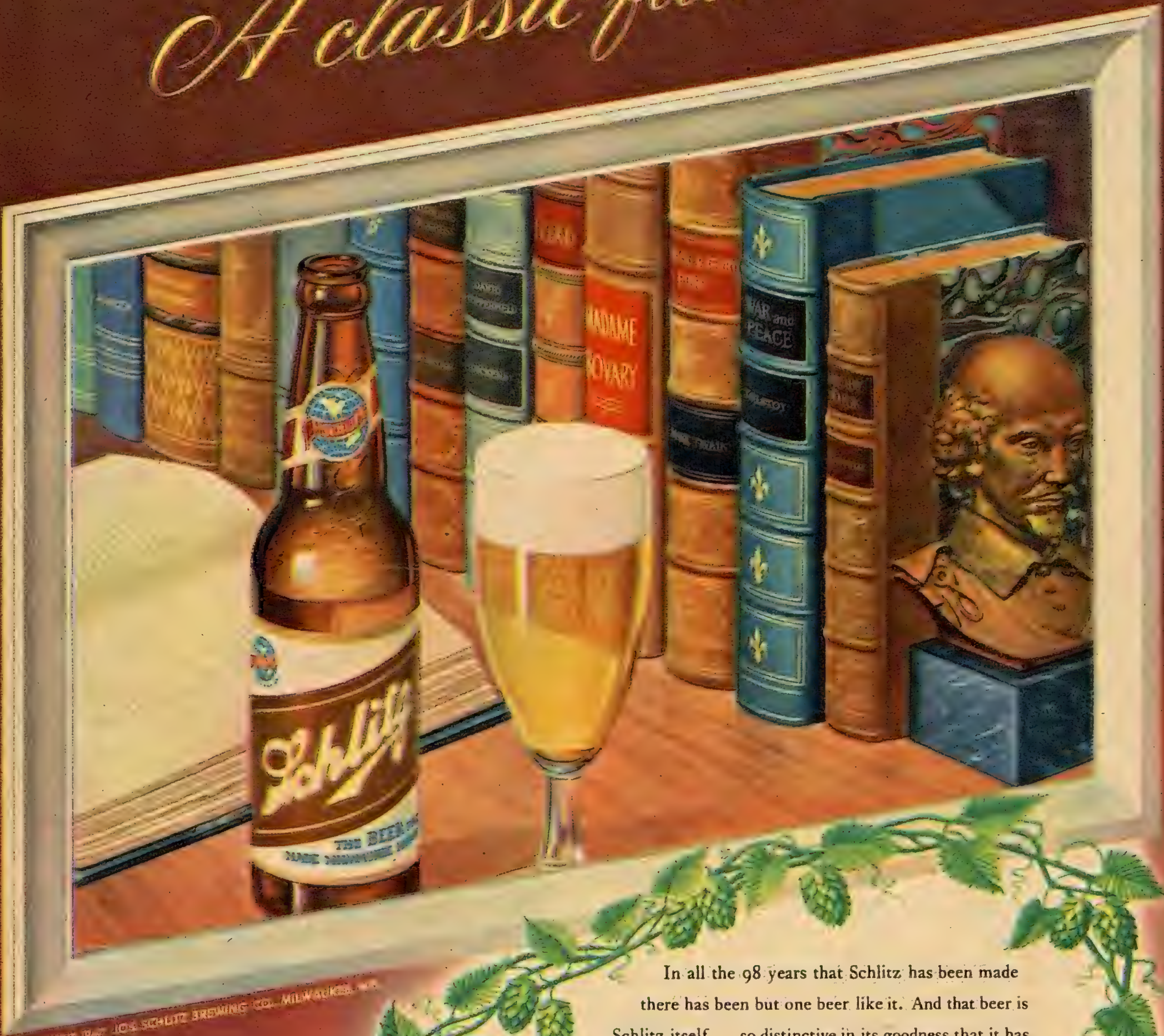


THE "BOTTLE BACILLUS" ***(P. OVALE)***

This is the stubborn germ that so many dermatologists call a causative agent of infectious dandruff. Listerine Antiseptic kills it readily. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

At the first sign of Infectious Dandruff...LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC...*QUICK!*

A classic flavor



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In all the 98 years that Schlitz has been made there has been but one beer like it. And that beer is Schlitz itself . . . so distinctive in its goodness that it has won renown all over America and around the world as the beer that made Milwaukee famous. The flavor of Schlitz sings of sunny fields and golden grain . . . of skillful hands and patient ways. And through it all runs the elusive yet matchless melody of the hops. Never, in Schlitz, will you taste harsh bitterness . . . just the *kiss* of the hops.

Just the KISS *of the hops*

Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

WASHINGTON UNDERCURRENT

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

ANOTHER stormy explosion's brewing among the "brethren" of the U. S. Supreme Court. Last summer Justice Hugo Black was hotly criticized by Justice Robert Jackson. Focal point of the latest undercover row is paunchy little Austrian-born Justice Felix Frankfurter.

He is at daggers' points with Justices Murphy and William O. Douglas. Frankfurter, one of the most zealous diner-outers in the capital, is openly taking cracks at his two "brethren" at tea tables. Crux of the seething vendetta is Frankfurter's steadily growing conservatism.

All three justices were appointed by Roosevelt as 120-proof New Dealers. Murphy and Douglas have continued undeviatingly on that line. Frankfurter has shifted to the right, increasingly so since Roosevelt's death.

In a recent dissenting opinion, he angrily blasted his "brethren" for junking a ninety-year-old "vital" principle of patent law "without even troubling to give it decent public burial."

Douglas and Murphy so far have confined their slugging to the inner sanctums of the tribunal. In these closely guarded purlieus they have pulled no punches. Some of the encounters have been blistering melees. But sooner or later an open eruption is inevitable. And when that happens, the ensuing fireworks may dim even Jackson's sensational bombshell.

Note: Although he no longer has an "in" at the White House, Frankfurter is constantly trying to place friends in government jobs. Because of his numerous callers, Court attachés refer to Frankfurter's office as the "barbershop."

Disconcerting • Attractive Mrs. Tom Connally holds a unique distinction in Washington. She is twice a senator's wife. Both from Texas.

She was the wife of the late Senator Morris Sheppard, father of the Prohibition Amendment. Several years ago she married Connally, who had become a widower. Occasionally, old friends, in a forgetful moment, still address Mrs. Connally as "Mrs. Sheppard."

Recently, detained in the Senate, Connally called his home to say he would be late for supper. His wife answered the phone with, "Mrs. Sheppard's residence."

"Say," protested Connally plaintively, "I thought you were married to me. You're Mrs. Connally now. Can't you remember?"

Going Up • The U. S. Indian population is increasing. Birth rate is over 1% a year as compared to .7% among non-Indians. Estimated number of Indians on January 1, 1947, was 434,000.

Lowest point in Indian population was in the 1870s, with less than 250,000. This figure remained static for many years, despite a high birth rate. Indians bred prolifically, but infant mortality was tremendous. Better health care, schooling, and housing facilities in recent years have appreciably increased Indian numbers.

Around the Circuit • Liquor distillers offered General Mark Clark a $50,000-a-year job to head their association. He turned it down for the late General Stilwell's post as commander of the Sixth Army in California. . . . Latest Trumanism going the rounds in Washington: "Strictly a nine-to-five man, with Saturday and Sunday off." . . . Colonel Henry Berliner, chairman of the Engineering and Research Corporation, who lost an arm with the Eighth Air Force, not only pilots a plane himself but has developed a plane that anyone can fly with one hand. . . . Of the 54,000 applications for the 25,000 new regular commissions open in the Army, only 10,000 were new. The other 44,000 were applicants who filed last year and were turned down. . . . Nationally known city bosses are scorchingly worked over in a book that will shortly be published by a group of prominent newspapermen. Ironic title of the bare-knuckle exposé is Our Fair City. . . . Mrs. Bob Taft, wife of the Ohio senator, finally has attained a life ambition. "After six tries," says Mrs. Taft, "I finally got a grandchild named for me."

(*Continued on page 79*)

When you buy—
compare
...the *pen* and the *price!*

Stop at your favorite pen counter. *Look* at *all* the popular brands. Then . . . *see* and *write with* the Venus *President*—that gives you *every essential writing feature of pens costing twice as much.*

14 Karat gold point, *extra* large for strength, *Iridium* tipped for smoother writing, longer wear. Smart colors. *Yours for years* of writing satisfaction at a mighty reasonable price...only $3.50. Backed by the *Venus Guarantee.*

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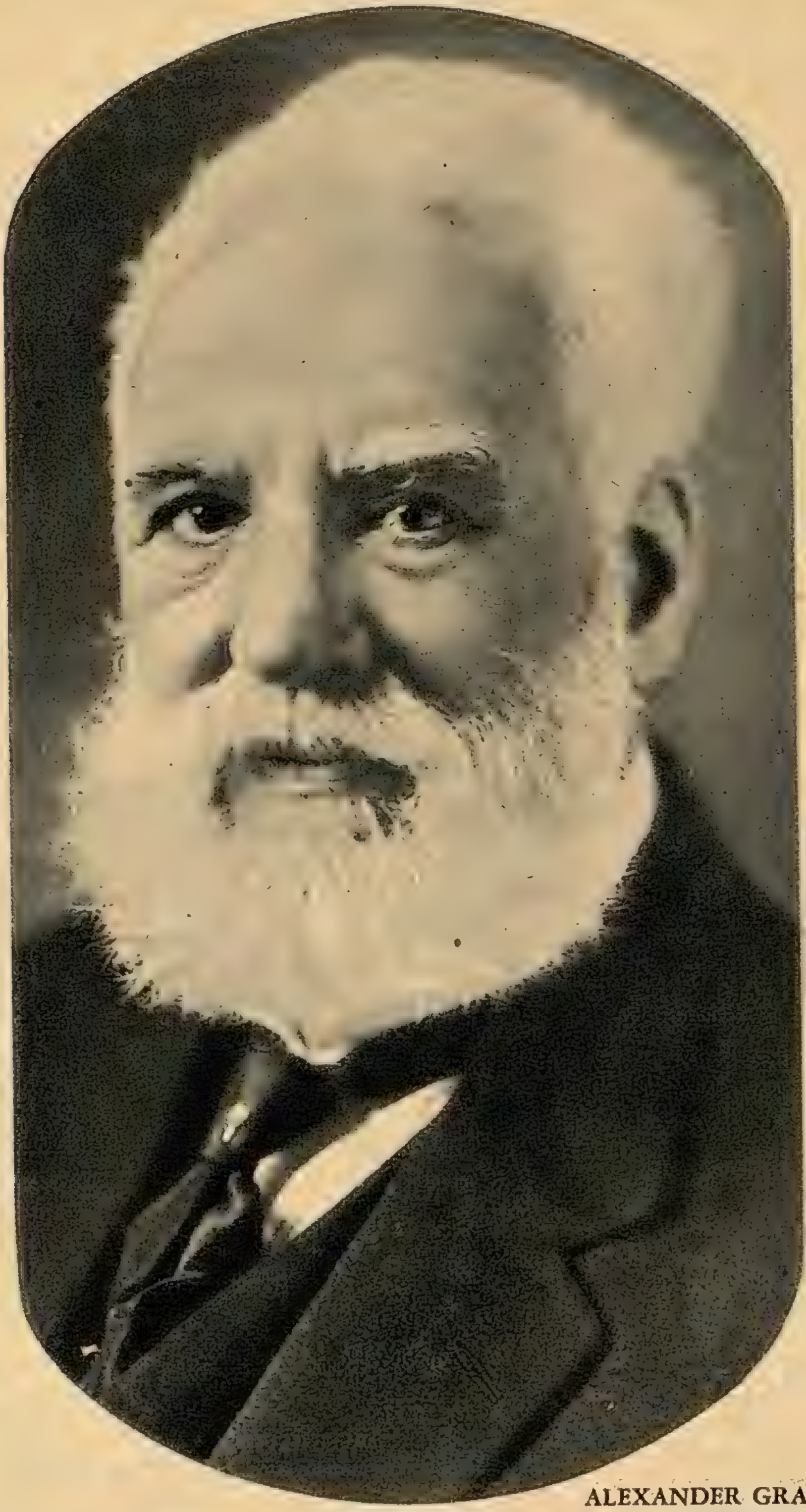
★ 100th Anniversary of the Birth of Alexander Graham Bell · March 3, 1947 ★

He gave the world a new voice



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL
by Moffett, 1918

Alexander Graham Bell was a teacher of the deaf. He was also a trained scientist who made it possible for millions upon millions of people to hear each other by telephone.

The telephone brought something into the world that had not been there before.

For the first time people were able to talk to each other even though separated by long distances.

Horizons broadened. A new industry was born, destined to employ hundreds of thousands of men and women and be of service to every one in the land.

Alexander Graham Bell was a great humanitarian, not only as a teacher of the deaf, but in his vision of the benefits the telephone could bring to mankind.

Bell's vision has come true. It keeps on being an essential part of this nation-wide public service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Claims to Antarctica must be backed up by inhabitants. The few American scientists who pitched a tent in the wastes in 1940 stayed only briefly. The present expedition will establish a permanent base.

FROZEN TREASURE HUNT

Our expedition to Antarctica is part of an international race for vast mineral riches hidden in nature's biggest deep-freeze cabinet

By Stacy V. Jones

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE Navy has 4,000 men and a dozen ships at the bottom of the world, by far the largest expedition ever to disturb the seals and penguins on frozen Antarctica. The ostensible reasons for sending this elaborate mission are that the Navy wants to train men, test equipment, study polar bases, and gather scientific information.

These reasons are all true as far as they go. But behind them is the fact that Uncle Sam is getting into position to claim a large share of Antarctica—perhaps one or two million square miles.

Antarctica is admittedly a vast warehouse of natural resources, including untouched supplies of materials which we have been forced to use prodigally in recent years. The metals are believed to include uranium and thorium, sources of the fissionable materials used in the atomic bomb and for atomic power.

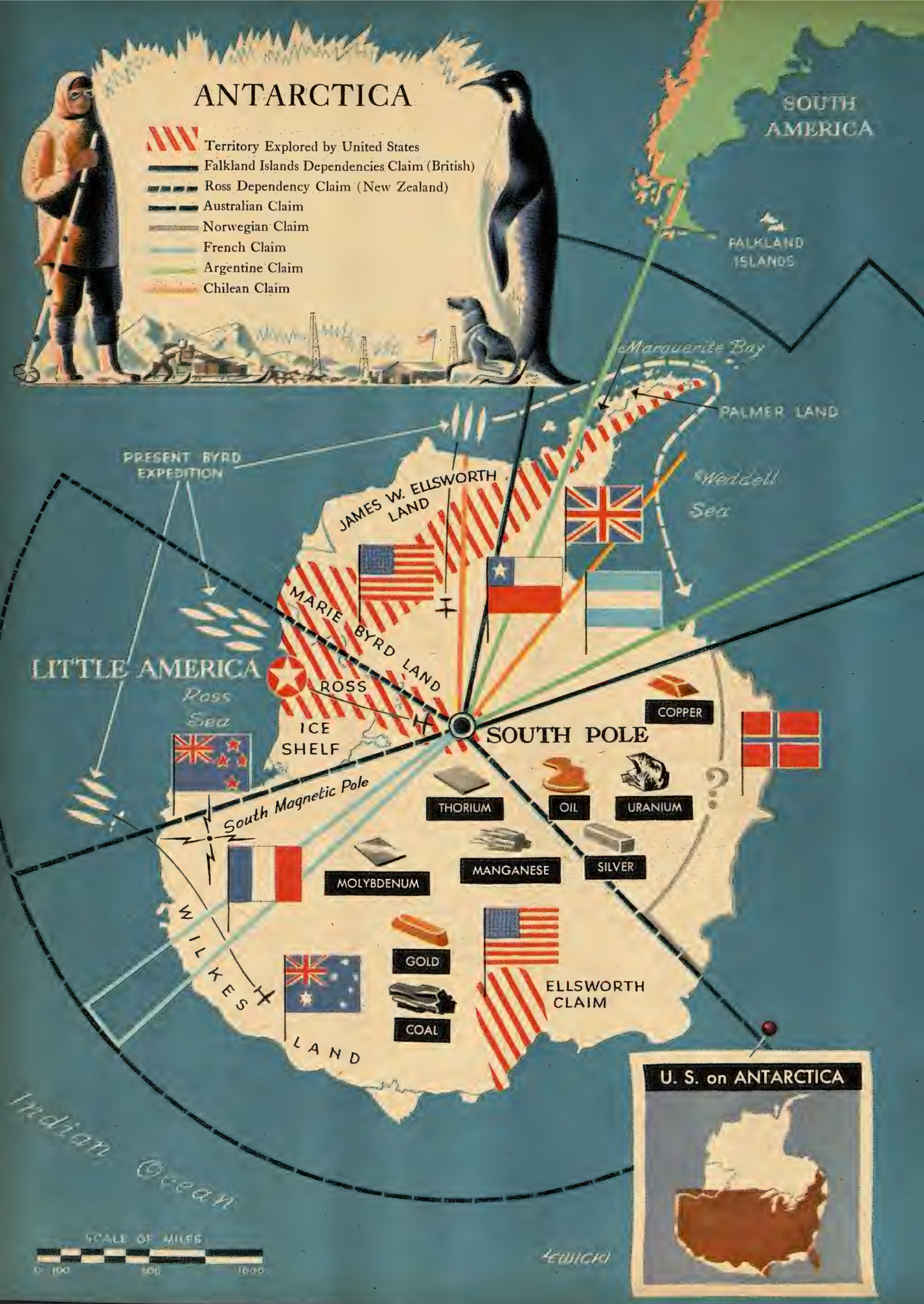
Uncle Sam is not alone in the hunt for these treasures. The British have had at least one expedition in Antarctica for a number of years, the Russians have one on the way, and the Norwegians, Argentineans, and Chileans are known to be organizing similar projects.

When the Navy announced what is called for some reason Operation High Jump, it staged a full-dress press conference, with three admirals, a commodore, and a row of captains. Detailed press releases were handed out, listing the commanders, the ships, and even some thirty medals awarded the Navy's veteran polar explorer, Rear Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd, retired.

But the Navy was reticent on diplomatic questions. Admiral Byrd would only say that the United States had made no claims to antarctic lands and did not recognize the claims of other nations. He did admit that the British had set up a base two years ago at Marguerite Bay, where Byrd had his east base on the last American trip, 1939-41. The British, he said, had asked him what he wanted done with the material he had left behind there. He had replied that he'd like to have it left where it was.

The good admiral's embarrassment is understandable when you compare British and American maps of the Antarctic. We overlap the British claims both at Marguerite Bay and at Little America, 1,500 miles away. Even our names for identical places are different.

Palmer Peninsula, for instance, is our name for a mountainous arm of land stretching toward the tip of South America, discovered by an American sealer of that name in


ANTARCTICA
▨ Territory Explored by United States
Falkland Islands Dependencies Claim (British)
Ross Dependency Claim (New Zealand)
Australian Claim
Norwegian Claim
French Claim
Argentine Claim
Chilean Claim
SOUTH AMERICA
FALKLAND ISLANDS
Marguerite Bay
PALMER LAND
PRESENT BYRD EXPEDITION
JAMES W. ELLSWORTH LAND
Weddell Sea
MARIE BYRD LAND
LITTLE AMERICA
Ross Sea
ROSS ICE SHELF
SOUTH POLE
COPPER
THORIUM
OIL
URANIUM
South Magnetic Pole
MANGANESE
SILVER
MOLYBDENUM
GOLD
COAL
ELLSWORTH CLAIM
WILKES LAND
Indian Ocean
U. S. on ANTARCTICA
SCALE OF MILES
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1820. But the British call it Graham Land, and regard it as part of the Empire. Marguerite Bay is an indentation in this peninsula.

The London Times, in revealing the present British expedition, said in 1944: "The Colonial Office states that arrangements have been made for scientific research and survey work to be resumed in some of the most remote British possessions, the Dependencies of the Falkland Islands, the most important of which are the South Shetlands, South Orkneys, South Georgia, and Graham Land."

So when the British asked Admiral Byrd about the material he had left at Marguerite Bay, it was like a man saying politely to his neighbor, "You have left your bicycle on my lawn. What do you want done with it?"

The Antarctic Continent, bigger than the United States and Mexico combined, contains 6,000,000 square miles, but nine tenths of it has never been seen by the human eye. Like Greenland, Antarctica is still in the ice age. Except for the mountains, it is entirely capped with snow and ice. Except for the lonely explorers, it is entirely uninhabited. And except for a few imported Malemutes and Huskies, it has no land animals bigger than an insect.

THE British have long looked on Antarctica as a great pie—and as their dish. The Falkland Islands Dependencies constitute one great slice Britain has marked out for herself. Then she has claimed, and placed under New Zealand administration, the Ross Dependency, another large slice which includes Little America. But the greatest slice of the pie is called Australian Antarctic Territory. By formal orders in Council, the British have asserted that the King's Most Excellent Majesty has sovereign rights over a good two thirds of the continent.

The pie-slice theory, which is called formally the sector principle, was initiated by Canada at the North Pole. Canada thought it was logical just to extend the meridians from her east and west borders up to the Pole. Most other nations fell in with it; but the United States has never asserted or recognized it anywhere on the globe.

The time has gone when a British royal proclamation was sufficient to assure title to a slice of the world. It settles nothing nowadays except for British subjects. The British have allowed the French a modest subslice in the Australian sector and have recognized Norway's claim to the coast on the other side of the continent from Little America. The German and Japanese claims made before the war may be disregarded. But Russia is yet to be heard from, Chile and Argentina dispute Britain's "possessions" nearest them, and we don't recognize anybody's rights.

The Ross Shelf Ice, on which the three Little America expeditions have encamped, is a vast glacier moving very slowly to sea. Shoreward parts rest on the land, and some authorities on international law say sovereignty can be asserted over it. Sovereignty cannot be claimed over the North Pole, where there is no land, but only moving ice over the deep sea.

Permanent settlement has been the only claim to sovereignty which the United States has recognized as valid anywhere. The State Department has always taken the stand that discovery alone is not sufficient to vest title, and that, as one official put it before a Congressional committee, "discovery gave only an inchoate right which, unless followed up by occupation or something of the sort, could not form the basis for a claim to sovereignty."

THE British have kept a close watch on our various private and official expeditions to Antarctica from the time of the first Byrd expedition nearly twenty years ago. In 1934 the British Ambassador voiced official concern over Byrd's proposed post office and radio station at Little America, and his and Lincoln Ellsworth's flights over the Ross Dependency. Secretary Cordell Hull told the British that he understood their claim to sovereignty was based on the "discovery of a portion of the region in question" and that he could not admit that sovereignty accrues "from mere discovery unaccompanied by occupancy and use." The British cited their Order in Council of 1923 establishing the dependency and placing it under New Zealand administration. "Regulations have been made by the Governor General of New Zealand," wrote the Ambassador, ". . . and British title has been kept up by the exercise in respect of the Dependency of administrative and governmental powers, *e.g.* as regards the issue of whaling licenses and the appointment of a special officer to act as magistrate for the Dependency."

Hull was not impressed, and the State Department has maintained its stand in later exchanges with the British, Norwegian, and French. In 1939 the State Department pointed out to France the fact that its claim was based on a visit made in 1840 by a French admiral who did not even land, and that no French citizen had visited the area since.

In 1939 the American position stiffened. It is not generally realized that the U. S. Antarctic Expedition of 1939-41, which was this country's first official expedition since 1840, was inspired by the State Department in order to establish American claims. It was to have lasted three years, and might have turned out to be a permanent occupation had the war not cut it short. Admiral Byrd is understood to have taken whatever steps were thought advisable to back American claims, but nothing was said publicly. At Washington, some officials felt it wouldn't be cricket to issue claims while other disputants were fighting the Germans. The expedition did not even issue an official report.

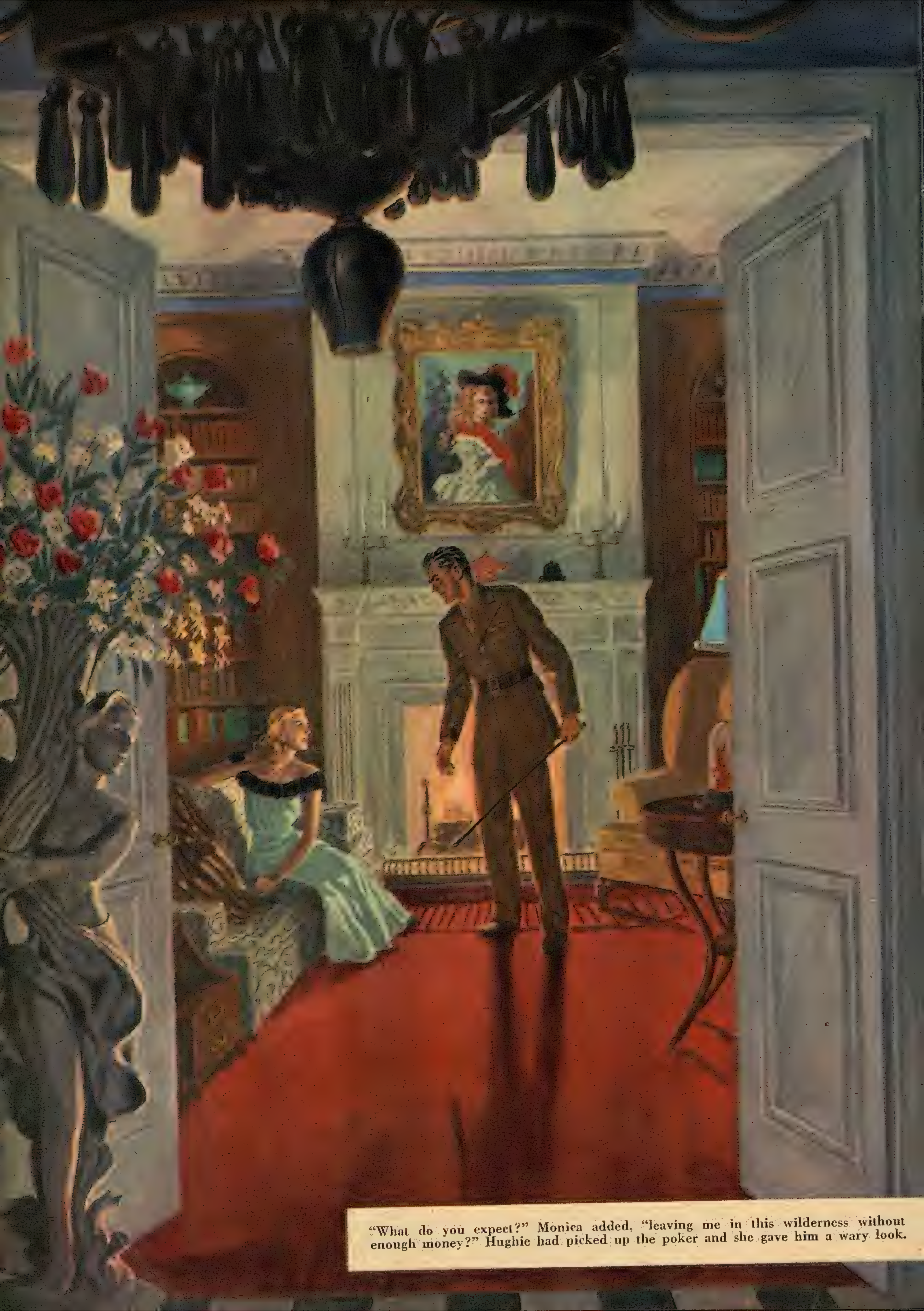
If the British have protested our sending two official expeditions within seven years, no word of their protest has leaked from our State Department. In recent years their attitude has been that of the gracious host offering full co-operation to visiting firemen. Official courtesies and scientific information have been exchanged. According to the British Embassy in Washington, there has been a British camp at Marguerite Bay since 1940, and a post office functions there. The fact that men could be spared for such assignments through a long and desperate war shows the importance Britain attaches to Antarctica.

By the time this is printed, the British, whose camp is 250 yards from the American east base of 1939, where the Navy left food, coal, and other supplies, will be playing host at Marguerite Bay to a small but well-equipped private party headed

(*Continued on page 76*)

Admiral Byrd, still jaunty at 58, is secretive on the diplomacy of his latest trip.

PRESS ASSOCIATION



"What do you expect?" Monica added, "leaving me in this wilderness without enough money?" Hughie had picked up the poker and she gave him a wary look.

Strange Alibi

It was inevitable someone's hands would one day close around Monica's soft white throat, for hers was an evil beauty

By Laurence Kirk

READING TIME•30 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

THE Dakota, flying home from the Far East, had a strange assortment of men on board. There was a major general returning to receive his knighthood, a sergeant under escort going back to answer charges of sedition, and a gray-haired major returning for his long-deferred release. Half of them were from Japanese prison camps and looked thin and gaunt.

The one who sat in the rear seat on the starboard side, with his eyes shut, was also from a prison camp, and it would have been difficult to guess his age. Actually he was forty-one. This was Hughie Sinclair, the Laird of Tesk. He had had more than two years of prison.

He was trying to adjust himself as he sat there stiffly with his eyes shut. He at least had something to go back to. Tesk was a small estate in Dumfriesshire, with a cream-harled house and a salmon river, a lot of woodland and a moor. Its loneliness would be healing after the horrible lack of privacy in the camp. And the people there respected him and he respected them. They were old-fashioned, well-rooted people. Ewan McEwan, the keeper, and Maggie, the cook. And it was March, too. The spring salmon would be running in the river if the water were right. He thought of the deep pool by Auchinneb, half a mile from the house, and for a time a little life came into his expression.

And then he was thinking of the three farms on the estate and the men who farmed them. Ferguson of Drumnadochit, Scott of Bonnyroon, and Muir of Litherheugh. One always referred to them by the land they occupied. It was the land that was permanent. So it was Drumnadochit one spoke of, not Ferguson; Bonnyroon, and not Scott. And in much the same way he was always Mister-r Hughie to any of them. He was still a generation behind, although he was forty-one.

If the house and the farms and the moor and the river had been all he had to go back to, he could have faced the future with less dismay. But he had a wife as well, thirteen years younger than he was and with striking beauty. But she had no roots. He had been married for just three years before the war, and during those three years he had looked in vain both for a son and for any trace of goodness in Monica. The war had just saved the break-up. He had thought he would probably be killed and that would be the best way out. But the war was over now. He would have to find some other ending.

IT was fate that decided to bring matters to a head at once. The Dakota should have landed at Heath Row at seven o'clock that evening. In that case Hughie would have spent the night in London and not reached Tesk till the following evening; just as he had stated in his telegram. But there was thick fog over England that night. The Dakota kept on getting fresh instructions, pushing it farther and farther north. The pilot, who had a date in London, kept blaspheming at the controls; but Hughie Sinclair at least was pleased. When the Dakota finally landed at eight thirty, it was at Prestwick, just thirty miles from his house.

And as the major general had to be at Buckingham Palace the next morning, they ran a staff car in to the main line at Lockerbie; and the car dropped Hughie at the front door of Tesk just before ten.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

There was a wind sighing in the beeches and Scotch firs as he stood there alone. A pale gleam of moonlight came through the low drifting clouds, but the house itself was completely silent and dark. Hughie hesitated on the steps. Once he entered, he would have to know things he had only been guessing at during the last six years.

Then there was a low deep voice from somewhere quite near.

"Wha's there?"

Hughie recognized McEwan's accents even before he turned round and saw him standing in the shadows with a shotgun under his arm.

"It's the master," he answered.

McEwan came forward and shook his hand warmly.

"Weel, Mister-r Hughie, I jist couldna believe ma eyes. Why, man, it's fine to hae ye back again! But ye wasna expectit till the morn."

"They landed me at Prestwick instead of Heath Row," Hughie answered. "How's everything, McEwan?"

"Everything's fine, sir-r—ootside," McEwan told him shortly.

Hughie noted the "ootside" and wondered how much it implied.

"Do you always go prowling about at this time of night?" he went on.

"Aye, sir-r. Wi' the rationing and a', folks no longer has ony conscience aboot sneaking a pheasant or twa."

"I see." Hughie smiled. "And how's the water on the river?"

"It's jist pairfect, sir-r."

Hughie was feeling better again. The simple earthiness of his conversation with McEwan made it seem that 1939 was yesterday and that nothing had happened in between. But then there was a step inside the house and McEwan immediately looked uncomfortable.

"I'll be up to see ye in the morn, sir-r," he ended hastily, and melted into the night.

(*Continued on page 90*)

Mrs. Roosevelt

By Irwin Ross

The former First Lady is still a human whirlwind, but now she writes and says exactly what she pleases

READING TIME•7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

ON April 20, 1945, eight days after her husband's death, Eleanor Roosevelt left the White House for the last time. As she stepped from the train in New York she was met by a group of reporters. They pleaded for a statement. Mrs. Roosevelt walked straight past them, looking neither to the right nor the left. "The story," she said firmly, "is over."

It wasn't. Instead of going into retirement, Mrs. Roosevelt has become a public figure in her own right.

Her U. N. duties take up the bulk of her time. She is one of the most popular, and one of the most unusual delegates in the Assembly. A tall, ramrod-straight, gray-haired matriarch, dressed in black, Eleanor Roosevelt seems to speak for the voiceless millions. Amid the polished, skilled diplomats of the world's mightiest powers, she is simple, straightforward. It is inspiring to see her in action—as when she stands up to the devious, tough-minded debaters of the Soviet Union. For months, for example, she has successfully fought the Russian attempt to force displaced persons now in Germany to return, against their will, to Soviet-dominated countries.

While she adopts a firm line toward the Soviets, Eleanor Roosevelt displays her statesmanship in her understanding of their difficulties. She explains their present truculence in terms of history, war sacrifices, internal difficulties.

Although she never appeases, Mrs. Roosevelt strives mightily for unity among the former war allies. As first chairman of the U. N. Human Rights Commission, she discreetly mediated the acrimonious disputes between the Russian and western blocs, salvaging enough agreement to set up a functioning organization.

It is also as a unifying force that Eleanor Roosevelt plays her major role in domestic affairs. She is friendly to all the liberal factions, a member of none. In the recent blow-up between Wallace and Truman she stood neither for Wallace nor against him. She is, simply, for the co-operative effort. And her prestige has never been higher. All the former New Dealers keep in close touch with her — Ickes, Wallace, Morgenthau, Bob Sherwood, Sam Rosenman. The Democratic senatorial nomination was hers for the asking in New York this year; but Eleanor Roosevelt has no desire, at sixty-two, to assume the burdens of elective office.

Despite this reluctance, she is an indefatigable worker. Further, she can now be outspoken without fear of embarrassing the President—an important advantage. Mrs. Roosevelt took an active part in the 1946 election campaign, delivering the keynote address at the New York State Democratic Convention, appearing at innumerable radio broadcasts, and publicity rallies.

ALL in all, she has turned in a bewilderingly dynamic account of herself since leaving the White House. She has twice been appointed a delegate to the U. N. Assembly. She has toured Germany, lectured widely, given a course in civic events at the Women's Trade Union League, continued to turn out her daily newspaper column and her monthly question-and-answer page for the Ladies' Home Journal. This year she published a book of these pages, and she is now at work on the second volume of her autobiography.

Weekdays when the U. N. is in session, Mrs. Roosevelt lives in her six-room New York apartment at Washington Square West. She rises at six thirty or seven, and frequently starts out with a breakfast conference. If she doesn't have one, she will take Fala for a brisk walk around Washington Square. She trots him along into the grocery and butcher shop and does the day's ordering, for no matter how strenuous her schedule, Mrs. Roosevelt always keeps a firm hand on her household affairs. She is a familiar figure in the neighborhood. Her neighbors greet her on the street but don't trespass on her privacy. She has an equally congenial time on the subways, which she uses frequently.

Following the morning constitutional, Mrs. Roosevelt goes by car to U. N. headquarters. There follows a day-long, fatiguing stretch of oratorical harangues, endless bickering over procedural points, all the storms and birth pangs of creating an enduring world organization. During the lunch hour Mrs. Roosevelt eats a light meal and dictates My Day to Malvina Thompson, her long-time friend and secretary, who takes the copy straight onto the typewriter. Then back to the committee sessions. Mrs. Roosevelt doesn't get home till 7 P.M. She is usually up till one or two in the morning.

Her schedule is lighter over the week-ends, which she spends—always with two secretaries on hand—at her seven-room cottage in Hyde Park. But she devotes at least half of each day to work. Recreation takes the form of long walks or swimming.

Her entertaining is simple. In the city she occasionally gives small, quiet parties, and in the country she goes in for sizable picnics. She spends a great deal of time with her family, dotes on her grandchildren.

Since the President's death, Mrs. Roosevelt has been besieged by souvenir hunters. At Hyde Park, many people who visit Roosevelt's grave feel compelled to see his widow or Fala. Mrs. Roosevelt is not as troubled by this problem in the city, as the doormen at her building keep uninvited callers away.

There are, however, occasional slip-ups—such as the time two New York students decided to cross the Square and call on Mrs. Roosevelt just when she had told the doormen that she was expecting a large group of people for a committee meeting. The students breezed right in and cornered her for nearly ten minutes before, in her deftly polite way, she was able to extricate herself.

IN both New York and Hyde Park, Mrs. Roosevelt has unlisted telephone numbers, but everybody seems to know them.

In spite of being no longer in the White House, Mrs. Roosevelt is more than ever the great mother confessor to thousands of troubled, bewildered folk in this country and abroad. She receives an average of 150 letters a day, with a bewildering variety of pleas: G.I.s wanting to import their girl friends from Germany or Japan; parents trying to locate sons' graves in Europe; applications for jobs on her personal staff or with the United Nations; appeals for assistance from estranged husbands and wives; requests for food, coal, clothing from impoverished citizens of Greece, Germany, Austria, Azerbaijan.

Last fall, ubiquitous Mrs. Roosevelt took to the hustings during Senator Mead's gubernatorial race. Here she enters the convention hall, with her son Elliott.
PRESS ASSOCIATION

In the case of every letter, the writers are referred to the proper governmental or United Nations agency, and whenever she can, Mrs. Roosevelt sends along a helpful word of advice. Once or twice, when the mail has been particularly heavy, Miss Thompson has prepared form-letter answers. The complaints were immediate—"We always heard personally from Mrs. Roosevelt before"—and the effort had to be abandoned. Her mail today is as heavy as it ever was in the White House—and there, Mrs. Roosevelt had a staff of twenty-six to handle correspondence, etc.

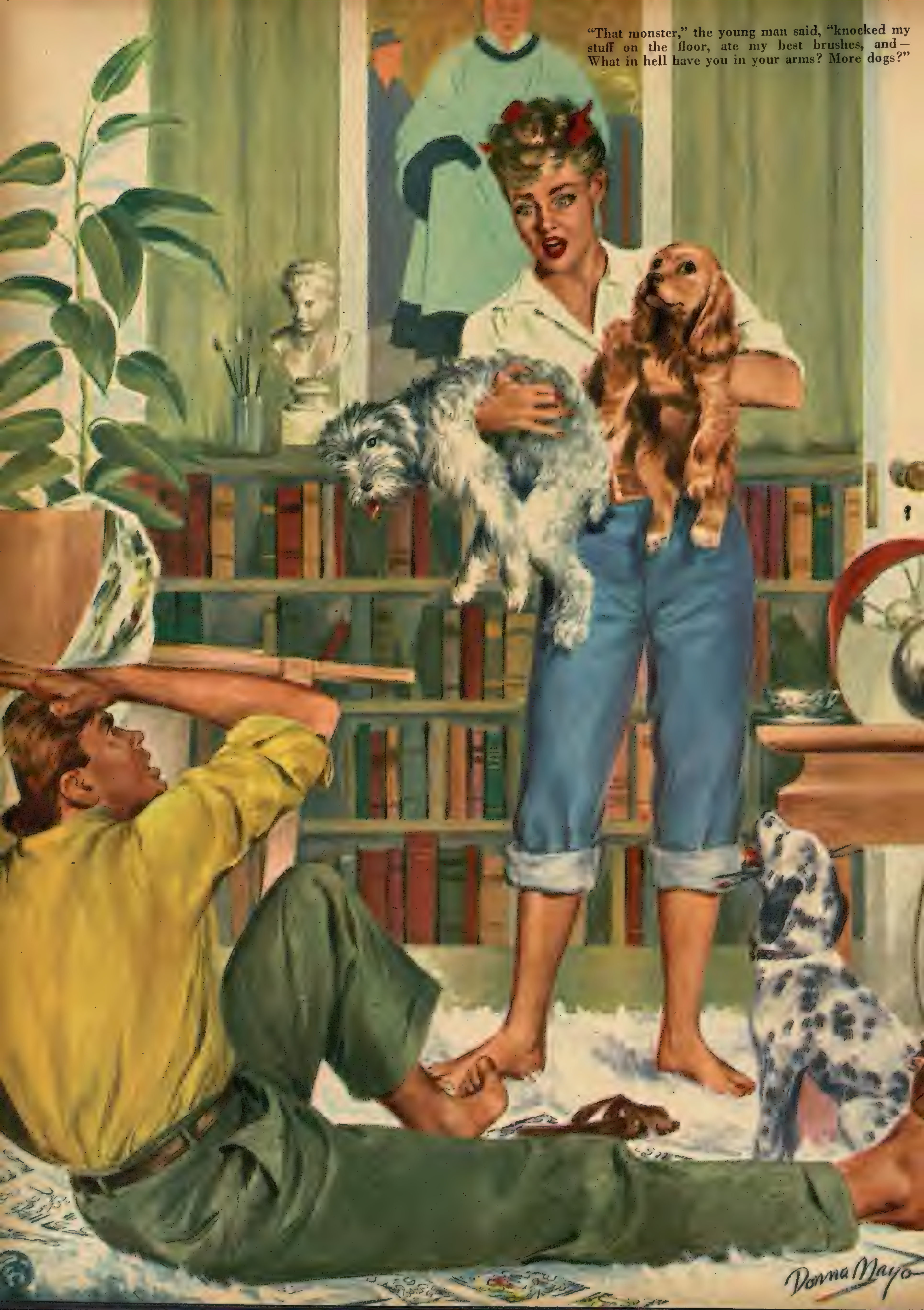
Mrs. Roosevelt's principal sources of income these days are her column and her page in the Ladies' Home Journal. She gives a half dozen paid lectures a year. Unlike other Presidents' widows, she receives no pension. A bill was drafted in the last session of Congress to pay her the customary $5,000 a year, but it was not enacted. Her expenses are high. She employs three secretaries and maintains an office in the apartment of Malvina Thompson. Annual cost: approximately $20,000.

Mrs. Roosevelt gets from 50 to 100 speaking invitations a week, the vast majority of which she has to refuse. As much as possible she limits herself to organizations with which she is affiliated: the National Association for Advancement of Colored People, the Wiltwick School for delinquent children, the Union for Democratic Action, the Democratic Party, the Women's Trade Union League, the Hudson Shore Labor School, the United Jewish Appeal, the Citizens' Committee on Children of New York City. For all these groups Mrs. Roosevelt speaks, appears at board and committee meetings, signs money-raising appeals.

NO amount of activity seems to daunt her. She persisted in her work despite flu during the London meeting of the U. N. Assembly in January, 1946; an attack of shingles in May couldn't stop her. She was badly battered in her auto accident last August—a tooth knocked out, knees bruised, and a general black-and-blue bodily condition—but she didn't take a day off. Her comment in her column was characteristic: "I myself am quite well, though for some time I shall look as though I had been in a football game without having taken any training. . . ."

From time to time Mrs. Roosevelt likes to beguile herself with a quaint vision of her future: an old lady in a lace cap, knitting quietly in a rocking chair. It is a vision which her friends know will never come true.

THE END



"That monster," the young man said, "knocked my stuff on the floor, ate my best brushes, and—What in hell have you in your arms? More dogs?"

The Meanest Dog IN THE WORLD

By Isabella Taves

READING TIME•25 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

DORIA saw puppy number three skid out of the bedroom while she argued expensively with Colonel Underhill over long-distance telephone.

Puppy number one and puppy number two were innocently chasing their own tails. But number three, the Dalmatian named Domino, was the meanest dog in the world. He knew every puppy nuisance trick. Right now he recognized the fact that Doria was trapped on the telephone and took the opportunity to scram.

"Colonel," said Doria, "one of the puppies has escaped, and I left my front door open a crack for ventilation, and if you'd just hold on a minute—"

"Inefficiency!" screamed the colonel, and hung up with a bang.

Doria sighed and scooped up puppy number one, a spaniel named Kim, and puppy number two, a miniature French poodle named Happy, and went off in search of Domino. A practiced survey of the living room revealed that Domino didn't have his head in the up-ended wastebasket, was not teething on the baseboard, and wasn't even in his favorite spot underneath the wing chair, disintegrating the webbing.

She leaped for the apartment corridor. It was stark green and white, with no place for a Dalmatian puppy to hide. Her stomach turned over. Domino, despite his lack of charm, was a very special puppy, sired by Champion Stopper's Boy out of Champion something else, and further distinguished by a perfect arrangement of spots. Besides, Domino was owned by Colonel Underhill, and Doria did not like to contemplate the colonel's efficient reaction if anything happened to the puppy. She peered down the service stairs nervously. She rang for the elevator. Then she saw that another apartment door was also propped open. Without knocking, she barged in.

A rangy young man was sprawled on the floor. At the far end of the room a drawing table was upturned. In a welter of brushes, India ink, and drawing paper sat Domino.

"Thank God," she said. "You've got him."

The young man sat up. He had violent red hair and his face was pink under it. "If you mean that monster, he's got me. He came in here and before I knew it he had upset my drawing board and knocked my stuff on the floor and was eating my best brushes and— What in hell have you in your arms? More dogs?"

"Puppies," said Doria meekly. "I train them."

"Not very well," he said.

"Please pick him up. I'm afraid he'll be sick if he eats those brushes. Catch him, please."

"You catch him. And what do you think I'm doing on the floor? Setting-up exercises?"

Doria dumped Kim and Happy on the sofa and went over to pick up Domino. Domino dodged, but not before Doria had inspected the cartoon strip on the drawing board. She caught Domino's tail expertly and turned toward the young man, whose name, she remembered with bitter clarity, was Dick Hurley.

"Yes," she said, "it's you. I might know that you'd turn up in my life again. I read that you had retired to the country."

He stared at her. "My syndicate subleased this apartment and moved me back to the city. If you must know, they didn't think the cows and chickens were so good for my strip. I'm losing newspapers. But who in hell are you?"

Domino struggled. Doria put him on the couch with the other two puppies. "I hardly expected you to remember. I was probably just one incident in a spotted career."

He cocked his head. Doria was acutely aware of her dog-walking overalls and very dirty bare feet. "I'll be darned! You're the one who tried to bite my thumb off."

"With justification," Doria said.

"But what are you doing raising puppies? I thought you were a model."

"I don't raise puppies," said Doria. "I train them. I train them for their owners. I charge twenty-five dollars a week per dog. I can handle three or four at a time. I liked the work better than modeling. More congenial surroundings."

Dick Hurley grinned cheerfully. "I suppose that means me. Honey, you shouldn't get worried when men make passes at you. It's a compliment. When they stop making passes is the time to worry."

THE three puppies were all trying to chew the buttons off the tufted back of the sofa. Doria picked Domino up, dropped Happy to the floor, told him to heel, and grabbed Kim in her other arm. "Thanks. The kind of men I know now don't make passes. I'm sorry about Domino's moving in on you. If he has hurt anything, I'll replace it."

"I'd rather you'd work it out in trade," he said—"being my model. My syndicate says the trouble with my strip is that it has no sex. I need a new character like the Dragon Lady. How about getting into something slinky and posing for me? It will be like old times."

Doria eyed him coldly. "Thanks, but I have no intention of reliving old times. Once was plenty."

"It was one night, wasn't it? I was doing some rush stuff so I could get ahead enough to go to Bermuda. And you—I remember now. You had the cutest fanny wiggle I ever saw. If I could only catch that in my stuff!"

It is difficult to make a dignified exit with three puppies, especially when you are trying to keep your fanny from wiggling and one of the puppies is the meanest dog in the world. Doria finally achieved her own apartment.

She kept her door closed after that. But Dick Hurley opened his wide and kept it open most of the time. She took to using the service stairs

(*Continued on page 84*)

It was a case of dog eat dog and love take the hindmost—said hindmost being very cute indeed

Pitching for Mr. Little

Frank Capra, the movie director, sees eye to eye with the average man, a fact that brings great satisfaction to both

By Elizabeth Wilson

FRANK CAPRA

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IN 1926 a curly-headed, black-eyed young man directed comedian Harry Langdon in a film called The Strong Man. Author Robert Sherwood, at that time critic for the old Life magazine, wrote, "This Frank Capra is another Charlie Chaplin. He, too, has real feeling for the frustrated little man." That same year Capra was voted one of Hollywood's ten best directors. He has been turning out top-flight film successes ever since.

Four-time Academy Award winner—It Happened One Night, You Can't Take It with You, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, and his Prelude to War series, which he produced and directed while a major in the U. S. Signal Corps—Capra is back at work again at his old job after three and a half years in the army. His It's a Wonderful Life, made under the banner of Liberty Films, Inc., the new independent production organization that includes Capra, Willie Wyler, George Stevens, and Sam Briskin, is being released this month through RKO.

Capra, a former immigrant boy who once sold papers on Los Angeles street corners, has succeeded so well that exhibitors grab his pictures without even asking the title or the star. "It's a Frank Capra picture!"—that's all they need to know. In appreciation of what he has done for Hollywood the industry tossed him a clambake last October to celebrate his twentieth anniversary as a top director. Stars of all his old successes gathered around him. "To hell with the past! I'm only interested in the future," said shy forty-nine-year-old Capra, embarrassed as a schoolboy by this sentimental binge.

It's a Wonderful Life is right in the Capra groove. His picture-making philosophy is based upon his conviction that the average man is a great little guy. "He doesn't want much. Just peace and freedom and a break. And he's fundamentally good, too. If he wasn't, we couldn't hire enough cops to keep him in order." In his new film, average man Jimmy Stewart says, "I wish I was dead." Promptly a spirit takes him in hand and shows him, in flashbacks, what would have happened in his home town if he had never lived. The theme—all Capra pictures have simple themes: Lost Horizon, "Be kind"; Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, "Love your fellow man"—is "No man is a failure."

When Peter Rathvon, president of RKO, saw the uncut version in the studio projection room, he said, "A Capra picture always makes you feel as if you had had a mental bath—you feel good. This picture tops anything Capra has ever done."

Of all the Hollywood picture makers, Capra is the most consistent champion of the people. He invariably depicts the poor and humble as upright lovable characters, and their bosses as unprincipled and surprisingly inefficient fellows who either turn over a new leaf in the last reel or else get what's coming to them.

"I have a definite feeling that the people are right," says this present-day Hans Christian Andersen. "People's instincts are good; never bad. As right as the soil."

Although Capra's primary purpose is to entertain, he is genuinely concerned with the moral impact of his films. He said recently, "The underlying idea of my films is actually the Sermon on the Mount—a plus value of some kind you get along with entertainment." He realizes the Sermon can be overdone, however, and so whenever the sugar content of his sequences seems to approach the saturation point, he contrives to have a fat man get wedged in a phone booth, or the hero stumble over an ash can.

Though he was born in Sicily, his experience and culture are strictly Yankee Doodle and he believes that his pictures should be slices of Americana. This is reflected in such pictures as Lady for a Day, It Happened One Night, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Meet John Doe, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, and again in It's a Wonderful Life.

One of his pet theories is that the public is pretty smart. For example, when he made Lost Horizon (1937) he was warned that the movie audiences were not clever enough to understand symbolism and mysticism. Lost Horizon was a box-office success. And when he made Lady for a Day (1933) he was told that it was too talky, audiences would squirm. Capra said the characters could talk their heads off if the lines were good. The public was delighted with this film's constant chatter. Then when he made Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (1936) he was told that the public would never stand for having the hero arrested as a lunatic and placed on trial as to his sanity. Capra made it the big scene of the picture. It was a knockout. In other words, you don't tell Frank Capra about people. People are right down his alley.

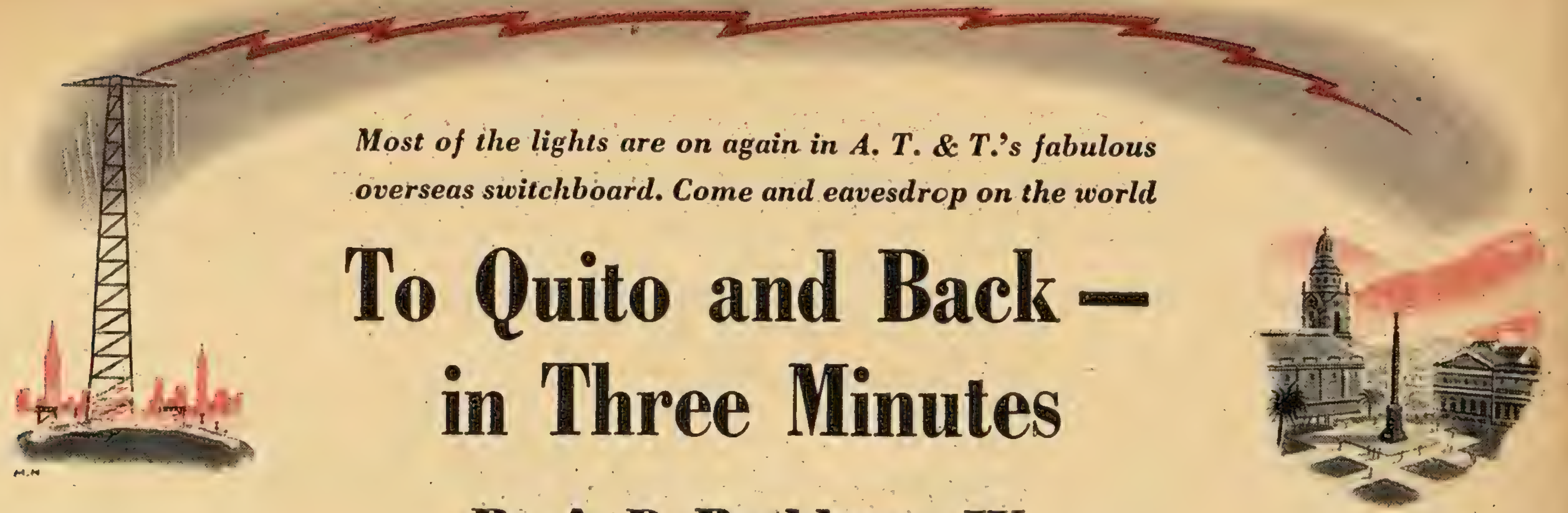
He works with a minimum of bustle and has a faculty for bringing out the best in those with whom he works. Actors such as Jimmy Stewart and Lionel Barrymore are always chanting his praises.

His most grateful admirer is, perhaps, H. B. Warner. The same H. B. Warner who played the Saviour in Cecil B. De Mille's The King of Kings. For months before the production, during the production, and after the production De Mille insisted that Warner live a private ascetic life befitting the Saviour role: no night clubs, no public appearances, no drinking, no smoking, no parties, no fun. "Twenty years ago," says Warner today, "C. B. typed me, and I've been typed ever since. Lost hundreds of jobs. C. B. will die when he sees me playing a bum in Capra's new picture. I'm playing the damndest, dirtiest bum you ever saw."

Capra picks each star or extra for his ability to look and act the part and not necessarily for his screen experience. As he puts it, "A poor script can be made into a good picture by using good actors. Poor actors will ruin a good script."

Just whom Capra considers a poor actor is an unanswered question, for he has made successes out of some very unpromising material; some who were rejected by other directors but raised to the heights by his faith in them. An inspired director is not unusual in Hollywood. A director who can inspire actors is. That's Capra.

(*Continued on page 80*)



Most of the lights are on again in A. T. & T.'s fabulous overseas switchboard. Come and eavesdrop on the world

To Quito and Back — in Three Minutes

By A. D. Rathbone, IV

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

EVER wish you could go away some place where you wouldn't hear a telephone for weeks? A lot of G.I.s did just that. One, hearing a rumor that communication with the United States was being established in Nuremberg, Germany, turned up at three o'clock the morning before to put in his call. When the connection finally came through, bringing his mother's voice from Brooklyn, the floor boards of the temporary phone booth gave way under his excited feet and dropped him into a shallow cellar. Undaunted, he finished his visit by bellowing up to the transmitter. His ear-to-ear grin as he clambered out was payment enough for the smashed floor.

That's the way it was as the war ended in successive stages around the world. It seemed as though the entire American expeditionary force had but one thought—get to the nearest telephone, and get there fast.

What was left of most European and Far Eastern communications systems after the shooting stopped was a wholly unrecognizable mess. Even limited replacement was a super-Herculean job, but the Overseas Branch of the A. T. & T. Company's Long Lines Department began tackling it in the winter of 1944. As a result, commercial service was effectively resumed between Great Britain and the United States in June, 1945, and the traffic soon mounted to 9,000 calls a month. One week later a single booth near the Pincio Gardens in Rome started functioning, and soon was responsible for 3,500 calls a month to "Main Street, U. S. A."

Meanwhile Switzerland became the Mecca of mouthpieces after V-E Day for homesick G.I.s in Europe. The Army and the Red Cross cooperated on an organized leave program which enabled 1,000 soldiers a week to say "Hello" to Mom, Dad, or the best girl.

Since V-E Day close to a half million Americans in uniform have talked to their home folks from as many far-distant places as you care to name. The G.I. dubbed his calls "Three-Minute Furloughs," and they cost him $12 from almost anywhere to any place in the U. S. A.—or he could reverse charges, if he wished.

Twenty years ago, when the first overseas telephone circuit was established, a New York-to-London phone call cost $75 for three minutes. Today the regular three-minute rate to practically any one of the 51,000,000 telephone subscribers in more than 50 countries throughout the world is $12 or less, and overseas calls go through the New York office on the average of one every 43 seconds during daily peak hours.

About one quarter of the 1,000 daily overseas conversations via the New York Long Lines are between American soldiers in Europe and their families. Except in dire emergencies, these calls must originate with the soldier, as his exact location often is subject to change without notice. As displaced and missing persons have been located, the overseas service has been a blessing to long-separated relatives.

FEW operators at our overseas switchboards speak foreign languages. Except in unusual cases it is unnecessary, because in making calls to or from the United States, English is used by all operators. Telephone girls of other nations must master English sufficiently to make known the desires of their parties. Nevertheless, in successfully connecting parties separated by thousands of miles, the proverbial ingenuity of the American switchboard operator has been put to new tests.

When the Belgian plane crashed on Newfoundland's crags last fall, facilities were rushed into action so air-line officials on both sides of the Atlantic could remain in almost constant touch with each other concerning survivors. This meant establishing and maintaining an open circuit from Gander to Brussels, but it had to be routed via Montreal to New York, and thence overseas. When static interfered, the direct Brussels connection was abandoned for a prearranged emergency detour to London, and then by land lines and cable to Belgium.

Although the aurora borealis and other disturbances still affect overseas telephone conversations adversely, as a rule you can count on clarity. Even if there is interference, your three full minutes are guaranteed, for in monitoring the call, operators clock any lost seconds on a stop watch.

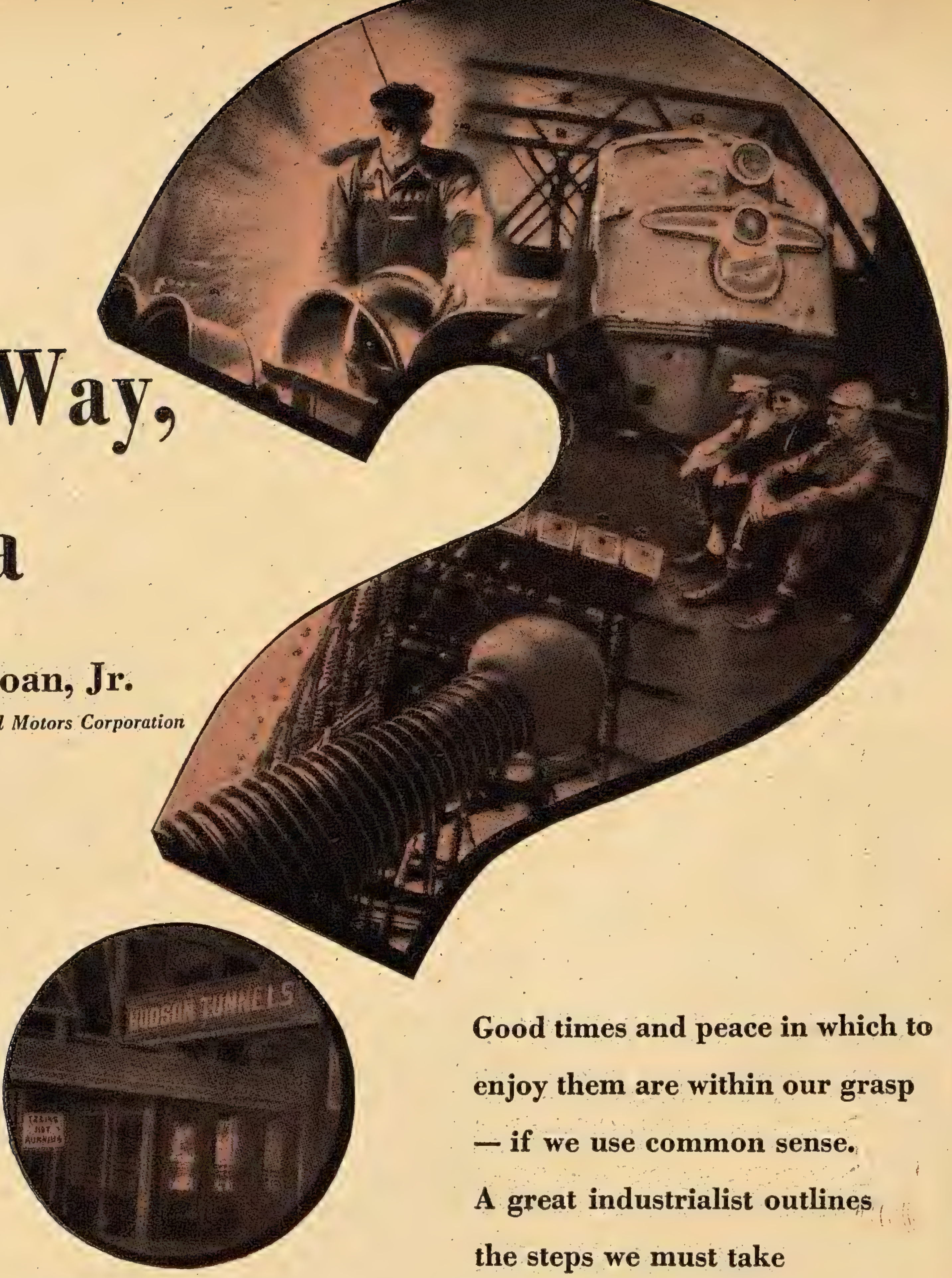
Just to stand at the switchboards of the Long Lines Department and read the row of place names is a bit thought-reeling. Buenos Aires, Rio, Lima, Bogotá, Trinidad, Quito, Surinam, Tegucigalpa, and Panama are a few of the Southern Hemisphere terminals. There's London, Paris, Lisbon, Madrid; there's Rome, Berne, Amsterdam, Oslo, Frankfort, Berlin, and Vienna in Europe; and Moscow, Leningrad, and Kiev. On other sides of the world are Cairo, Palestine, Honolulu, Wellington, Sydney, Manila, Tokyo, Ketchikan, and Juneau. Any of these, and more, will respond when the little brass plug is poked into the proper hole in the enormous switchboard.

Behind the plug and the hole is a bewildering maze of complicated apparatus. For instance, if your voice is going from New York to London, it passes through the switchboard and into the Overseas control room in the same building, where it enters a "voice scrambler." When it comes out you never would recognize it, for the scrambler has deliberately mangled the words, with the sounds turned "upside down." Your now thoroughly unrecognizable jargon, ensuring complete conversational privacy, travels a conventional wire to Lawrenceville, New Jersey, where it takes off to ride radio's short waves across the Atlantic. Reaching Baldock, England, it passes through an unscrambler, which straightens out the mess and makes everything all right again.

If that resembles something out of Buck Rogers, consider that on some not too distant tomorrow you will reach even more than the 50 or so foreign countries now available through your desk phone—and you'll do it directly by dialing, with no switchboard operator entering into the transaction.

THE END

Which Way, America



By Alfred P. Sloan, Jr.

Chairman of the Board, General Motors Corporation

Good times and peace in which to enjoy them are within our grasp — if we use common sense. A great industrialist outlines the steps we must take

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

ON election day last November a wave of common sense swept across the country. Both a political and an economic era were simultaneously completed—eras during which we sought to have more by producing less; to satisfy hunger by destroying food; to preserve our freedoms by limiting economic initiative; to promote free enterprise by creating labor monopolies; to expand employment by increasing costs; to encourage enterprise by largely confiscating profits; to promote enterprise by discrediting its leadership.

Now such things are finished—at least for the time being. But the election verdict should be viewed as a protest *against,* not an endorsement *for.* It represents an opportunity, not a victory. It will be a real victory only if we can now embark upon a peacetime program of sound accomplishment for the benefit of all the people. The same problems remain to be solved. The necessity for constructive leadership nationally, and of all economic groups, is accentuated. Those who would change our way of life will look upon the verdict of the electorate not as a defeat but as a challenge.

As America turns her face to the tasks ahead, let us pause to take stock. Where do we wish to go as a people and as a nation? What are our objectives, economic, social, and political, at home and abroad? Upon what resources can we base our efforts? What obstacles lie in our way and how shall we set about overcoming them?

As I gauge the collective will of the American people, two objectives stand out as of paramount importance. One is domestic, the other world wide, and both are interlocked. At home we want to preserve and solidify for all time the American way of life and our system of free competitive enterprise. For without that we know that our political as well as our personal freedom sooner or later must cease to exist. Abroad we wish to see established permanent peace and good will among all the nations of the earth.

If we are to achieve the first objective, if our existing order of things is to endure and progress, we must not only maintain but must advance existing living standards. Advancing living standards and economic progress are synonymous. Economic progress is an essential factor in political stability, and both are vital components of social progress—the end purpose of all human effort. Only through economic progress can we abolish want and the waste of human idleness. Only if we move ahead economically can we ensure for the future a society in which men are free to pursue their lives according to their own desires, and in which everyone has the opportunity of doing so. Democracy and hunger are incompatible.

UNLESS we achieve political stability and continuing economic progress at home we can contribute little to the attainment of our other great objective—the establishment of permanent peace throughout the world—to which objective we owe a great responsibility. With our own affairs intelligently directed we can reach out to other lands and contribute by example and know-how to bring order out of existing chaos. We can help the people of these lands to better their living standards by encouraging international trade and world-wide industrial development on the basis of a two-way street.

These, then, are the objectives we seek. As we face them, what are the resources upon which we can count? Only the superlative suffices to measure them. We have the world's greatest and most efficient plant; the most productive agriculture; the greatest pool of skilled workers and technicians; the keenest management brains and know-how; the greatest scientists and laboratories; the largest available supply of raw materials, still abundant though not inexhaustible and requiring intelligent utilization. We have ample supplies of capital ready and anxious to finance our efforts whenever suitable investments are offered with a reasonable expectancy of a return adequate to balance the risk. All this has been demonstrated in peace and dramatized in war.

We have also the highest health standard in the world; the best living standards; the best medical services; the greatest educational system and the world's finest transportation.

Over and above all these we have the courage and initiative to attempt the new and unknown; to assay the big job and persevere in it until achievement is reached.

With all these manifold blessings, why, then, are we in such a state of confusion? Why do we falter and stumble? Why have we wasted and why do we still waste so much time in listening to false prophets and following blind alleys? Why, in the name of common sense, with our objectives so clearly marked and our resources so abundant, do we not put away doubt, suspicion, and fear and proceed confidently on our way?

THE fault lies, I believe, in the "human element"; in the perversity of men, leaders and followers alike, who are unwilling or incapable of seeing the great opportunities available for the benefit of all. Men who lack the willingness to follow the demonstrated paths of progress. Men who disregard policies beneficial to all to pursue narrow, selfish ends of only temporary benefit even to themselves; or other men who, enamored of some economic theory, use their position to pursue it to the uttermost, no matter what damage is done to the cause of freedom—entirely disregarding the lessons of history and failing to recognize the truly amazing accomplishments of a nation that has based its destinies upon unrestricted freedom of individual opportunity.

It is in this failure of the human element that our confusion exists. We have not brought to bear on our problems the political and economic statesmanship which their solution demands. Our failures in the political sphere became accentuated ten or more years ago when our national leaders, in a time of national stress, fell back upon panaceas and unorthodox schemes, nearly all of which had time and again in history proved ineffective. Not the least consequential aspect was the persistence of error—the continuance of policies which were not only not working but could not work, and the continued application of new schemes pyramided one on top of another into a gigantic mess of rules, regulations, controls, obstacles—and frustrations.

After the necessary regimentation of the war effort, the climax of our economic adventures came on October 30, 1945, on the political front. At that time industry was moving out of war production. It was in the process of reconversion. The adjustments essential to passing from a controlled war economy to a free peace economy were before us. Everything depended upon a sound national policy, courageously and intelligently administered in the interest of the country as a whole. On that day came a pronouncement of national policy. It was in two parts: (1) Wage increases were imperative. (2) We must, above all else, hold the line on prices.

The concept that wages can be raised substantially without affecting prices—unless efficiency also increases—constitutes an amazing misinterpretation of economic law. This is true regardless of time and circumstances, or whether the economy is moving either into a state of inflation or deflation.

There appears to be much confusion in the general thinking on this whole subject. Wages, salaries, and other forms of compensation constitute in the aggregate more than three fourths of what the consumer pays for goods and services. When wages rise in an important sector of enterprise—and especially as a result of declared national policy—the increase is contagious. It spreads in the course of time and in degree to other sectors. Prices begin to move up. The cost of living increases. Wage rises are stimulated in other areas not previously affected. The end result is that most things cost more.

Some people have more dollars available to pay the higher prices, but they get no more for the money than they did before. Others cannot pay, and still others can pay only in part. Therefore the ability to purchase on a national basis becomes restricted. Production falls and employment declines.

The community cannot gain from a spiral of increasing wages and prices. A real gain in living standards can be achieved for the people as a whole only when efficiency is increased so that goods and services can be sold at lower prices, thus stimulating consumption and encouraging increased production and employment.

THE wage component in prices varies greatly from one industry to another and between different producers in the same industry. The prices paid by a producer for his materials, supplies, transportation services are components of the cost of his product; *but* these prices are determined by the wages paid, in turn, by the suppliers of these goods and services. In other words, the cost of one producer's materials and supplies is based partly on another producer's wages.

Therefore a general wage increase on a national scale must reflect itself finally in a substantially corresponding increase in cost and in the price the consumer pays for goods and services.

The confusion existing today fits exactly the economic pattern just described. It is a logical outcome of ignoring inescapable economic relationships. The two-part program laid down by the government—one point in direct conflict with the other—served as justification for wage demands on the part of labor. The increase demanded could not be supported by a corresponding increase in productivity; hence there has resulted an unbalancing of prices in relation to wages. A wave of strikes which seriously interfered with the

(Continued on page 71)

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

Story Conference

The incredibly ugly man looked like a stricken animal as he insisted, "Write me a story about lovely people"

By William Roberts

READING TIME•5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

"YOUR conception of films is not only financially impractical," said Luden gently. "It is distasteful—even offensive, if you'll forgive my saying so."

Reed stirred irritably in his chair, asking himself how much more he could stand of this so-called conference. It was not so much what Luden said, for its sting was softened by the tone of his voice. No, the real source of irritation was that the Production Czar, as Luden was often called, appeared to be all but totally unmindful of Reed's presence.

Luden's prolonged discourse was being delivered to two articles on his desk—the telephone and a large framed photo-portrait of an insolently beautiful girl with wide sullen eyes and a cloud of blonde hair. His glance seemed to pace restlessly back and forth between phone and photo, and when it shifted occasionally to Reed, it brushed unseeingly by and returned to its pacing.

Reed found himself marveling that this soft-voiced man had become the supreme being in the studio hierarchy—omnipotent and indisputable. For Luden was not merely ugly. His ugliness was grotesque, repulsive, an obvious handicap in any struggle for success.

He was short and ponderous. His features were thick, flattened against his face as though they had flowed irregularly down from his lumpy bald head. He looked ill and old, and yet he could not have been more than forty-five. How had he achieved his eminence? What had carried him to the top?

Luden was going on again, addressing himself to the photo. "This story of yours," he said softly. "Its sordidness. Unlovely people with their unlovely problems. Drab, heartless, prosaic. . . ."

Reed broke in rudely: "I was hired to work here, Mr. Luden, on the strength of a play I wrote. I take it you haven't read the play, for you'd certainly have considered it as drab, heartless, and prosaic as the story I've just written. Myself, I call it frank and real. Now, if you want to call in your lawyers and dissolve my contract—"

Slowly Luden raised his massive head, his brow wrinkled in thick creases of thought. His hand went to the phone. "Excuse me," he said.

Well, Reed told himself, you asked for it, so now you get it. Dispute the opinions of the supreme being, and—snip!—you're a big-salaried movie writer no more.

"Miss Dodge," Luden murmured into the phone, "I'm expecting a call from Mr. Garnet. Put it through right away, will you? That's right, the lawyer." He started to hang up, then returned the phone hastily to his ear. "Miss Dodge, the same if Ann —if Mrs. Luden should call. Thank you."

Ann. Ann Barth. Ann Barth Luden. Reed remembered now. That was the blonde in the photo-portrait. Ann Barth, the starlet. Then Ann Barth Luden, the star. One of those things. But never mind that. What concerned him was the lawyer. Mr. Garnet wouldn't have to be much of a lawyer to have him off payroll before sundown.

He started to get up, seeing no reason to prolong the agony. "I guess that's that," he said.

Luden waved him back into his chair. "I did read your play," he said. "That's why you were hired. For ability." He paused and eyed him intently. "It was seen, your play, by a handful of people."

"It ran four months, Mr. Luden. That's a pretty big handful."

"A handful, nevertheless. A big picture is seen by millions. That's why a play can afford to be dishonest."

Reed felt anger boiling up in him. It was a satisfying feeling. At least he was getting the attention of Mr. Grotesque. It would be a pleasure to tell him off before the final adieu.

"If being truthful about the lives of people is dishonest, if being accurate and straight and real is dishonest, then black is white, Mr. Luden—you're right, I'm wrong, and I'll go get me a busy corner and some pencils to sell."

Luden hunched his head forward and stared at the picture of his wife. "You're right and I'm wrong for the handfuls. But for the millions, Mr. Reed, nothing in the world is real but dreams. In dreams everyone is lovely, noble, brave, glamorous, and happy."

"What you're saying," Reed growled, "is that people don't want the truth."

"I'VE heard it said truth is beauty, and I believe it. People don't want what they see in the mirror. They don't want their plainness, their misery and meanness. They want what they dream about. They want it so much it becomes reality, so that they actually become the people they see on the screen." He sighed. "Try to accept my view, and write me a story about lovely people."

"Write you—" Reed shook his head. "Look. I don't understand. When you asked for your lawyer—"

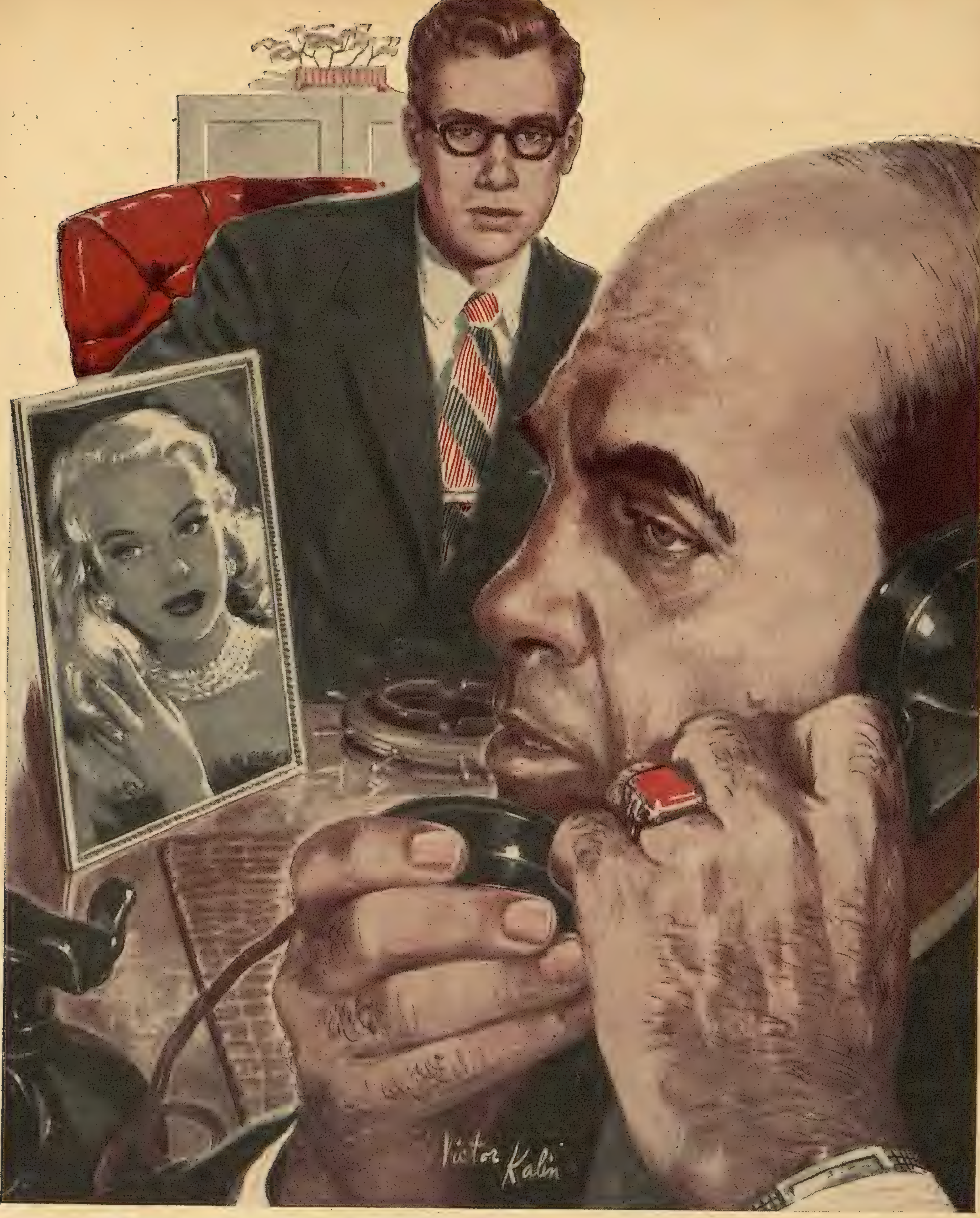
"A private matter," Luden said. "A private, domestic matter. . . . With you and your assignment, it's only a question of thinking in terms of millions, not handfuls."

His glance had begun its pacing once more. Reed sat forgotten, not knowing whether to go or to stay.

All at once the uneasy silence was torn by the rasp of the buzzer. Luden's hand leaped to the phone. "Yes, Ann darling? . . . Oh. Oh, of course, Miss Dodge. I'm sorry. I thought—" He wet his lips. "Yes, put Mr. Garnet on."

Reed watched, scarcely believing it possible that Luden's face could express such poignant sorrow. In embarrassment he heard Luden's voice, breaking, say, "Final? She said it was final? But . . . Yes, Dave. Yes, I'm sure you tried everything. I'm

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR KALIN



Reed watched, scarcely believing it possible that Luden's face could express such poignant sorrow.

grateful. . . . That's kind of you, Dave. . . . Oh—the settlement. . . ." He closed his eyes. "It doesn't matter. Anything she wants."

He hung up and sat very still, slumped over. And then, as though awakening from a drugged sleep, he became aware of Reed. "Excuse me," he said.

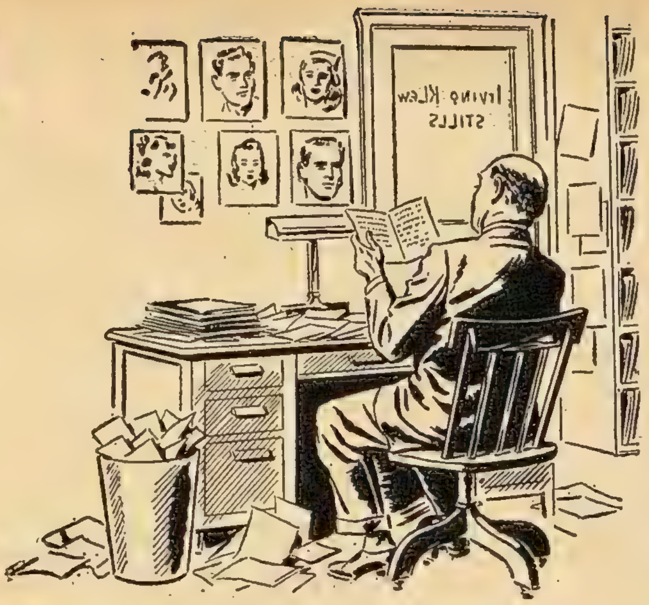
"I—I want to apologize, Mr. Luden," Reed faltered. "I should have left. I didn't realize—"

Luden nodded and went back to staring at the photo-portrait of the sullen, beautiful blonde girl. "The world belongs to the lovely people," he said softly. "All the rest survive on dreams. Try to understand what I mean, Mr. Reed, and write me a story about lovely people."

THE END

Movie-Still King

by
Morris
Freedman



What started with a few torn-out pages from old movie magazines has grown to a collection of more than three million photos—and a fascinating one-man business

READING TIME•5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

IRVING KLAW is the self-styled and unchallenged King of the Movie Stills. As far as innumerable film fans are concerned, the address of all Hollywood movie stars is 212 East Fourteenth Street, New York City. Every day thousands of letters from all over the world arrive here—many addressed to the stars themselves—with bills, coins, and money orders enclosed.

King Klaw fills these orders from the world's largest collection of movie stills—over 3,000,000. His palace is a long, cluttered room, the walls made up of king-size pigeonholes in each of which are folders crammed with glossy photographs. Down the center of the room march two rows of file cabinets similarly jammed.

The requests for stills are a continuous, unweighted poll of movie-star popularity. Hollywood publicists consult Klaw privately. Current favorites, he reports, are—not in order—Betty Grable, Jane Russell, Van Johnson, Alan Ladd, Cornel Wilde, and Frank Sinatra. Hottest seller of all is Rita Hayworth. Coming up fast are Guy Madison, star of Till the End of Time, and Robert Mitchum, who as an enlisted man starred in The Story of GI Joe.

Who have been the top favorites of all time? Rudolph Valentino and Jean Harlow! Klaw still receives from 100 to 150 requests a week each for stills of those two.

His sales are a graph of the ups and downs of Hollywood stars. Joan Crawford's file was gathering inches of dust when Mildred Pierce caused a clamor for her old stills. Every glimpse of Alan Ladd in his forgotten early roles is in demand today. After The Song of Bernadette there was a sell-out demand for stills of Jennifer Jones in minor Western roles.

To list his wares, King Klaw puts out a twenty-four-page catalogue called the Movie Star News. The glossies are divided into straight publicity photographs and actual stills from the movies. He obtains them from the movie people and from press agents, artist managers, and film critics.

He began his career in 1937 across the street from his present location, in a basement shop selling second-hand magazines and books. A plague of his business were the youngsters who leafed through movie magazines and, when he wasn't looking, tore out page photos of the stars. Desperate, Klaw asked a movie-reviewer friend to give him any extra glossy movie stills he received. Klaw figured that maybe if the kleptomaniac kids were given a chance to buy just the pictures, they'd leave the magazines intact.

Unknowingly, when he thumbtacked those first stills on his walls, he was building a better mousetrap. The world began to beat a path to his door.

THERE are few requests that Klaw can't fill. Many are not for a particular movie star or scene, but for a certain kind of picture. He has a Special Research Department to handle such requests from illustrators, from teachers of photography, beauty culture, design, and from specializing movie-still clubs. There's a Skull Club whose sixty members are avid collectors of horror movie stills—Frankenstein, Dracula, the Wolf-Man, and so on.

Klaw has lately been getting requests from veterans who have discovered that they appeared in documentary war films or newsreels and want a still of the particular scene. The editor of a small-town Southern newspaper asked for a still from Gung Ho, the picture which used shots of marines in action. He had caught a glimpse of his boy in it. His son had been reported missing in action soon afterward, and the father wanted a pictorial record of what may have been his son's last hours.

During the war many soldiers seemed to consider Klaw their main link with the homeland. Every Christmas he received greeting cards from lonely islands in the Aleutians and outposts in Greenland. Once four soldiers sent him a crate of oranges from Florida. Generally, soldier requests followed the civilian trend, but Klaw noticed an unusual increase in orders for stills of child stars. He puzzled about this, until one sergeant explained that they reminded him of his own youngster, and a sailor wrote that Margaret O'Brien might be the kind of daughter he would have had—if he'd had a chance.

A soldier wrote from a South Pacific island that he had had all of his laundry done for a week for a photograph each of Lana Turner and Betty Grable. An enterprising Air Force photographer in the Panama Canal Zone set up his own lab and reprinted Klaw's shots at a handsome profit. When Klaw found out, he laughed heartily. "That explained how come my orders from down there suddenly dropped off."

Requests for movie stills have come in from trappers in the wilds of Alaska, from lonely watchmen, and from forest rangers. A lighthouse keeper wrote, "Your pictures are the only things that keep me going." Orders have also come in written on Congressional stationery—from sons and daughters of senators and representatives. Congressional favorites are Van Johnson and Betty Grable.

Although 90 per cent of his business is by mail order, Klaw does an over-the-counter trade of about 100,000 stills annually. Some of these customers are visitors to New York. A recent one was the elderly gardener of Katharine Hepburn's estate. His collection of stills from every movie in which La Hepburn had ever appeared had gone up in flames. He was desperate. Then he found out about Klaw's. There he was able to duplicate every one of the lost photos. "He wanted to kiss my hand," Klaw chuckles.

Klaw's stills go back to 1914. Distinguished and prosperous-looking business men come in frequently to pick up stills of early primitive movies.

One man recently referred to the place as "a museum of forgotten memories."

Autograph hounds arm themselves with glossy shots before ganging up on a star. When Dinah Shore came to New York recently, 300 of her fans were thus prepared. "My God," gasped harried Miss Shore, "where did all these pictures come from?" The answer, of course, was Klaw's.

THE END

You Can Fight Mental Illness

One out of every seventeen Americans will some day need treatment for a mind disorder. You — who may be one of them — can help prevent shocking neglect of their ills

By Owen J. Roberts

READING TIME•5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

"SHOULD I take my son to a child psychologist?"

"Whom should I see? I do so much want to live a normal life."

"I have little money; is there a public mental health clinic where I can take my daughter?"

"My husband has been confined to an institution for seven years. I am sure he can be cured if I could only get him some attention. Can you help me?"

Every day the lay staff at the Philadelphia headquarters of the National Mental Health Foundation answers hundreds of similar questions or refers inquirers to authorities. Although the Foundation is not yet physically able to cope with the enormous correspondence which has developed within the last four months, the interest which has arisen indicates that at long last the public is becoming aware that little has been done to prevent mental illness, to care for the mentally deficient, or to cure the mentally ill.

Eight million persons in the United States suffer from mental and nervous disorders. One person out of every seventeen will, at some time in his life, require treatment for an ailment of the mind. These are startling figures to those of us who do not yet understand that mental illness is essentially no different from any other illness. For years people thought of it as "a curse of the devil." Now the scientific facts are being publicized, and the public is beginning to understand that such illness is not the fault of the invalid and is no disgrace to him or to his family.

We now have discovered effective methods of prevention and treatment. But most of those now suffering from mental illness still do not get proper care. State governments have woefully failed to satisfy the crying need. In one state institution there are twenty-four doctors, including administrators, three dentists, and three psychiatrists, to care for more than 6,000 patients. This institution is selected at random as an example. It is by no means exceptional.

In many states patients have been confined in jails or placed in county almshouses for safekeeping. An authority on American Family Laws indicates that only twenty-six states have expressly prohibited cruelty to the "insane." In one state "mere idiots, fools, and incurables" are sent to county homes, not to state hospitals. In this same state a law enacted in 1848 provides:

"If the person shall be adjudged a lunatic or insane by the jury, or a majority thereof, and that he should be confined, the clerk shall direct the sheriff, by writ, to arrest him, and place him in one of the insane hospitals, if there be a vacancy, and, if not, to confine him in the county jail until there be room in the hospital."

This is analogous to picking twelve persons off the street to diagnose a case of tuberculosis, and then putting the sufferer in jail until there is room for him in a hospital.

THE nation, in its assumption that adequate care is being afforded the mentally ill, has succeeded only in fooling itself. Externally, institutions may be architectural masterpieces. Inside, they are generally woefully understaffed. Lawmakers—we, the citizens—have not provided the means of healthful and decent living necessary to attract properly qualified psychiatrists, nurses, and attendants. We have done nothing more than sustain institutional life, and sometimes we have not done even that. In most institutions, patients are merely withheld from society instead of being given the treatment necessary to restore them to it.

In the field of prevention even less has been done. Mental illness can, in many cases, be prevented, or its more severe manifestations checked, if resort is had to timely measures. Research in the field of psychiatry has spelled amazing progress. Yet the facilities for preventing treatment and for treatment in the early stages of mental illness are heartbreakingly rare. The nation is lamentably short of the necessary psychiatrists, and of trained psychiatric nurses and attendants. Very few of the good general hospitals have established psychiatric wards or departments. In very few communities are there psychiatric clinics to which relatives may take those who seem mentally retarded or maladjusted, for advice and guidance. There is crying need for enlargement of all the facilities of prevention.

The majority of the patients now entering our mental institutions are not "hopeless" cases. But many will become so, simply because they will not receive the treatment necessary to save them. If we, as citizens, inform ourselves, our national progress toward better care of the mentally ill will be startling. Visit one of the institutions which your taxes help support and see conditions there for yourself.

Another way you can help is by spreading the gospel that mental illness is not a device of the devil but a natural malfunctioning like any other disease. Because of this medieval conception, funds appropriated by legislatures and given by philanthropists have been limited, greatly hindering research in the field.

If every one of us would accept the truth that our minds and nervous systems are as subject to ailment as our stomachs or lungs and as capable of responding to proper treatment, this alone would be a tremendous stride on the road to victory. It would mean that parents would not let unnecessary parental problems interfere with their child's development. Teachers would study their pupils as total personalities. Employers would see that employees were both technically and emotionally suited to their jobs. Foremen would be trained to understand people. Our ministers would learn to recognize the symptoms of incipient psychological illness among their communicants—they would avail themselves of the courses given especially in mental hospitals for ministers. When someone comes to his priest for aid, the priest needs to know whether he himself can give it or whether a psychiatrist is needed.

All of us must realize that it is up to us, as individuals, to face and conquer the problem of mental illness just as we have those of other diseases which in the past we considered "unmentionable."

THE END

An Elegant Margin of

Mrs. Vickery, the real-estate agent, not only cut a fancy figure, but also talked one. So . . . one fateful day Mr. Brastow decided to sell

By Neill C. Wilson

READING TIME•23 MINUTES 28 SECONDS

SUNDAY was always lawn-grooming day in the Brastow front garden. When winded, Harper Brastow would retreat into an old hickory chair under a tulip tree and reflect upon his lot. Upon his lot in life, which was comfortable, and his lot here on Arbor Lane, town of Los Cerritos.

The Brastow property was a neat parcel of land eighty feet wide in front, ninety at the rear, and a hundred and sixty along its short side. Twenty-five years ago he and Iris, his bride, had bought this spot of suburbia outside the San Francisco fog belt and built their house upon it.

"Fourteen hundred for the lot," reflected Harper Brastow this July day, tamping his pipe, "and seventy-five hundred for the house. Four hundred more when we got the furnace. And then, after Bill and Barbara came along, that four-thousand-dollar addition. Call it thirteen thousand for a home with eight rooms and three baths," totted up Mr. Brastow, rising from the hickory chair and resuming his stance at the lawn mower. "A home that has seen a lot of living—a powerful lot of living. And a lot of grass cutting," he grunted, as his mower stopped abruptly and its handle caught him in the kitchen department.

They should invent lawn mowers that cut bones. He pried out the relic of a mutton chop and ran a finger along the outraged blades. Getting pretty shot, but you couldn't buy another that cut eighteen-inch swaths. Not these days. A file would fix the nick.

A lady was regarding him over the picket fence. He recognized her as the new owner of one of the houses down toward the corner. Stylish, he perceived. Good-looker.

"How do you do?" she larked. That was the word for it, larked. One of those voices that run a tickly finger down your spine. "Extremely attractive place you have."

"Lots of work." Damn it, she was glad-eying him.

"But you keep it up beautifully. I am Mrs. Vickery. Ilona Vickery. May I come through your gate?"

Iris had intended to pay the first call, but now she was at church. "Mrs. Brastow is at church," informed Harper Brastow dutifully.

Mrs. Vickery was coming right through the gate, tilting her head gracefully to clear the flowered arch. A tall gal, widowish, who knew how to carry herself. In a smartly tailored suit and a tricky hat. Perfume marched ahead of her. She advanced up the stone flaggings and he became conscious of his garden trousers and bunged-up hat.

SHE swept the slate-roofed, half-timbered Old English house. She took in the hand-wrought porch pillars, gazed at the iron-studded front door, and thrushed—that was it, thrushed—"What a completely charming entrance!" Damn it, did she mean to go through that too?

"Mrs. Brastow is still at church," he again informed her. She gestured with gloved hand and clacking bracelets as if to say, "A most commendable practice." Her survey went up to the flower boxes at the second-story window, and probed beyond. "Those precious mullioned casements!" she lilted. "That surely is the master bedroom. Am I correct?"

Her eyes turned to his. Dark eyes.

"Don't tell me, oh, don't tell me," she chickadee'd, "that your sweet, sweet bedroom has even a *fireplace?*"

Of course his and Iris' bedroom had a fireplace. It had been their earliest, most resolute extravagance, and the best investment they'd ever made. Her luscious eyes returned to transpiercing the gay window box and the mullions, and Harper Brastow's own eye continued touring her.

"But I haven't explained, have I?" orioled Mrs. Vickery, bringing her orbs to bear again upon Harper Brastow. "I am a realtor. Would you care to sell your lovely place?"

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

So this was a business call. Harper felt a stab of relief and a twinge of regret. But he answered with a snort, "Heavens, no, Mrs. Vickery! This is our home. It fits us like an old shoe."

"How delicious," trilled Mrs. Vickery, "to hear one speak so fondly. But I am looking high and low for listings. I did hope you would name a price. The market, you know, is very active these days."

Harper Brastow did know. Crowded commuter trains, buses, stores, and restaurants all gave proof that California was having a postwar boom bigger than a dozen gold rushes. He understood that some people, like the Ed Proutys, had received unconscionable prices for their homes—that there had been some simply fantastic deals. "Well," he laughed, "if anybody wants to offer eighteen thousand, let me know."

Mrs. Vickery's eyes went five-sixths closed under their long-lashed lids, and he judged that his words had knocked her slightly dizzy. Eighteen thousand for a place that had cost thirteen and had been lived in for twenty-five years—

She opened her eyes, and their effect on him was like that punch from the stalled lawn mower. "You shall hear from me," she canaried. "Very shortly."

She withdrew. Harper retired to his hickory chair. He was still sitting there when Iris got home.

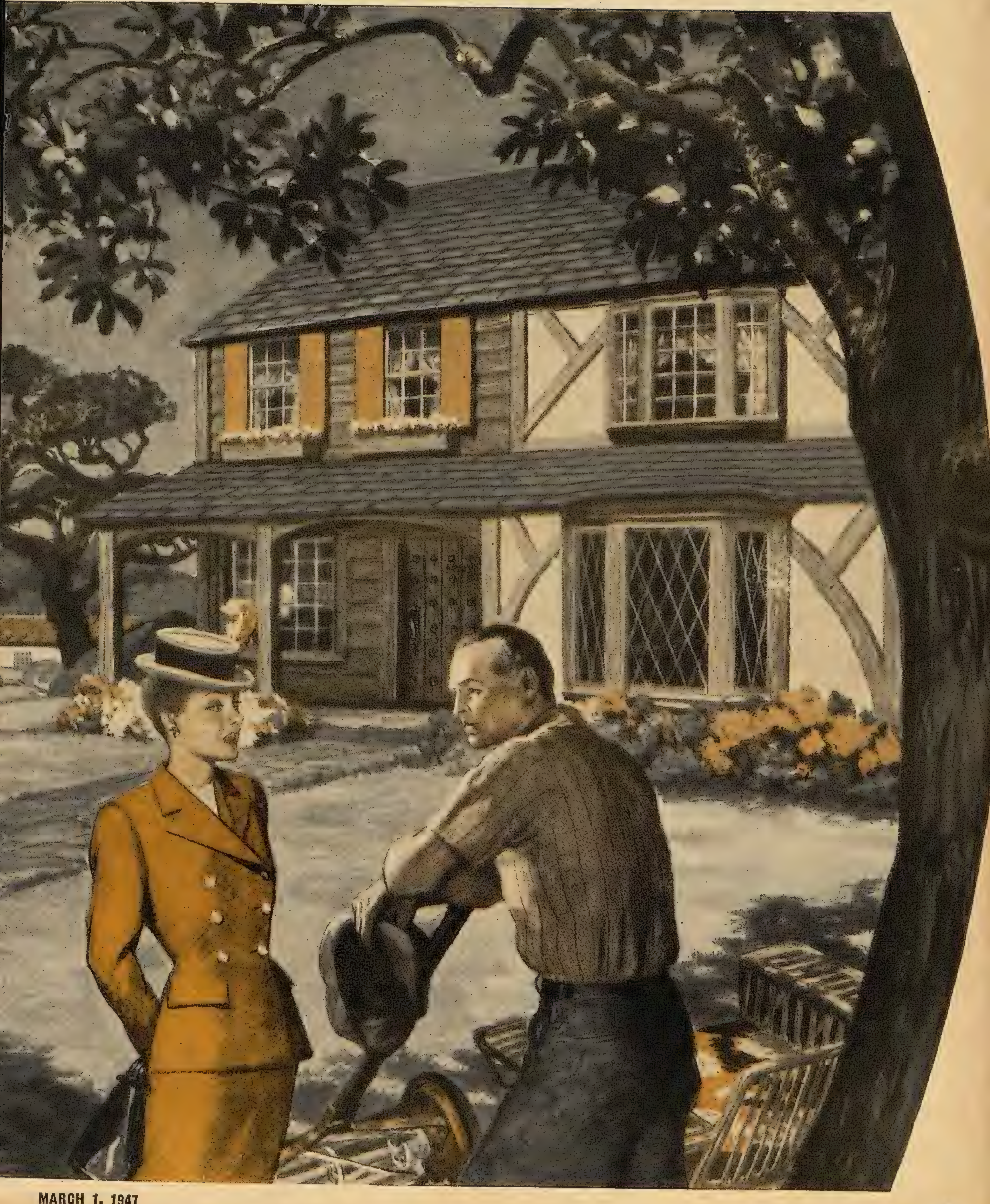
HE told her, during Sunday dinner, of Mrs. Vickery's visit. He stressed not the aviary-like voice of the caller, nor her fragrance, nor eyes, but the simple tidings: Mrs. Vickery seemed to think eighteen thousand not out of reason for their place.

"I know who she is," said Iris. "She wears forty-dollar foundations. I saw her buying two at one time." Iris said this to remind Harper that her own most expensive foundation had cost only twelve dollars. "She must be a good business woman."

Harper remarked, still feeling the situation out, "This house does seem to be a bit beyond our needs at

(*Continued on page 80*)

Profit



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RADIO'S

ABC
7TH WEEK
$4540

Cash on the barrelhead awaits those who are up on their facts on Break the Bank. One couple missed all this by failing to identify Sewell Avery.

By Harriet Van Horne

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

"DID you folks like the thousand-dollar bills you found on your seats when you came in?" Fred Allen asked his studio audience recently.

Radio right now is bent on making every day Christmas. Mr. Allen's acid satire on these quiz programs had a fumbling contestant who named Mary Margaret McBride as the sixth President of the United States. As a consolation prize Fred awarded him a B-29 and a form-fitting polka-dot parachute. Far-fetched? Far from it. A program called Bride and Groom gave away an old Flying Fortress in a letter contest recently.

One contestant on Truth or Consequences, for answering one question, received a $1,000 diamond ring, a piano, a refrigerator, a silver-fox coat, a 1946 car, a washing machine, a two years' supply of nylons, a complete man's wardrobe, a year's maid service, a round trip from Hollywood to New York, and a two-week vacation at a Canadian resort.

This loot, totaling $13,500, was the reward for identifying a recorded jingle as having been spoken by Jack Dempsey. True, the guessing game ran for four weeks, allowing the loot to pile up. But, at that, the gifts didn't surprise listeners. This sort of thing goes on all the time now.

By the time the Jack Dempsey stunt was in its second week, NBC in Hollywood was besieged by out-of-town listeners offering fabulous prices for tickets to the show. The navy man who finally collected just happened to wander in with three friends, one of whom got the tickets through the USO. The young ensign said the only gift he really wanted was the car. The furs he sent home to his mother. The other prizes are being held in escrow until he marries.

Audience-participation shows have revolutionized (some say corrupted) the radio entertainment business. Yesterday's guest star, to hear the talent agents tell it, has been supplanted by a brace of shiny new refrigerators and a dozen pairs of nylons. To win this glittering loot you may be asked to sing a nursery rhyme with your head in a bag, to compute the square root of a simple number, or just to answer your phone and say you're home.

Federal statisticians place the annual estimate of radio give-aways at half a million. Radio's own Answer Man insists that the figure exceeds one million. And an advertising man in a position to know said he'd put it at three millions.

The give-away format first was tried in 1939 on the Pot o' Gold program. For answering the telephone and admitting your identity, you got $1,000. If you weren't in when the program called, you received a consolation prize of $100. The show went off the air in 1941, but now it's back in new glory.

Truth or Consequences was the first program to make front-page news, with its famed penny stunt. A Mrs. Dennis Mullane muffed her question. As a consolation prize, Ralph Edwards suggested each listener send the lady a penny. She received so many that the post office had to hire extra clerks and Edwards had to rent an additional suite of offices in Radio City. Many listeners sent dimes, quarters, and even dollars. A total of 33,000 contributions came in, which Mrs. Mullane set aside for her son in the Marine Corps. Since then Ralph Edwards has promoted some of the best stunts in the business.

Vox Pop claims to have been the first program to offer gifts to interviewees. Since 1938, Vox Pop's Park Johnson has given away about $400 worth of gifts each week.

Two programs limit their contestants to newlyweds. It seems there are always a few couples willing to say their marriage vows up in a plane, down in a water tank, or on the stage of a movie house between double features. At a county fair We, the People recently married a flagpole sitter to a nervous bride who shouted her vows from terra firma.

Bride and Groom marries a young couple every afternoon, Monday through Friday, and sometimes brings them all the way to New York for a honeymoon. During the first of these nuptial junkets a big reception awaited the newlyweds at the Plaza. Bad weather grounded the plane.

DREAM MERCHANTS

The fast-talking M.C.s of the give-away shows hand out everything, from old Flying Fortresses to a full year's maid service

The bridal couple arrived five hours late—and a press agent had sat between them all the way. Their trip paid off, however. Besides the customary tokens—a paid-up insurance policy, furs, silver, china—the young husband prevailed upon the American Broadcasting Company to get him an audition at the Metropolitan Opera.

Next to newlyweds the quiz masters have found the most responsive contestant to be the housewife. She doesn't mind getting into pinafore and bobby sox and reciting a Mother Goose rhyme—not with a new washing machine awaiting her at the end of the stint. She'll even thump a dozen melons to test their goodness and giggle in delight when her husband's bald head appears through the screen as a melon.

The housewife is the mainstay of Cinderella, Inc. Chosen on the basis of their letters to CBS, the Cinderellas are put through a grueling course in "glamor." Each month four of them flock to New York from the four corners of the country. They are given new wardrobes, beauty treatments, diction lessons, and reducing exercises. They are taken to the Stork Club, the Statue of Liberty, the zoo, and other spots of interest. Each day during the course they go on the air to relate their experiences and to accept with thank-yous such trifles as electric ranges, toasters, hats from famous milliners, and a rather odd assortment of gifts from the merchants back home. One local admirer sent the program fifty automobile fan belts. At the end of the month the Cinderella who has glamorized the most, in the opinion of the experts who have been grooming her, receives any gift she may care to name. Most Cinderellas accept new cars.

Housewives chosen Queen for a Day (on another network) have received such offerings as a Piper Cub plane, a seven-year movie contract, a $15,000 chinchilla coat. One Queen asked for a husband. Another said her unfulfilled wish was to become a mother. Naturally, the program does not undertake to minister to all the ladies' wants.

These women, like most contestants on the give-away shows, are average Americans, mothers and housewives, secretaries and clerks with an afternoon off, snowy-haired grandmothers with rough hands, and now and then a *grande dame* who had heard the show and just couldn't stay away.

Women always outnumber the men on these programs, and they always make better contestants. John Reed King, who conducts Give and Take and The Missus Goes a-Shopping, says men always have a furtive air, as if scared to death their friends will find out where they've been. Once they're hooked by the M.C., however, the men will go doggedly through with any stunt. But they never seem to enjoy themselves as much as women.

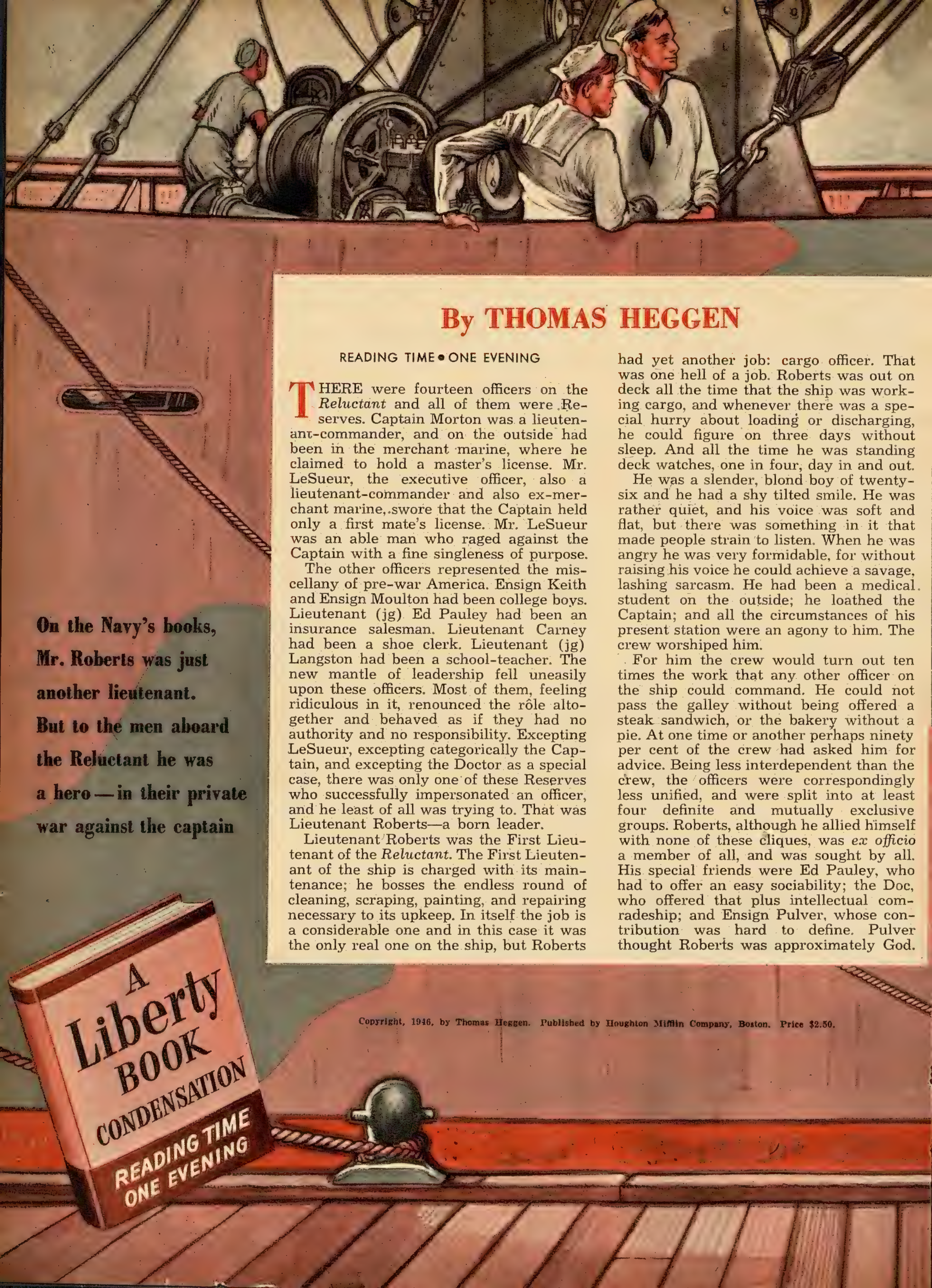
With some thirty network programs giving away everything, including prefabricated houses, people are prepared to do anything to get on the program. Inevitably, a black market in tickets has sprung up. Those in charge of distributing them keep a careful list of names to check against "the regulars." Nevertheless, the regulars do turn up, day after day. Some women proudly boast that they go on four or five programs a week. They wear different hats, use different names, and disguise their voices. For if the quiz master spots them, they're likely to draw a stunt involving pie *and* seltzer water in the face—and win two tickets to the movies and a mop handle.

It's hard to discourage anybody, however, when the money and prizes are so easy to win. America, it would seem, is a nation of dreamers. The prevailing philosophy is: You may be broke today, but tomorrow you may win the pot on a quiz show.

THE END

EXIT-3
EXIT-4

(Left) For guessing Jack Dempsey's voice, Ensign Richard Bartholomew raked in $13,500 in appliances, clothes, travel expenses, and maid. (Right) First into many give-away shows is Quiz Queen Sadie Hertz. She smiles until she is barred from the show as a pro.



By THOMAS HEGGEN

READING TIME • ONE EVENING

THERE were fourteen officers on the *Reluctant* and all of them were Reserves. Captain Morton was a lieutenant-commander, and on the outside had been in the merchant marine, where he claimed to hold a master's license. Mr. LeSueur, the executive officer, also a lieutenant-commander and also ex-merchant marine, swore that the Captain held only a first mate's license. Mr. LeSueur was an able man who raged against the Captain with a fine singleness of purpose.

The other officers represented the miscellany of pre-war America. Ensign Keith and Ensign Moulton had been college boys. Lieutenant (jg) Ed Pauley had been an insurance salesman. Lieutenant Carney had been a shoe clerk. Lieutenant (jg) Langston had been a school-teacher. The new mantle of leadership fell uneasily upon these officers. Most of them, feeling ridiculous in it, renounced the rôle altogether and behaved as if they had no authority and no responsibility. Excepting LeSueur, excepting categorically the Captain, and excepting the Doctor as a special case, there was only one of these Reserves who successfully impersonated an officer, and he least of all was trying to. That was Lieutenant Roberts—a born leader.

Lieutenant Roberts was the First Lieutenant of the *Reluctant*. The First Lieutenant of the ship is charged with its maintenance; he bosses the endless round of cleaning, scraping, painting, and repairing necessary to its upkeep. In itself the job is a considerable one and in this case it was the only real one on the ship, but Roberts had yet another job: cargo officer. That was one hell of a job. Roberts was out on deck all the time that the ship was working cargo, and whenever there was a special hurry about loading or discharging, he could figure on three days without sleep. And all the time he was standing deck watches, one in four, day in and out.

He was a slender, blond boy of twenty-six and he had a shy tilted smile. He was rather quiet, and his voice was soft and flat, but there was something in it that made people strain to listen. When he was angry he was very formidable, for without raising his voice he could achieve a savage, lashing sarcasm. He had been a medical student on the outside; he loathed the Captain; and all the circumstances of his present station were an agony to him. The crew worshiped him.

For him the crew would turn out ten times the work that any other officer on the ship could command. He could not pass the galley without being offered a steak sandwich, or the bakery without a pie. At one time or another perhaps ninety per cent of the crew had asked him for advice. Being less interdependent than the crew, the officers were correspondingly less unified, and were split into at least four definite and mutually exclusive groups. Roberts, although he allied himself with none of these cliques, was *ex officio* a member of all, and was sought by all. His special friends were Ed Pauley, who had to offer an easy sociability; the Doc, who offered that plus intellectual comradeship; and Ensign Pulver, whose contribution was hard to define. Pulver thought Roberts was approximately God.

On the Navy's books, Mr. Roberts was just another lieutenant. But to the men aboard the Reluctant he was a hero — in their private war against the captain

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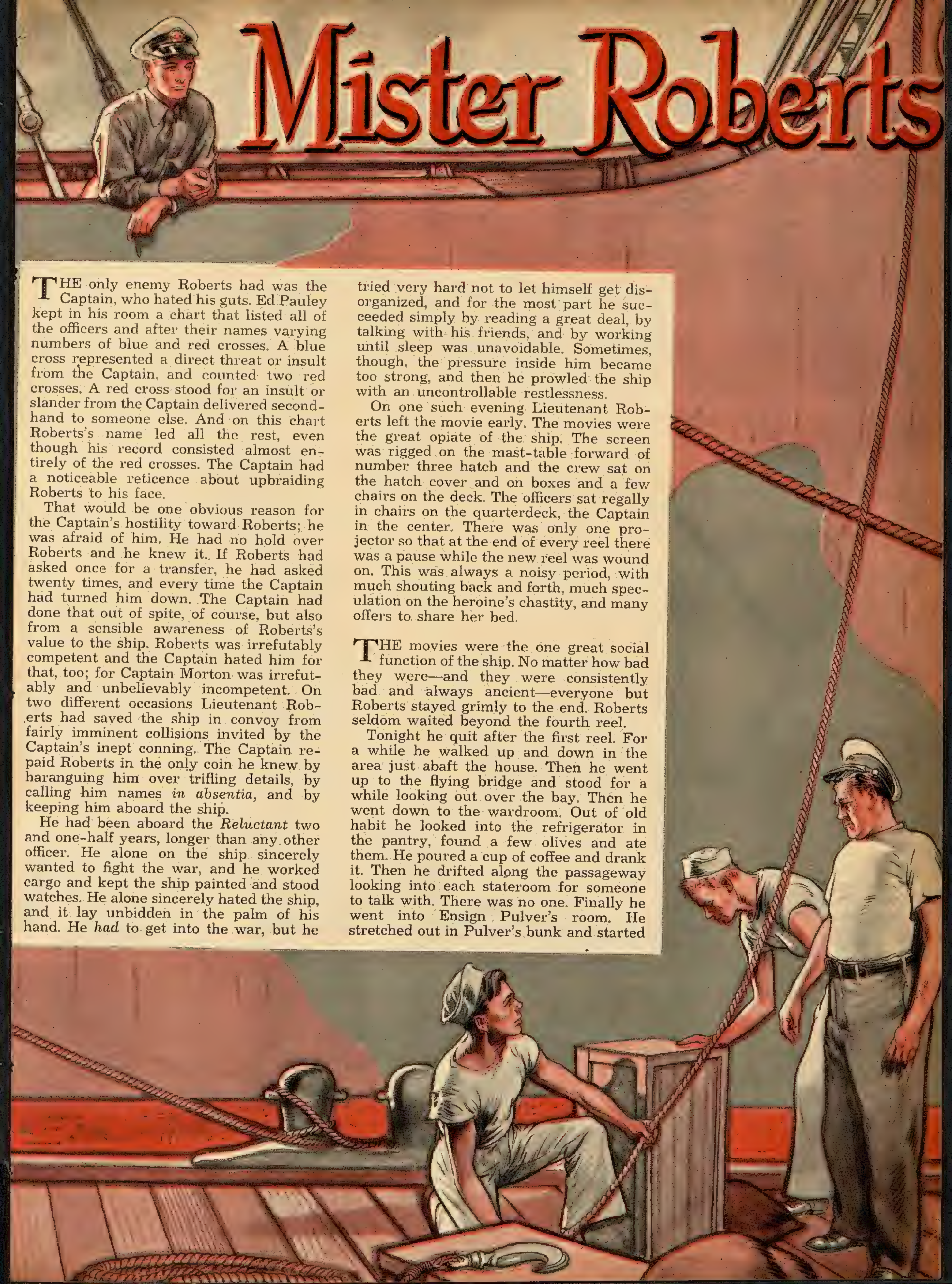
Mister Roberts



THE only enemy Roberts had was the Captain, who hated his guts. Ed Pauley kept in his room a chart that listed all of the officers and after their names varying numbers of blue and red crosses. A blue cross represented a direct threat or insult from the Captain, and counted two red crosses. A red cross stood for an insult or slander from the Captain delivered secondhand to someone else. And on this chart Roberts's name led all the rest, even though his record consisted almost entirely of the red crosses. The Captain had a noticeable reticence about upbraiding Roberts to his face.

That would be one obvious reason for the Captain's hostility toward Roberts; he was afraid of him. He had no hold over Roberts and he knew it. If Roberts had asked once for a transfer, he had asked twenty times, and every time the Captain had turned him down. The Captain had done that out of spite, of course, but also from a sensible awareness of Roberts's value to the ship. Roberts was irrefutably competent and the Captain hated him for that, too; for Captain Morton was irrefutably and unbelievably incompetent. On two different occasions Lieutenant Roberts had saved the ship in convoy from fairly imminent collisions invited by the Captain's inept conning. The Captain repaid Roberts in the only coin he knew by haranguing him over trifling details, by calling him names *in absentia,* and by keeping him aboard the ship.

He had been aboard the *Reluctant* two and one-half years, longer than any other officer. He alone on the ship sincerely wanted to fight the war, and he worked cargo and kept the ship painted and stood watches. He alone sincerely hated the ship, and it lay unbidden in the palm of his hand. He *had* to get into the war, but he tried very hard not to let himself get disorganized, and for the most part he succeeded simply by reading a great deal, by talking with his friends, and by working until sleep was unavoidable. Sometimes, though, the pressure inside him became too strong, and then he prowled the ship with an uncontrollable restlessness.

On one such evening Lieutenant Roberts left the movie early. The movies were the great opiate of the ship. The screen was rigged on the mast-table forward of number three hatch and the crew sat on the hatch cover and on boxes and a few chairs on the deck. The officers sat regally in chairs on the quarterdeck, the Captain in the center. There was only one projector so that at the end of every reel there was a pause while the new reel was wound on. This was always a noisy period, with much shouting back and forth, much speculation on the heroine's chastity, and many offers to share her bed.

THE movies were the one great social function of the ship. No matter how bad they were—and they were consistently bad and always ancient—everyone but Roberts stayed grimly to the end. Roberts seldom waited beyond the fourth reel.

Tonight he quit after the first reel. For a while he walked up and down in the area just abaft the house. Then he went up to the flying bridge and stood for a while looking out over the bay. Then he went down to the wardroom. Out of old habit he looked into the refrigerator in the pantry, found a few olives and ate them. He poured a cup of coffee and drank it. Then he drifted along the passageway looking into each stateroom for someone to talk with. There was no one. Finally he went into Ensign Pulver's room. He stretched out in Pulver's bunk and started looking through a magazine he found there.

He hadn't been there long when Ensign Pulver came in. Roberts looked up, surprised.

Pulver flopped in the chair and locked his hands behind his head. "Hell," he said, "what a stinking movie!"

"Since when did you object to stinking movies?" Roberts asked.

Pulver looked faintly hurt. "Hell, I like a *good* picture all right, but not one like this. Besides," he added, "that miserable bastard had a chance to get a really good movie tonight and he took this one instead."

"Who's that?"

"The Old Man. This ship astern of us wanted to trade us *Since You Went Away*—that's almost brand new—and he took this damn shoot-em-up. And he's sitting up there now having a big time!"

"That's to be expected," Roberts said. "He's found his own level of entertainment."

ENSIGN PULVER shook his head. "What the hell's the matter with that stupid bastard anyhow?"

Roberts doubled his legs and pushed relentlessly against the top bunk. "What's the matter with Stupid?" he mused. "Oh, mostly that—that he *is* stupid. Downright low intelligence—that, coupled with a great deal of vanity. Also he suffers from infantilism."

"What's that?" Pulver asked immediately, and when Roberts told him he wanted to know: "Is that what makes him buy a commander's cap and keep it up there?"

"Maybe," Roberts said.

"Do you think he'll ever make commander?"

Roberts kicked the top bunk sharply. "Absolutely not!"

Ensign Pulver rubbed his nose. "Say," he said with sudden excitement, "now's the time to throw that commander's hat over the side! While the Old Man's at the movies!"

Roberts shook his head. "You do it," he said flatly. "I'm comfortable here. Besides," he added, "I've got a better idea."

"What's that?" Pulver asked.

Roberts turned and smiled benignly at him. "Let's have one of your beers."

Ensign Pulver shook his head disappointedly. "Can't. I only got six bottles left and I'm saving them."

"What do you think you're saving them for?"

A look of cunning came into Pulver's face. "Special occasions," he grinned.

"Do you know," Roberts said sternly, "what the government does with hoarders?"

Pulver grinned hugely and nodded.

"Besides," Roberts pointed out warningfully, "one of these days while you're hoarding beer this ship is going to take a bomb or a torpedo. Then nobody'll get any good out of your lousy beer!"

Ensign Pulver shook his head and grinned craftily. "No, it ain't," he said happily. "The Japs won't bother this bucket. They know an ally when they see one."

Roberts shook his head sadly. "That's disgusting treasonous talk," he said. "Throw me that tinfoil over there." He pointed at a large ball on the desk.

Pulver got up obediently. "That's not tinfoil," he said. "That's leadfoil."

"Whatever it is, it's heavy," Roberts said. "Now give me a thick rubber band."

Pulver did that too.

Roberts picked off a small lump of leadfoil and kneaded it. "Now turn around," he ordered.

Pulver did that too, and Roberts made a V of the rubber band, inserted the ball of leadfoil, and shot Pulver in the left buttock. Ensign Pulver jumped well clear of the deck. He yelled. He rubbed fiercely at his pants.

"That hurt?" Roberts asked kindly.

Ensign Pulver said that it did.

"Say," said Roberts, twirling the rubber band, "there's something for you to do. Why don't you take some of this leadfoil and go shoot the Old Man in the buttocks while he's watching the movie?"

Pulver had sat down again, and now he looked up quickly. His voice was carefully determined not to show enthusiasm. "You come along," he said, "and I will."

"No, no," said Roberts solemnly, "that's ridiculous. I won't be a party to anything like that. I think the Old Man is a lovable old gent. Beneath that rough exterior beats a heart of gold. Remember that."

"Come on," said Pulver earnestly, "let's go do it!" He was getting a little excited.

Roberts turned over and laughed. "No, no, no. Don't be silly. A man in my position." Then he threw his leg over the side of the bunk and sat up. "Okay," he said, "get the leadfoil and let's go."

THE snipers chose as a place of concealment the port wing of the boat deck. It was dark and there was no one about. The officers sat directly below on the quarterdeck, and the Captain, seated prominently in the center, was about twenty feet to the right. The sound track was thunderous with horses' hooves and shouts and gunshots. The Captain was leaning avidly forward and his mouth was open with excitement. He presented a considerable expanse of buttock.

"All right," Roberts said quietly to Pulver. "You can have the first shot."

"Okay," whispered Ensign Pulver tensely. "Here I go!" He pulled back the rubber band and held it for a long moment aiming. His hands were a little unsteady with excitement. Then he sucked in his breath and let fire. Immediately he ducked his head below the level of the rail and crouched there, waiting. But there were no sounds from below.

"Let me try it," Roberts said. He moved in close to the bulkhead. . . .

The men at the movie thought the Captain had gone off his nut. (Indeed, until the explanation was thoroughly disseminated, this impression persisted for several days.) The Captain jumped up out of his chair just as though he'd been shot. At first he cursed incoherently and then he started running around his chair and shouting, "Stop the picture! Goddamit, stop the picture, I say!" Then all of a sudden he ran like a streak to the port side of the quarterdeck and peered aft. Then he ran over to the starboard side. And then, most inexplicably of all, he grabbed the handle of the general

alarm at the starboard gangway and sounded General Quarters.

The crew went bewilderedly but excitedly to their battle stations and as soon as they got there they heard the Captain's raging voice on the P.A. system.

"All right now, we'll just stay right here at G.Q. until the smart son-of-a-bitch who did that comes up here and owns up! We'll stay right here, by God!"

The crew standing at their stations on the guns and in the engine room and on the bridge couldn't figure what had happened. Either somebody had done something to the Old Man, or he had completely lost his marbles; and in either case it was all right with the crew. They stood at their stations mystified, but gratified and excited, and considering the two probabilities they would willingly have stayed there all night. The Captain got on the P.A. system twice more and said substantially what he had said before; and then, after forty-five minutes and still without explanation, the ship secured from General Quarters.

Ensign Pulver's battle station was in the engine room, and when he came up he found Roberts in a group outside the wardroom. Ensign Pulver heard him asking earnestly, "What the hell happened anyway?"

Pulver waited until the group dispersed and then, grinning, he grabbed Roberts' arm.

"Nice going!" he said impulsively. "Man, oh man, that was nice going!"

Roberts disengaged himself coolly. He eyed Pulver as though he were a total stranger. Then a swift glitter of something like cognizance came into his eyes. "Say," he said decisively, "what do you say we have a beer now? This ought to be a special occasion."

Ensign Pulver hesitated for just the barest instant, then he said warmly, "Sure, come on! This *is* a special occasion!"

ENSIGN KEITH arrived on board the *Reluctant* while it lay at anchor in the bay of Tedium Island. The day was typically hot and sticky. The Captain was ashore, and the gangway watch had relaxed accordingly. Ed Pauley, the officer-of-the-deck, was siting on a bitt reading, and Farnsworth, the messenger, was poring over a comics book when Farnsworth glanced over the side and saw a boat from the beach making the gangway and an officer, lugging heavy baggage, climbing aboard. The officer was wearing blues!

"Mr. Pauley!" croaked Farnsworth.

Pauley got to his feet just in time to see a young ensign stand rigidly at the head of the gangway, salute the colors, step aboard, salute him and announce with great positiveness: "Request permission to come aboard, sir. Ensign Keith reporting for duty." The face of Ensign Keith was streaming with perspiration; his trousers hung like wet washrags, and his white shirt was sweated to gray.

In the March 15 issue

THE WALL BETWEEN

By
Elsie Oakes Barber

Christy's honeymoon ended before the barrier of a world she could not understand—her husband's world. The enthralling story of the gay wife of a minister.

A FULL-LENGTH BOOK

abridged to a reading time of one evening

In a kind of trance Pauley, who was wearing faded khakis, dirty trousers, almost buttonless shirt open at the neck and torn down the sleeve, returned the salute and mumbled, "Sure, sure . . . My name's Pauley." It took him a minute or two to collect himself, and then he led the new arrival in to see the executive officer.

Mr. LeSueur was sitting at his desk when Pauley, trailed by Keith, appeared. For a moment he just stared, popeyed; then, before Pauley could say a word, he shouted: "What in the hell are you doing in those things?"

Ensign Keith was visibly upset. At midshipmen's school they had taught that reporting aboard ship was a very formal business. "I'm Ensign Keith," he said as well as he could. "Reporting for duty, sir."

Mr. LeSueur pounded the desk. "That doesn't answer my question! What in the hell are you doing in blues?"

Ensign Keith was standing at rigid attention. "When reporting for duty, blue baker is the uniform prescribed by Navy Regs, sir," he said stiffly.

Mr. LeSueur passed a hand over his face. "Blue baker," he muttered. "Navy Regs." Finally he got up and shook hands with Keith. "And get out of those things in a hurry!" He turned to Pauley: "Take him to your room, Ed. You'll live with Mr. Pauley." Without another word he sat down and returned to his work.

Ensign Keith licked his lips. "Sir," he said weakly, "when shall I meet the Captain?"

Mr. LeSueur turned around with fearsome self-control. "In the morning," he said.

"Thank you, sir," said Keith. And still he lingered. At midshipmen's school they had taught that you must send your card up to the Captain. He fumbled in his pockets. "Will you give him my card, sir?"

Then Mr. LeSueur was shouting again. "Card! Card! What the hell would he do with a card? The stupid bastard can't even read! Card!" Pauley grabbed Ensign Keith and led him hurriedly off.

In the next few days almost everything Ensign Keith saw and heard contradicted, refuted, ignored, or scorned some one of the impregnable Truths he had learned so well. His new roommate, Ed Pauley, didn't get up at seven o'clock, when an officer should; he slept until noon. He didn't shave daily as an officer should; he was growing a shaggy red beard. The officers lounged all day in the sacrosanct wardroom. They kept their hats on in the wardroom, a scandalous violation of naval etiquette. Some of them even sat with their feet on the tables. None of them seemed to do any work. Coarse, extra-marital exploits were discussed openly at the dinner-table. He had heard any number of the officers addressing the enlisted men by their first names, or by nicknames. With his own ears he had heard various officers speak seditiously of the ship and the Navy and, worst of all, of the Captain.

Young Keith was shocked; he was *shocked*.

THE first time he stood a watch, Dowdy, the boatswain's mate, had been over on the beach ostensibly on ship's business. Actually Dowdy had another purpose. He had heard of a Seabee who would part with beer for a price. This Seabee wanted, and got, two dollars a bottle, and Dowdy bought six bottles which he concealed delicately in the only cardboard box available, one which bore the startling label "Kotex." It had been four months since he had had beer, and he thought with almost unbearable affection of his cargo.

As he stepped aboard, he threw the usual perfunctory salute to the colors and started aft. He noticed, more or less in passing, the officer-of-the-deck—it was that new kid, what was his name?—but he didn't bother saluting. Dowdy was pretty much of a personage on the ship, and all the officers either respected him or left him alone.

He had gotten perhaps ten feet when he heard someone call: "Where do you think you're going?" and he turned around and saw this boot ensign standing there, giving him the dirtiest kind of look. Before he could say a word, Ensign Keith shot a question: "How long have you been in the Navy?"

Dowdy had eleven years in, and he was too flabbergasted to speak.

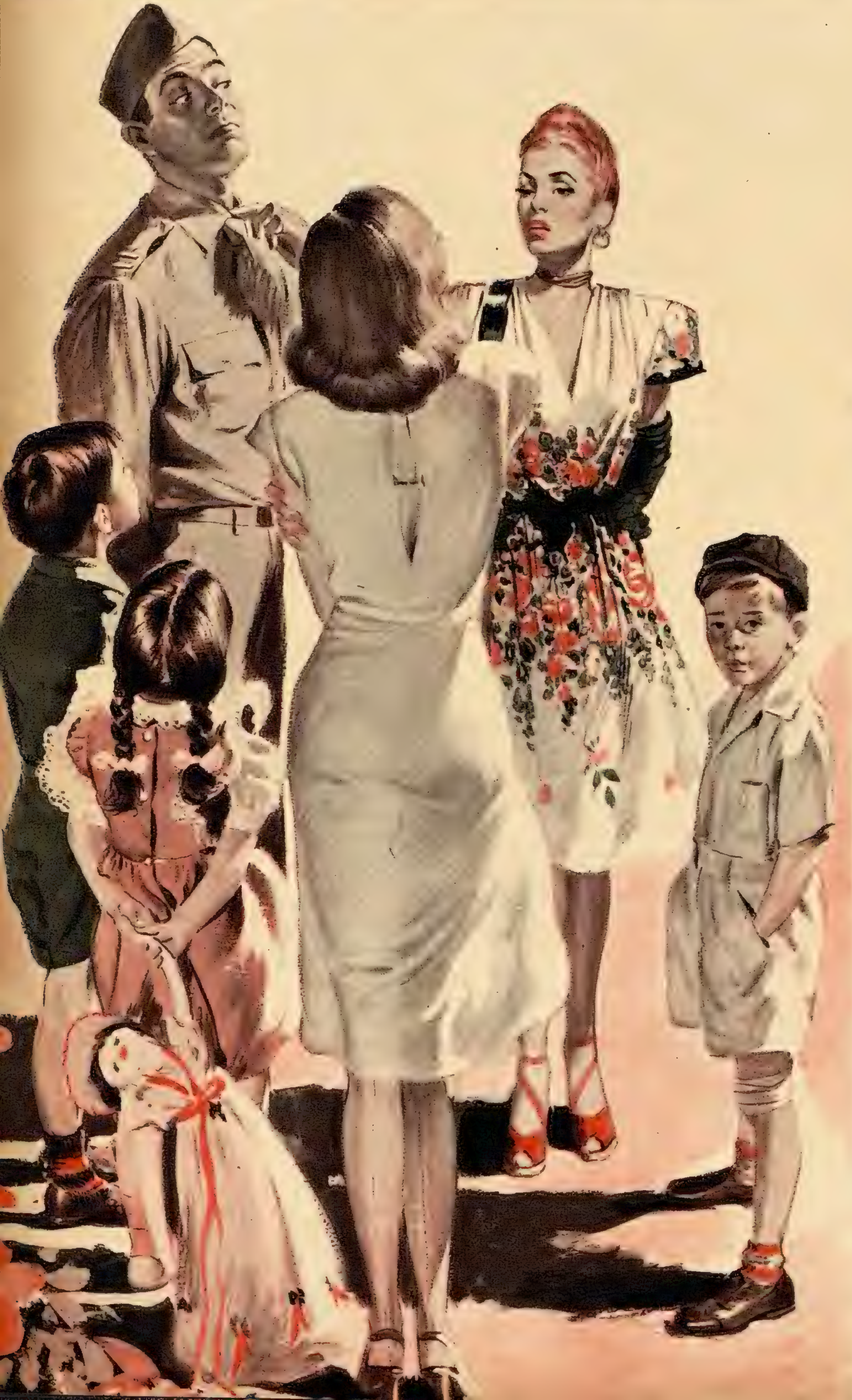
"When you come aboard you salute the officer-of-the-deck," Ensign Keith explained acidly. "Now go back and come aboard properly!"

It was a moment before Dowdy

(*Continued on page 95*)

Bill shuffled back a step. "Miss Toland, this is Miss Forrester." Angela Toland smiled and said, "So *you're* the one who lured him away."

Paradise



ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA

By Edward Hope

READING TIME • 29 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

CAPTAIN BILL WILLOBY, young and efficient commanding officer of the occupying forces on Midi Island in the South Pacific, feels that his problems are multiplying. While he tries to enforce the army's order against fraternization, he himself is in a difficult position. As a friendly gesture, the native king has presented Willoby with his niece, Rozouila, to be his concubine. Bill wants to send her back, but Woolawei, the interpreter, explains that he cannot do this without offending the king. In his quandary, Bill seeks advice from the missionary, Mr. Edgett, at his bungalow, where Mrs. Edgett's attractive sister, Diana Forrester, is entertaining Lieutenants Sloan, Schmidt, and Everly. Edgett suggests that Bill move Rozouila to a native hut apart from his own bungalow and still allow her to do his housework. Thus he will offend neither the king nor the conventions. Diana takes over stenographic work at Headquarters in place of the inefficient Corporal Kolta. A radiogram arrives announcing the imminent arrival of Major Philip Curwin, escorting Angela Toland, author of a torrid novel, To Forgive Divine.

PART THREE

ROZOUILA was fresh and neat, a new white blossom in her hair, and wearing a new green-and-white sarong. She smiled at Bill, said something in soft liquid syllables.

"Good morning, Rozouila," he said briskly. "Moving day, child. Got to take you to a new home."

On his way back from the Edgetts' last night, he had investigated the hut up the hill. Except for ragged patches in its thatched roof, it seemed to be in fair enough condition. Once furnished (with what?), it ought to be comfortable.

When Rozouila understood his signs, she followed him, docile as a puppy. The overgrown path began

with Serpent

Angela Toland, author of torrid love stories, arrives to write up the occupation from the standpoint of Sex Motivates All — and to demonstrate on Bill

just behind 27 Elm Street, zigzagged up through the trees, came to a small brawling stream, turned away and came suddenly to the clearing.

At the edge of the level ground, Bill turned to the girl. He waved a hand from her to the hut. "For you," he said. "Rozouila live here." She looked blank. "For you," he said.

She touched her breastbone with her index finger. "You?" she asked.

"That's right. You. You live here."

She shrank back, her shoulders hunched, in unmistakable fear.

He smiled. "Now, now," he said, "you're not afraid of a little old empty house!" He tried to lead her forward, but she pulled back. "Come on," he said. "Be reasonable!"

She bubbled with talk in a scary whisper. Pointing to the hut, she crouched, distorted her face.

"Ghosts?" he asked, drawing the obvious conclusion. "Evil spirits?"

He held up his right hand. "Easiest thing in the world. I'll drive them away. Eeny, meeny, miney, mo. Abracadabra. Watch!"

He strode to the entrance of the hut and halted there. The girl followed him on timid feet. Five or six yards away she stopped.

He fished a kitchen match out of his trousers pocket and held it before him in the dusky interior of the place. He snicked the match head with his thumbnail and a flame appeared. He waved the flame, making circles and figure eights.

He stepped into the hut, still waving the match, and started a circuit of its walls. The ceremony seemed inadequate. It needed something more. Something impressive. . . . Music. . . .

He sang:

"I hate to seeee
That evenin' sun go down.
Oh, hate to see-ee-ee
That evenin' sunnnnn
Go down.
Be-cause mah honey
She done lefff
This town."

The music helped. His match burned down and he lighted another. He circled the hut once, twice. . . .

"Feelin' tomorrow
Lak Ah feel today.
Feelin' to-mor-row
Lak Ah fee-ee-eel today."

When he had completed his third trip around the walls, he went back to the entrance. With his knife he dug a tiny hole just outside the doorway. He buried the burned matches in it. Then he scratched a design on the ground: three X's with a circle around them, a line across the circle. He stuck the knife in the middle of the pattern, stood up, marched to the center of the hut, did an about-face. (Rozouila had moved closer, fascinated.) He drew his automatic, aimed it at the point of the roof and fired it once. It made an impressive noise, which he hoped would not attract any of his men.

He put the pistol back in its holster, and went to the entrance. He pulled up the knife, smiled at Rozouila.

"There!" he said. "That'll take care of that. No more evil spirits. He led her into the hut, which reeked of gunpowder.

"All right," he said. "It's all yours." He made appropriate gestures. "Rozouila's house," he said. "You live here."

She touched her breastbone again. "You," she repeated.

There was one more thing to arrange. He led her across the cleared space to the top of the path to the bungalows. He drew his knife again and slashed X's from one edge of the path to the other.

"Rozouila," he said, "stay here. This side. Here. Never come across this mark. You—stay—here."

She didn't look particularly pleased about the arrangement, but it was evident that she understood. She folded her hands on her abdomen and stared at the line of X's. He saluted and waved at her.

"O.K., child, I'll be seeing you."

He made his way down to 27 Elm Street, which had to be put in order for a distinguished novelist.

THE plane touched its wheels on Midi air strip just as Bill Willoby's sedan arrived. As the big ship turned at the end of the runway to taxi back, the car skidded to a halt. The decorative major came into sight first and turned to offer a hand to his companion. Bill took his position at the foot of the ramp. Schmidt, as executive officer, and Mike Sloan, as post commandant, placed themselves at his left. Their eyes were fixed on the plane door for their first glimpse of the author of To Forgive Divine.

She materialized out of the shadowy interior and stood framed in the doorway. They inhaled in unison with an audible *swush.*

What caught your attention first were her admirable legs, shapely and sleek in silk, or possibly nylon, stockings. You saw that she was wearing a tweed suit with a frilly blouse, and that her hair was the glinting red of a new penny. Her eyes (color indeterminate at this distance) were large. And active. Her lips were pouted a little, as if for a kiss.

"A babe!" Mike Sloan breathed reverently. "Well, well, well! X marks my room!"

The major, in beautifully tailored tropical worsted, all brass shining, and two rows of ribbons, was dark and smooth.

Bill and the lieutenants saluted smartly. The major released the lady's arm and touched a forefinger to the end of his right eyebrow in offhand acknowledgment. Miss Toland fluttered her eyelids and glanced at the three young officers in turn.

"Ah!" the major said. "Captain Willoby?"

Bill accepted a boneless handshake and introduced Schmidt and Sloan. The major nodded and turned his warm gaze upon the lady. He said:

"Miss Toland, may I present Captain Willoby?"

She took his hand in both of hers. She looked up into his eyes (hers, it turned out, were hazel green) with a ten-thousand-volt gaze. She said, "Oh, *captain,* I've been so looking *forward* to meeting *you!*"

"We've been looking forward to you, too."

The major said, "Lieutenant Schultz."

"Schmidt."

She gave him only one hand and a smile, but it was enough to turn him a pretty shade of cerise.

"And Lieutenant—ah—"

"Sloan."

"It's *so* nice!" Angela Toland murmured, taking Mike's hand, and executed a subtle sort of wiggle.

Bill said, "We've got a car just over here, Miss Toland."

"The baggage," Major Curwin said. "Miss Toland has two suitcases, a hatbox, and a portable typewriter. Just one bag for me."

BILL glanced at the things that had been put off the plane. They tallied with the major's list. "The drivers will take care of it," he said.

"Good. Now, I hope you've been able to find suitable quarters for Miss Toland. I want to make sure she gets the very best. General Hussey's personal instructions."

"Yes, sir," Bill said. "We've arranged for her to have a small bungalow to herself. My quarters."

Miss Toland focused her attention on him. "Oh, *captain,*" she cooed, "I can't put you out of your own house! I *simp*-ly can't! I'm quite capable of roughing it, you know."

"Don't give it a thought," he said, starting toward the sedan, with Miss Toland still firmly attached to his arm like a small heavily perfumed octopus. "I only hope you'll be comfortable. We have no servants, but we've arranged with some enlisted men to do the cleaning, and we'll expect you to take your meals with us. Here we are. Lieutenant Schmidt will sit in front, and Lieutenant Sloan will ride in the jeep with your baggage. . . . After you, major."

The car started. Miss Toland said, "Oh, captain, this is thrilling, simply thrilling! I can't *tell* you how grateful I am to you for letting me visit you!"

"I—" He decided not to say that he had been given no choice in the matter. "I hope you'll find it interesting enough to warrant all the trouble you're taking."

The major said, "Miss Toland's purpose is to observe a normal occupation operation. She wants to see what we're driving at, and how we are going about the job."

"Yes," Bill said. "Well, we'll show her everything we've got."

Angela Toland squeezed Bill's arm against her side. She said, "What I *really* want, of course, is human interest. I want to see how Our Boys take the quieter work of occupation. Are they bored? Are they homesick? Don't they get *desperately* lonely for white girls, out here where there are only blacks?"

"The natives here are not black," Bill said. "They're no darker than the girls on the beaches at home."

"Oh? And do your boys—fraternize?"

"We've had a little trouble. It's against our orders, you know."

She squeezed his arm again. She cooed into his ear, "Don't people give the *sil-li-est* orders?"

The car came down the steep hill to the intersection with the cross-island road, and turned to the right. It threw Miss Toland against Bill, and she tightened her hold on his arm.

"You'd better put a car and a driver at Miss Toland's disposal, Willoby," the major said.

"That's all arranged, major. We will also supply transportation for you, whenever you want it. Lieutenant Schmidt will take care of it." It struck him that what Major Curwin needed was a sock on the nose.

"You *mustn't* let me be a burden to you, captain," Angela cooed.

"You couldn't possibly be," Bill responded. Her hand slid down his forearm, so that her fingers rested in his palm. He said, "We're taking you to your bungalow now. You've got a telephone, connected to headquarters. Just pick it up and ask for me when you feel like coming over and seeing the post."

"You're just too *sweet!*"

"And, of course, if there's anything we've forgotten to put into the bungalow for your comfort, I expect you to let me know."

"*Do stop fussing over me!*"

"WOW!" Bill Willoby remarked to his executive officer, when they were out of earshot. They climbed into the sedan and were driven back to Camp Pentagon in silence. It was nearly half past three.

The author of To Forgive Divine, after pronouncing 27 Elm Street *simp*-ly en-*chant*-ing, had declared her intention of bathing and changing and making herself fit to be seen. Major Curwin had accepted the spare small room in Old Soldiers' Home without comment and he, too, planned to bathe and change. So the visitors were disposed of for a couple of hours.

The businesslike clatter of the typewriter caught their attention as soon as they stepped out of the car. They found Miss Forrester intent on the paper she was copying. Kolta was squatting before an open file drawer, a sheaf of correspondence in one hand. Neither looked up until Bill spoke:

"Well! Business seems brisk."

Diana Forrester raised her eyes but her fingers wrote two more words.

"Oh, Hello. Did you get there in time?"

"We had three fifths of a second to spare."

"What's the lady like?"

"You'll see for yourself. . . . You don't suppose the Edgett kids have forgotten our date?"

"Oh, no. The phone's in and I called them to check up."

"Good. The car'll be here for you any minute."

SHE picked up the paper she had been copying. "I think I'll have time to finish this," she said.

"What's that?"

"Your letter to Jilouili about traitors."

"Oh. I wrote that last night, when I couldn't sleep. Does it make sense all right?"

"Oh, yes."

"You'd better stay here in case of a call from the Toland expedition, Schmitty," Bill said. "I'll get Mike to go along with me and help with the kids. . . . Kolta."

"Sir?"

"See if you can find Lieutenant Sloan and ask him to come in and see me."

"Yes, sir." Kolta went out.

Schmidt said, "Suppose we convict these traitors. I guess we will, don't you?"

"Looks as if it's in the bag," Bill said.

"Well, here's what gets me: If they're guilty, according to that directive, the punishment is death. Who's going to hang 'em or shoot 'em or whatever we do?"

"That'll be up to you as provost marshal."

"*Me?*" Lieutenant Schmidt yelped.

Bill moved his shoulders. "Somebody's got to. AMG says traitors must be tried and the guilty punished, for the moral effect on the rest of the population."

Diana Forrester laid the typed letter before him. "I'm afraid I won't have time to compare it. Do you want to look it over?"

"Oh, thanks. It's beautifully clean."

Corporal Kolta came back and reported: "Lieutenant Sloan will be right in, sir."

"Thank you. . . . Have you got Lieutenant Berry's report, Miss Forrester? I want to check the letter against it. Far as I know, Whirlaway's the only one who can read it, but we've got to have it straight. Did you make carbons for SPIC and Washington?"

"An original and five copies."

"Good."

A soldier came in, saluted, and said, "Car for Miss Forrester, sir."

"Thanks. She'll be right with you."

Diana followed the driver out. In the doorway, she nearly collided

(*Continued on page 72*)

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The outstanding thing about this age is that so many misfits seem to fit.—*Abe Byman.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

. . . FOR WINTER *FIRE-POWER!*

WHEN numbing, crackling cold swoops down from the north . . . and icy winds swirl around your engine . . . you'll appreciate the superior *Fire-Power* of Texaco Fire-Chief gasoline. Because that means fast starts . . . rapid warm-up . . . smooth, alert performance . . . *in spite of* Old Man Winter. Be winter-wise! Fill 'er up with Fire-Chief today. At Texaco Dealers everywhere.

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TUNE IN . . . Texaco Star Theatre presents the Eddie Bracken show every Sunday night.
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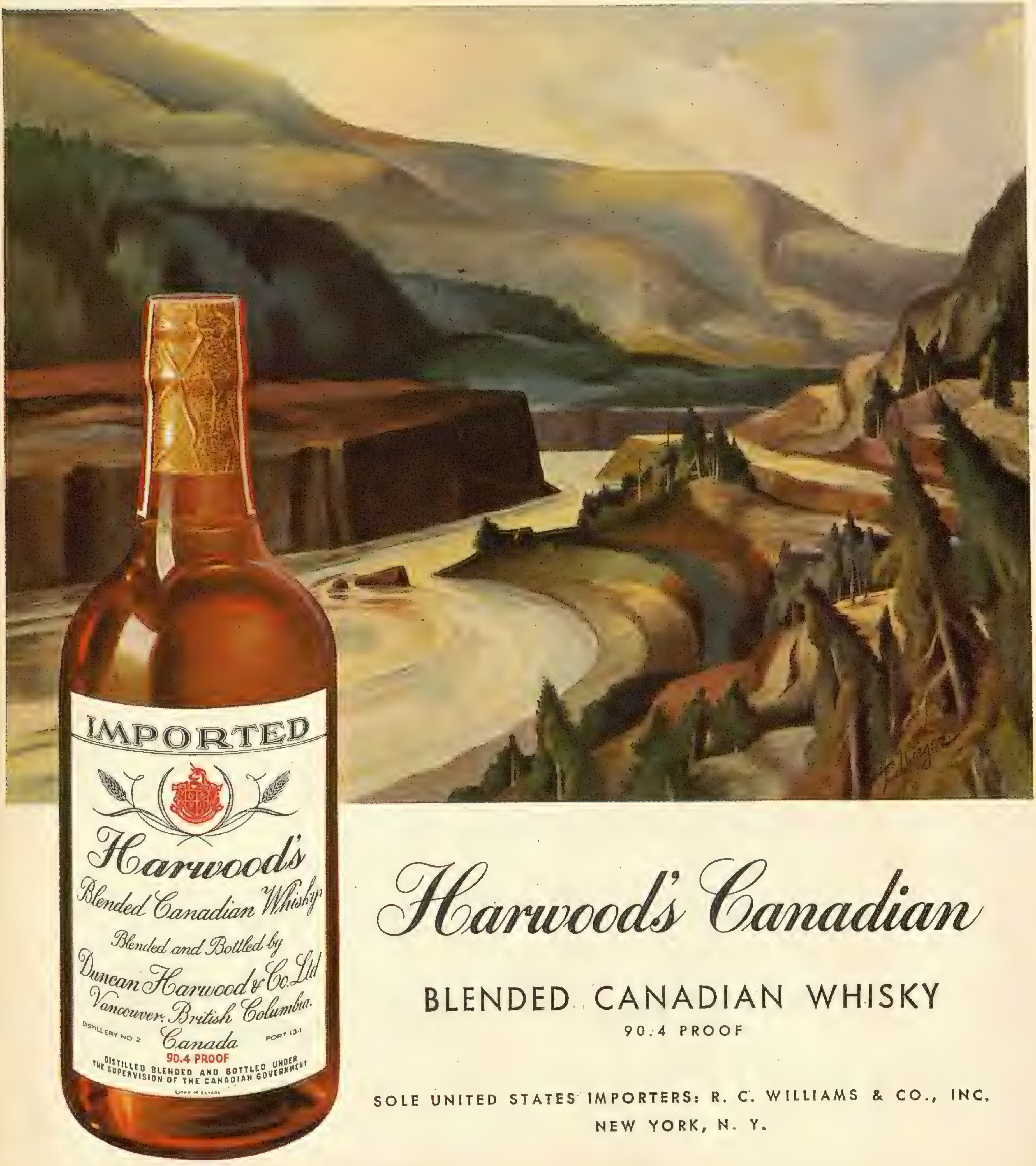
One of the Treasures of all time

Fraser River and the old Trail, British Columbia. Gateway through which stage-coach caravans once rolled laden with gold from the Cariboo country. This famous canyon is one of nature's treasures of all time in the Dominion of Canada, home of HARWOOD'S BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.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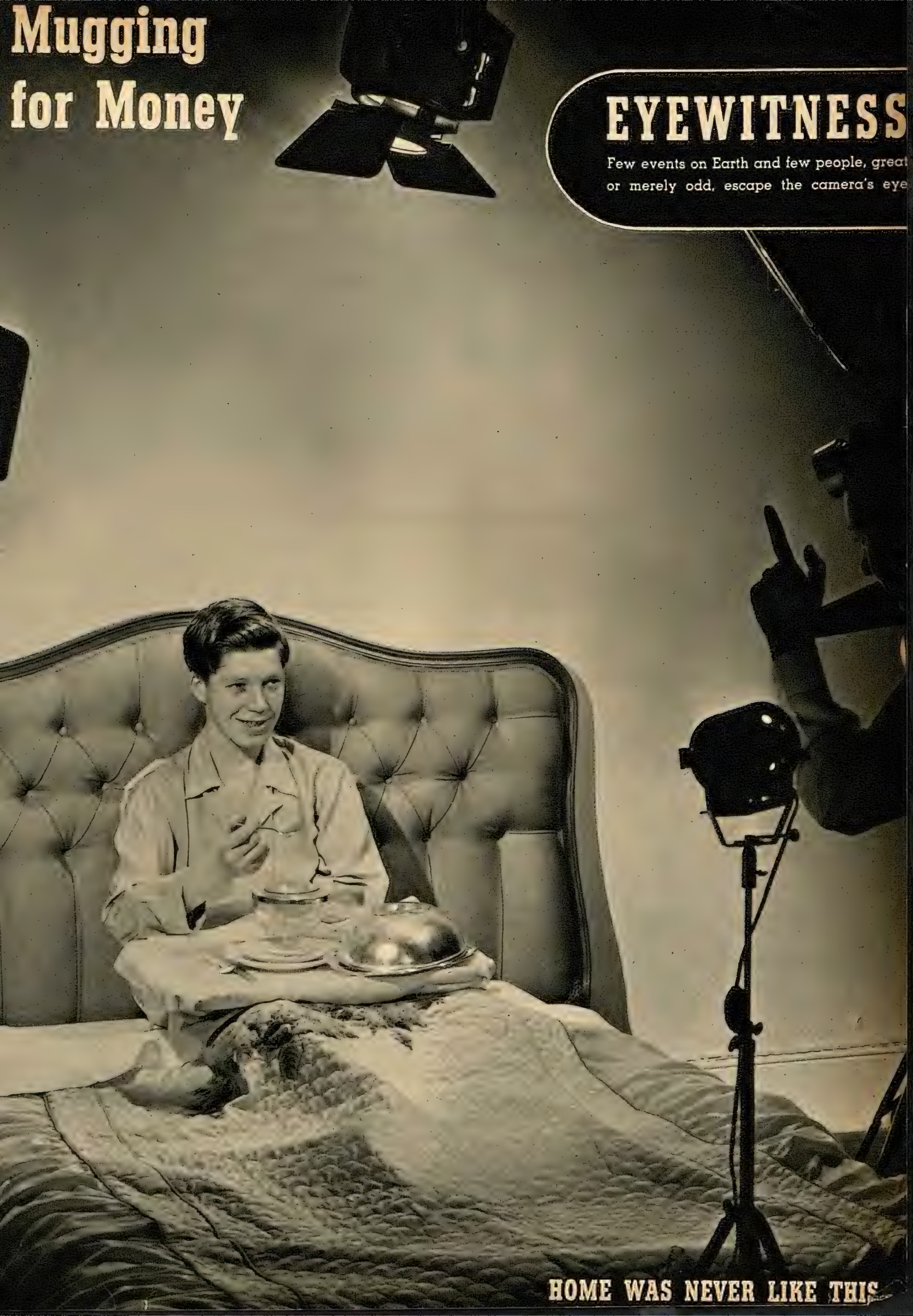
EYEWITNESS

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's eye

Mugging for Money



HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

MUGGING FOR MONEY

continued

NOT all models live in penthouses. Take the redheaded Horans, who are happy in a crowded five-room Manhattan cold-water flat. Joe Horan, 15 (taking his first shave on the cover and shown at work luxuriating beneath silken sheets on the preceding page), and some of his eight brothers and sisters eke out the family income by working as models. Though not registered with any agency, studios know their healthy, freckled faces and call them for jobs. They're the children of $50-a-week bus driver Eugene Horan and his wife, Catherine. Besides Joe, there's Michael, one; Robert, four; Richard, seven; Patricia, nine; Kay, 12; and Eugene, Jr., 17, who has an industrial job out of town. Add to the list Blackout, a cocker spaniel. The Horans pay $25 a month for their unheated flat. Here's how these un-Hollywoodian models and their hard-working parents live a full, active life.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIBERTY BY L. M. UFLAND

CORN FLAKES
PANCAKES

Mom Allows 70 cents for breakfast, 80 cents for lunch, $2.25 for dinner. (Total: $68 a month.) The kids use 10 quarts of milk ($63 a month) and five loaves of bread ($21 a month) daily. Somehow Mom makes the budget balance.

Pat and Kay are allowed a weekly jig and tap lesson (cost $1), almost a necessity for the Irish soul.

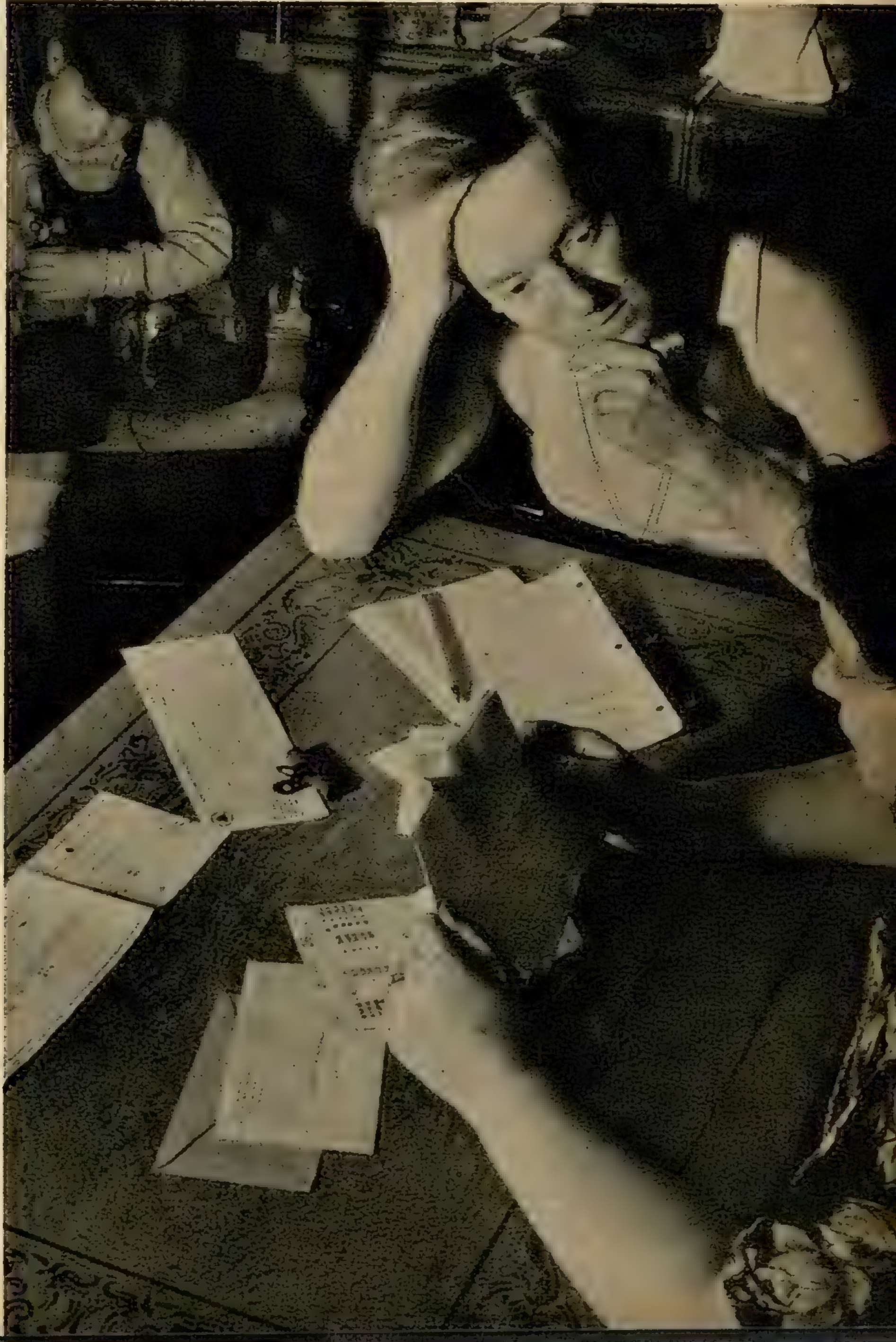
Never Enough hot water for the Saturday-night line-up. Papa is giving one of the redheads a shower.

"Sure, and there was never a better man," says Mrs. Horan of her husband. He's climbing the stairs to the flat and a filling supper of pork chops and potatoes.

Mother Finishes up household chores begun at daylight and directs her brood's homework. The children keep up with their studies despite their outside jobs.

Younger Children usually go to bed early. Older ones plan tomorrow's work when there's a job to be done.

Parents go over bills. With money kids make, the income sometimes exceeds their $297 month's budget.



Joe, who attends church here with the rest of the family, plans to study for the priesthood in the fall.

Family card game for relaxation. (Below) A special treat of ice-cream sodas all around comes easier when modeling jobs are extra plentiful. Otherwise, Mrs. Horan can only allow $1.50 weekly for movies and candy bars.

Rinso
Ivory Snow
Lux
Oxydol
Gold Dust
Duz
Tish
Rain Drops
Scotch Barley

Besides modeling, Joe earns $12 a week working in a store. That money goes into the family grab bag. Eugene, the oldest boy, also contributes some.

THEY ARE EXPANDABLE

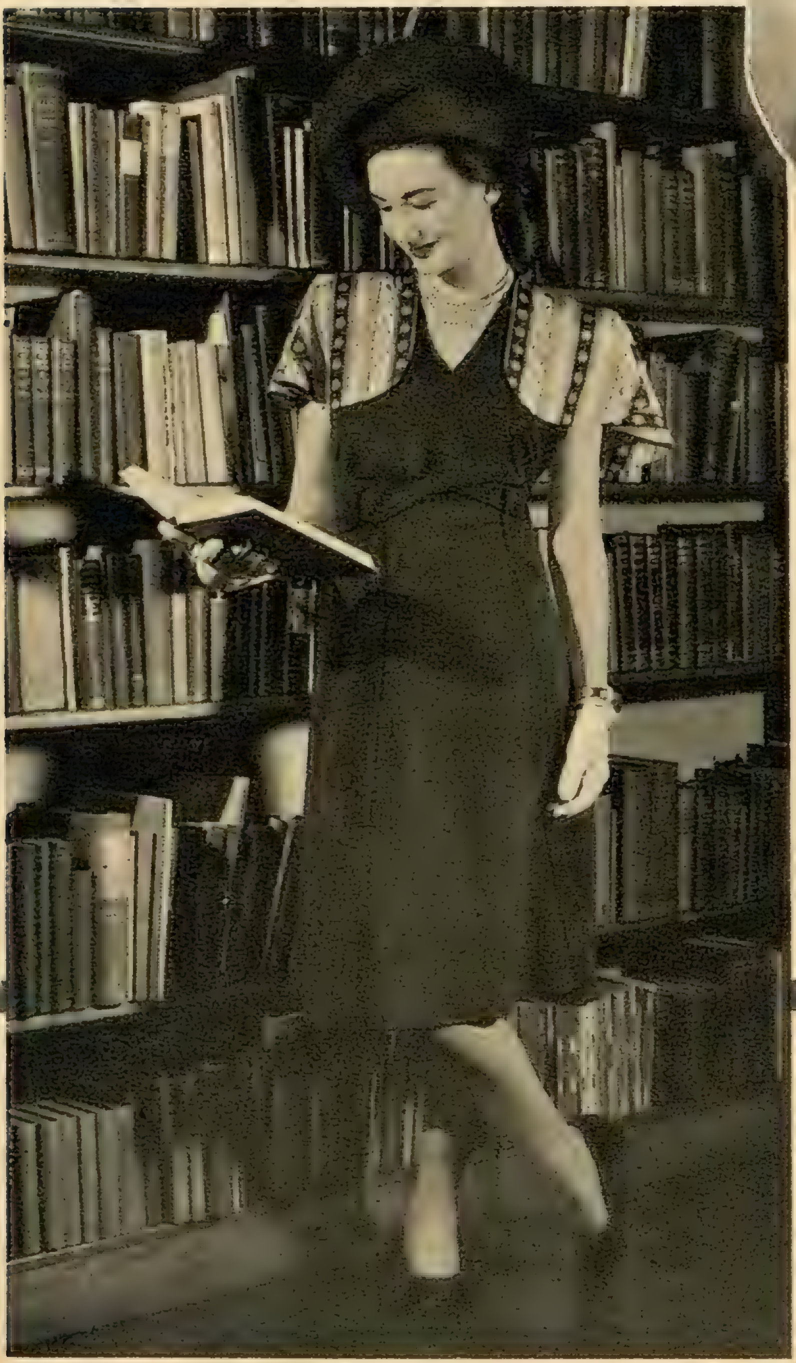
Camouflage tricks of the maternity-dress trade are designed for glamor as well as comfort

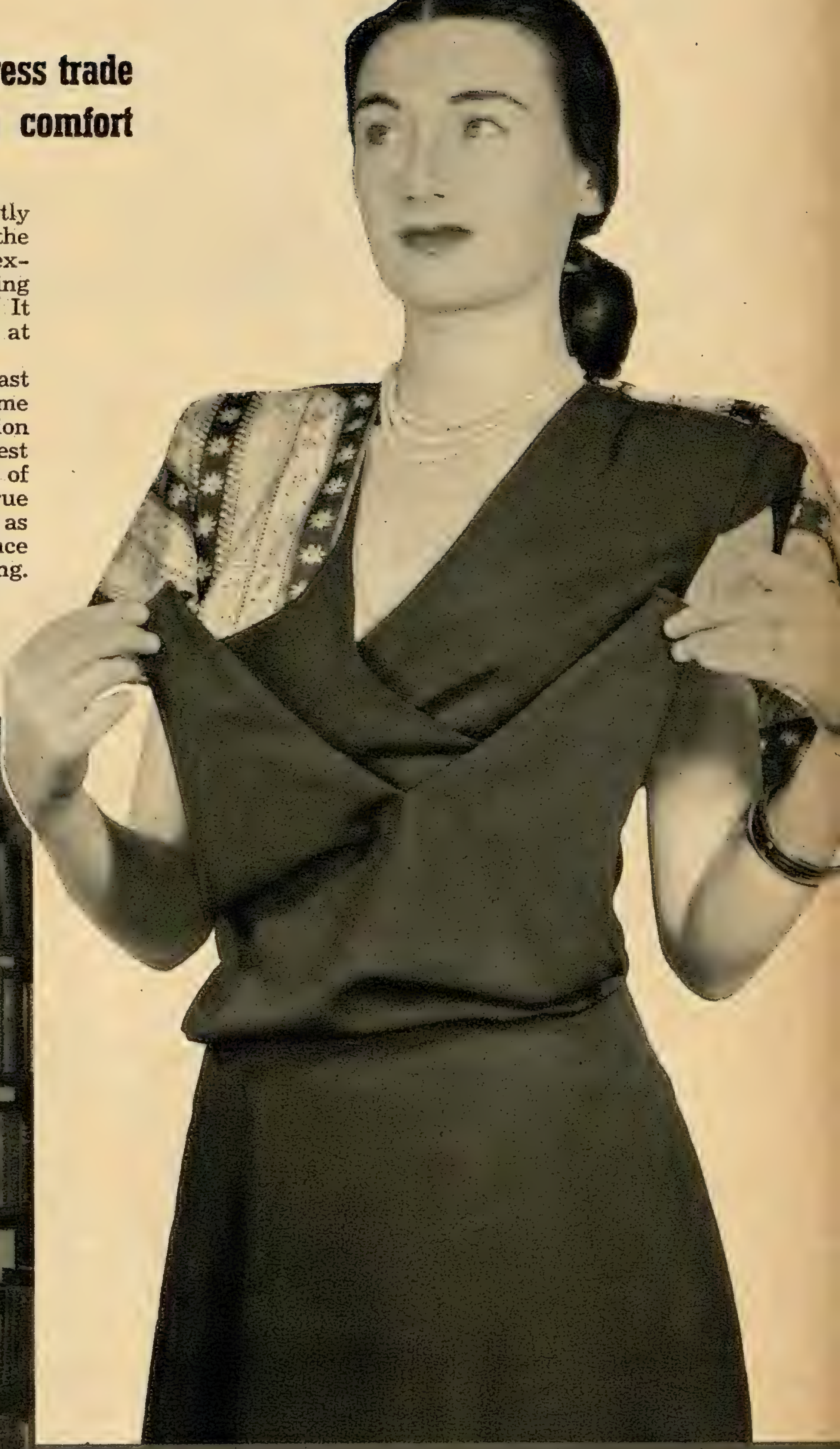
MATERNITY fashions these days are so smartly styled that they last as favorites long after the baby is born. Yet the very idea of adjustable, expandable dresses is less than forty years old, starting with Lane Bryant's first advertisement in 1909. It daringly inquired: "Why be a shut-in? Why hide at home?"

Three million women had babies in the U. S. A. last year and, despite all the hand-me-downs and home sewing, it's safe to estimate that over four million maternity dresses were sold. They featured the latest fabrics and fashion details, plus a wide variety of techniques for expansion. All the tried-and-true techniques are shown in the dresses pictured here, as well as one newly patented trick. These advance fashions will not be available locally until late spring.

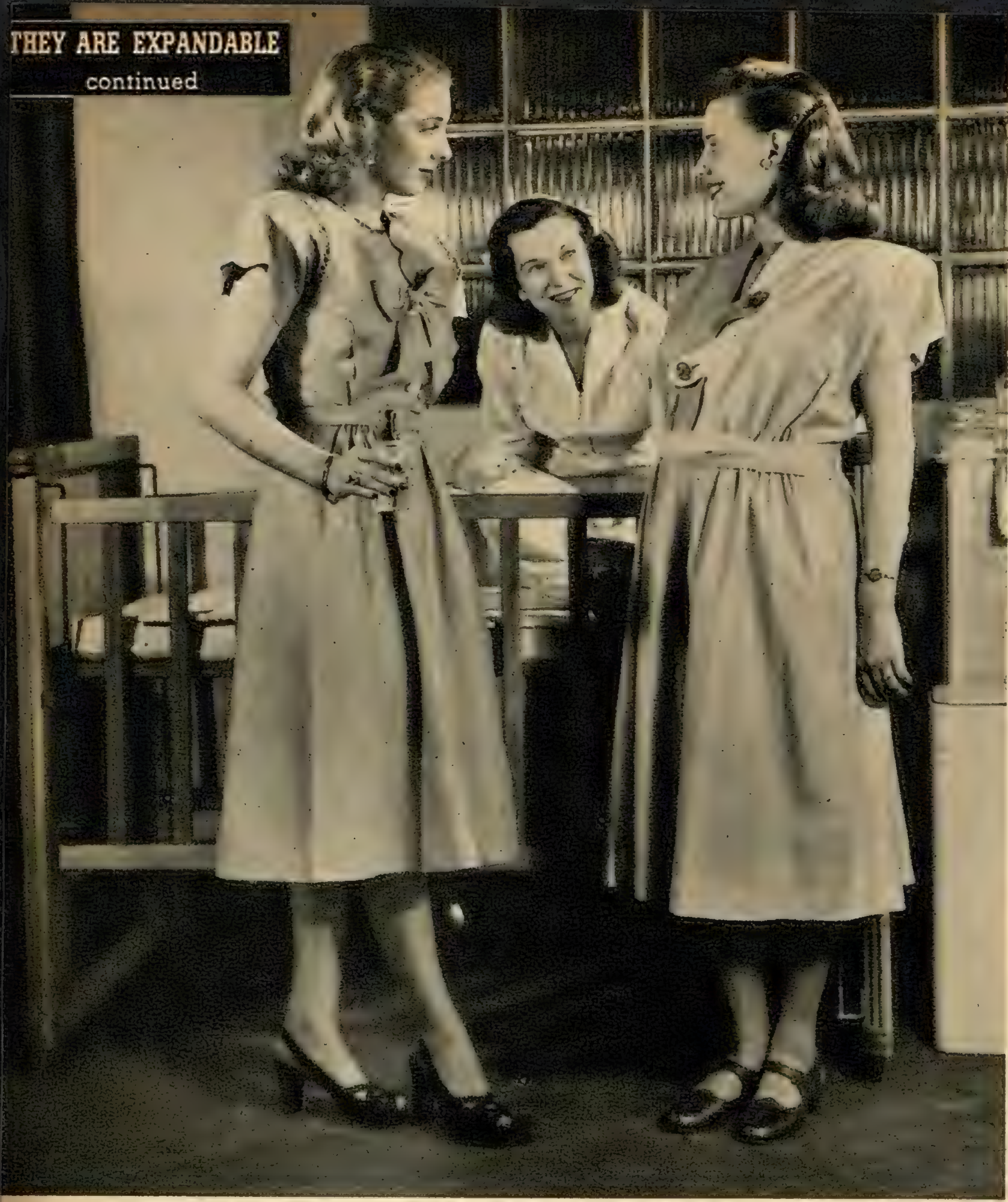
PICTURES TAKEN FOR LIBERTY BY IFOR THOMAS

ALL ACCESSORIES FROM LANE BRYANT

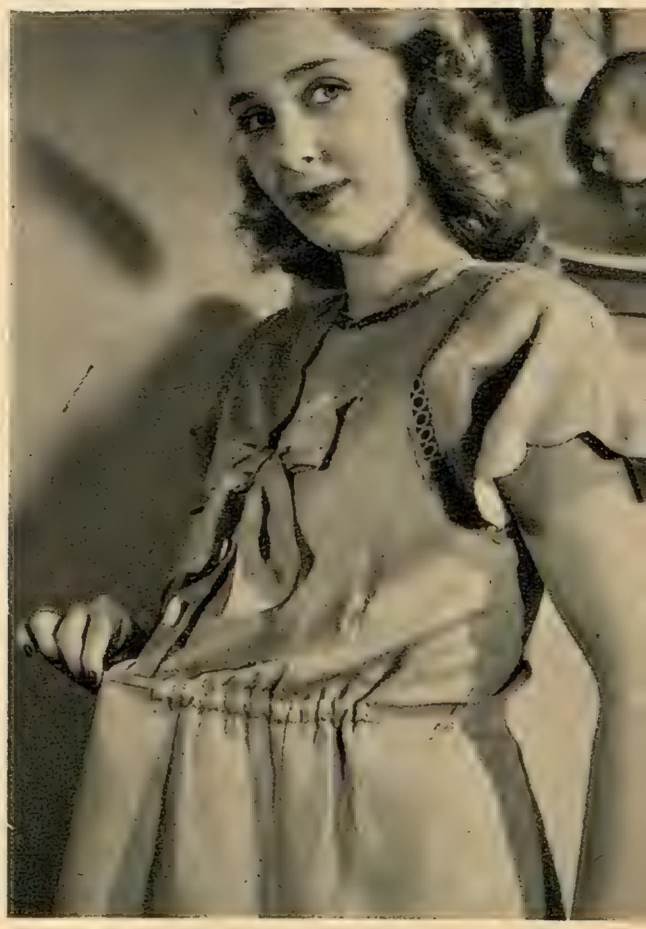




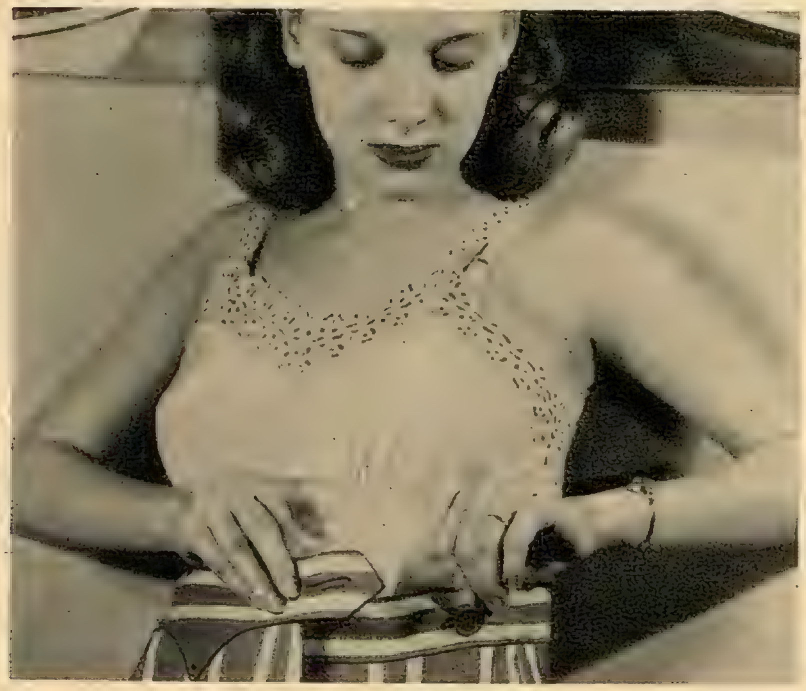
While Boning Up on child psychology, this mother-to-be wears the latest thing in maternity fashions. Not only does the dress expand around the waistline, but its double top can be hooked higher or lower, under the capelet sleeves, to prevent "riding up" in front and to keep the hemline even during the last and largest months. This welcome camouflage trick is patented.

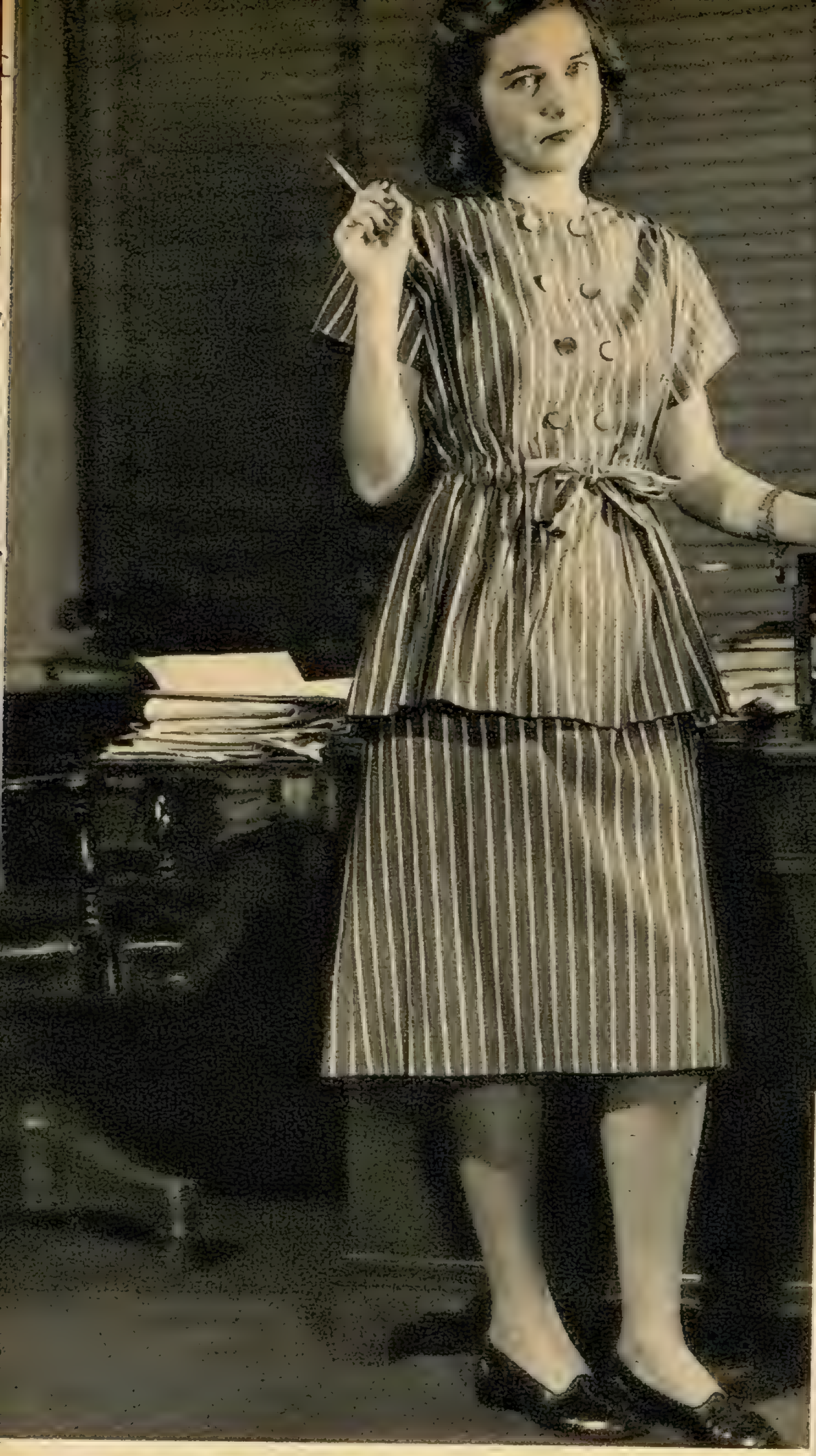


These Women who are taking free lessons in infant care at the New York Maternity Center choose dresses with elastic at the waistline because they can be worn after the blessed event. This is the most popular of all adjustable methods. (Left) A linen dress by Goldwasser. (Right) An Oxford cotton dress by Young Expandables—each $25.



Shopping in spring or summer for a layette calls for a light-weight cotton suit. The boxy jacket is fashion-right as well as concealing. Note below how the skirt band, which buttons over on each side, can be easily moved for width. Cost: $30.

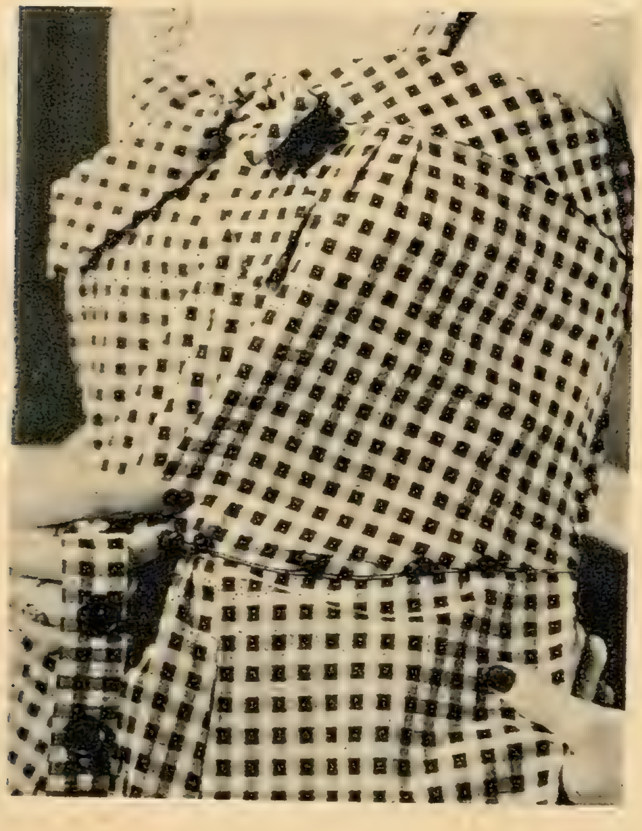


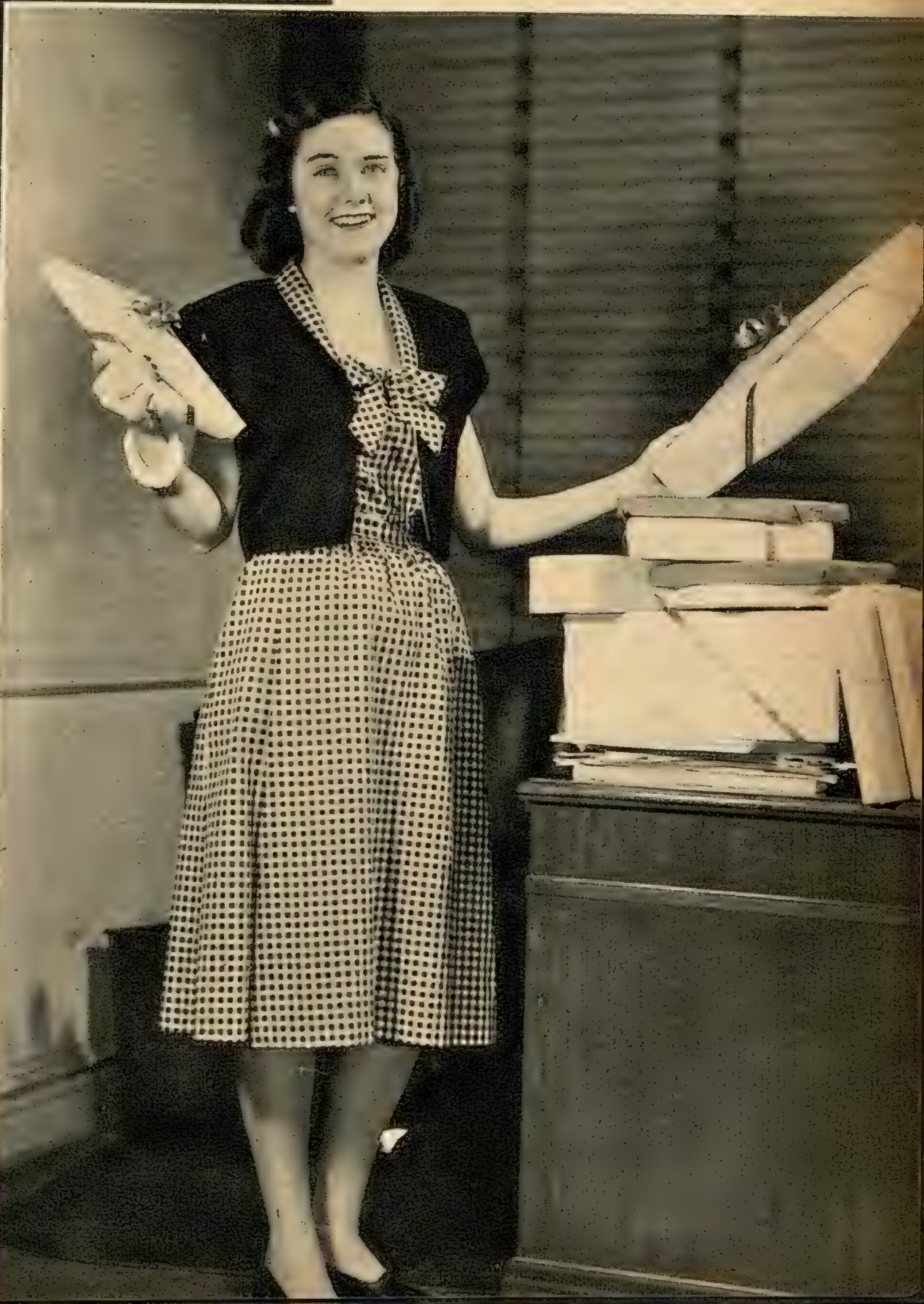


The Lady In Waiting on the left keeps her job and her secret. The tunic jacket has a drawstring beltline; the skirt, a lap-over expansion. Two-piece suit costs $15.

For Her Farewell shower, given by the office gang, our working girl (below) selects a smart sun-back cotton which is teamed with a butcher-linen bolero. Price: $15.

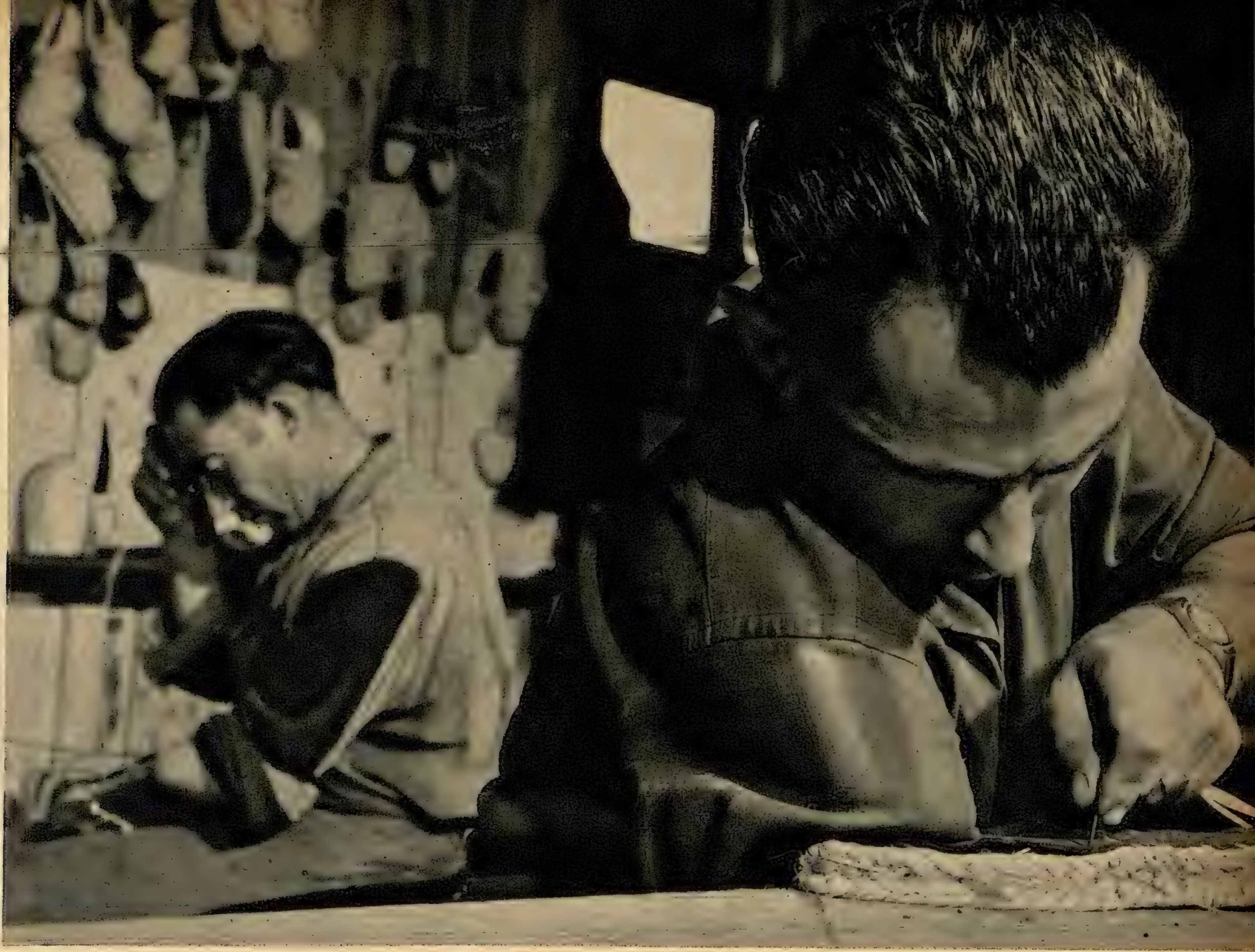
This Sun-Back model expands neatly. A series of hooks and eyes can be adjusted on both sides, and the skirt becomes plain instead of multi-pleated.





EIGHT YEARS IN EXILE

Children without a country – Americans help care for Spain's displaced persons



Badly Disabled exiles, like these who lost arms fighting Nazis, will do any kind of work to keep their self-respect. These make straw sandals.

WHAT is to be the fate of Europe's D. P.s—hundreds of thousands of them? Nearly two years after V-E Day their problem is still as great as ever and no nearer solution.

Neither for that matter is a much older problem in displaced persons, the 100,000 exiles of the Spanish Civil War still stranded after eight long years and still with no hope in sight for a normal life.

Will central Europe's far greater numbers repeat their doleful history?

The accompanying photographs tell the poignant story of Spaniards whose homeland is just a fading memory.

The children have spent most of their lives in concentration camps and their parents have undergone further harrowing experiences—such as fighting in the French underground against Hitler.

The children, shown here during a temporary stay at an American-financed children's rest home, get food, clothing, medicine, and other essentials from the U. S. Unitarian Service Committee.

Staffed mainly by Spanish personnel, this committee also provides hospitals and rest homes such as the one pictured.

These comforts, however, are merely a stopgap. And eight years is a long time to live in a stopgap.

The Plight of displaced persons is miserable, but that of millions of orphans is tragic. This child is one of the lucky ones who receive U. S. food.

PHOTOS BY WALTER ROSENBLUM

▲ **Old Clothes** donated by Americans and distributed by Unitarians at Marseille and Toulouse are the only protection many Spanish refugees have against the bitter winter in unheated homes. With inflation rampant, they can barely afford minimum food rations.

Many Refugees are highly trained professional men who have devoted their lives to helping care for the others. This doctor preparing for an operation at the 55-bed Varsove Hospital, maintained at Toulouse by the Unitarians, was one of the most noted surgeons of Spain. ▼

Haggard mother of six, her husband tubercular, is able to keep her family alive only because of American help. But the dream of some day going back home gives them courage.

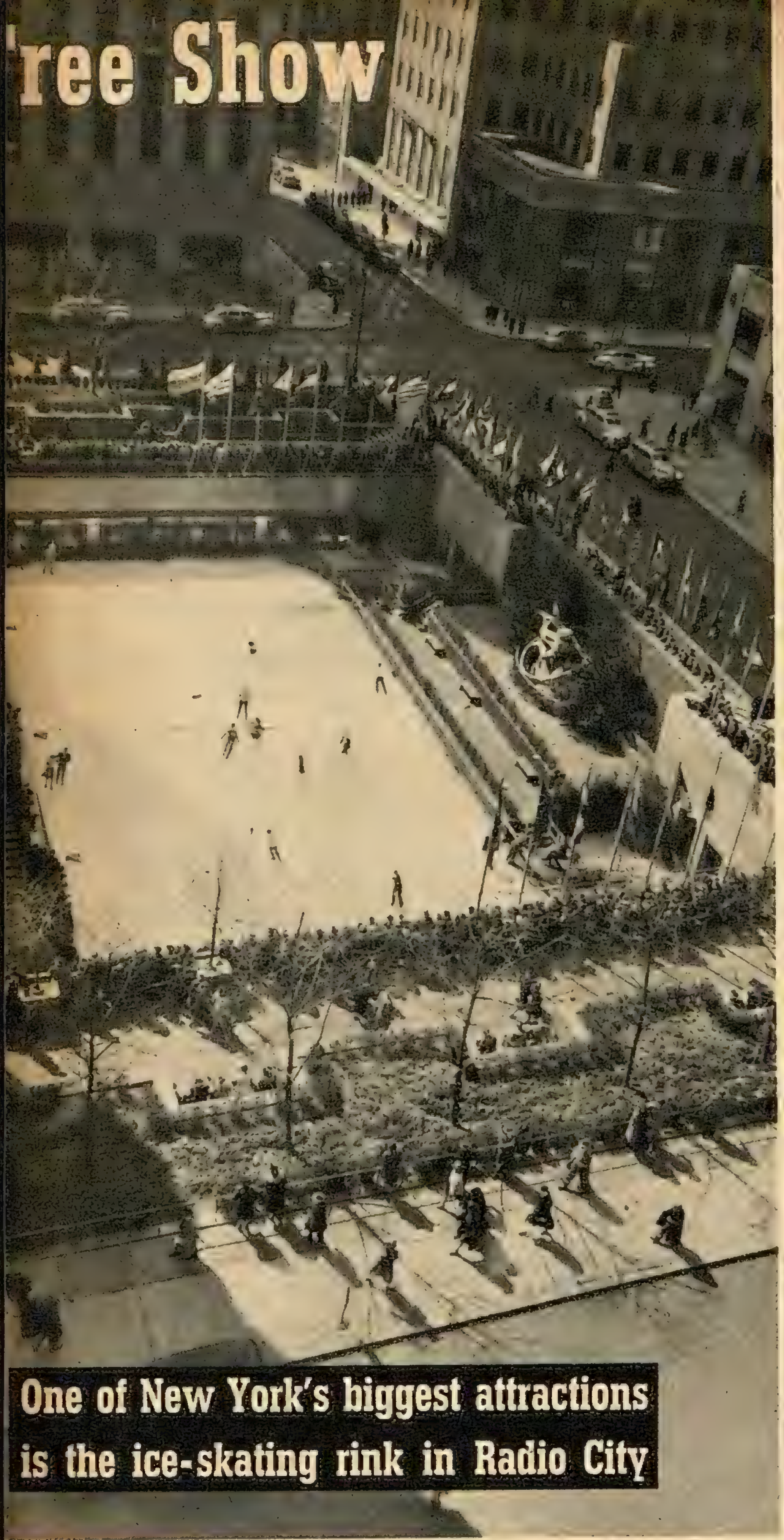
LE SECOURS
UNITARIAN

This Spanish doctor served with the Maquis, then returned to help his fellow exiles. He and two other doctors try to give medical, dental care to all in this dispensary.

Lighthearted play such as this will end much too soon for these Spanish children at a home sponsored by Americans near St. Goin. They get good food, medical attention, and a chance to forget their troubles. But there's only room for 40 and each group can stay only three months.

Near Marseille (above) one group of Spaniards, more fortunate than most, live in this former concentration camp, work in a near-by coal mine abandoned by the French for lack of manpower. Another group (below) organized a co-operative and built themselves a barracks.

ree Show



One of New York's biggest attractions is the ice-skating rink in Radio City

Oglers by the thousand pause on the Rim above the pond. They like most to see a beginner take a spill.

Old-Timers like this chap are often most graceful.

Little Girl's feet were cold. White-haired expert told her to loosen laces to improve circulation.

Beginners start as young as 2½. Admission is 96¢, lessons are $1. Kids jam the ice in the afternoon.

Good Skaters sometimes take falls to amuse crowd.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIBERTY BY EMIL HERMAN

Visitors to New York pay plenty for amusements, but one of the best shows is free at Rockefeller Center.

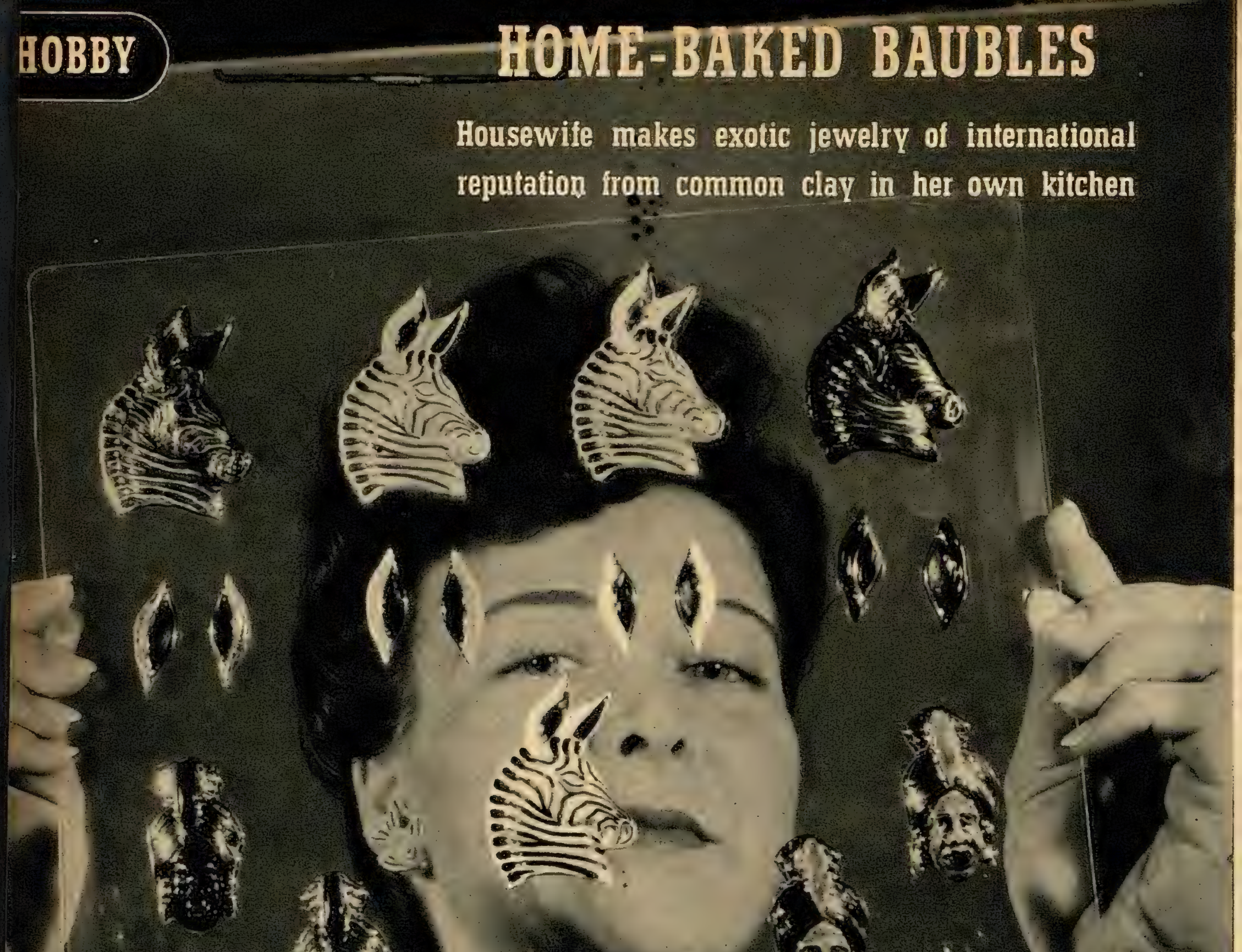
Instructor Barbara Taplin gives a demonstration. Figure skating is extremely popular at the rink.

Geoffe Stevens, comic skater with Icetime, a show at near-by Center Theater, takes a busman's holiday.

Blasé oglers pay no attention to Stevens' antics. Best view is from restaurant, because it's warm inside.

HOME-BAKED BAUBLES

Housewife makes exotic jewelry of international reputation from common clay in her own kitchen



Freshly Baked ceramic earrings and pins. The baker is happy at the results of her work over a hot stove.

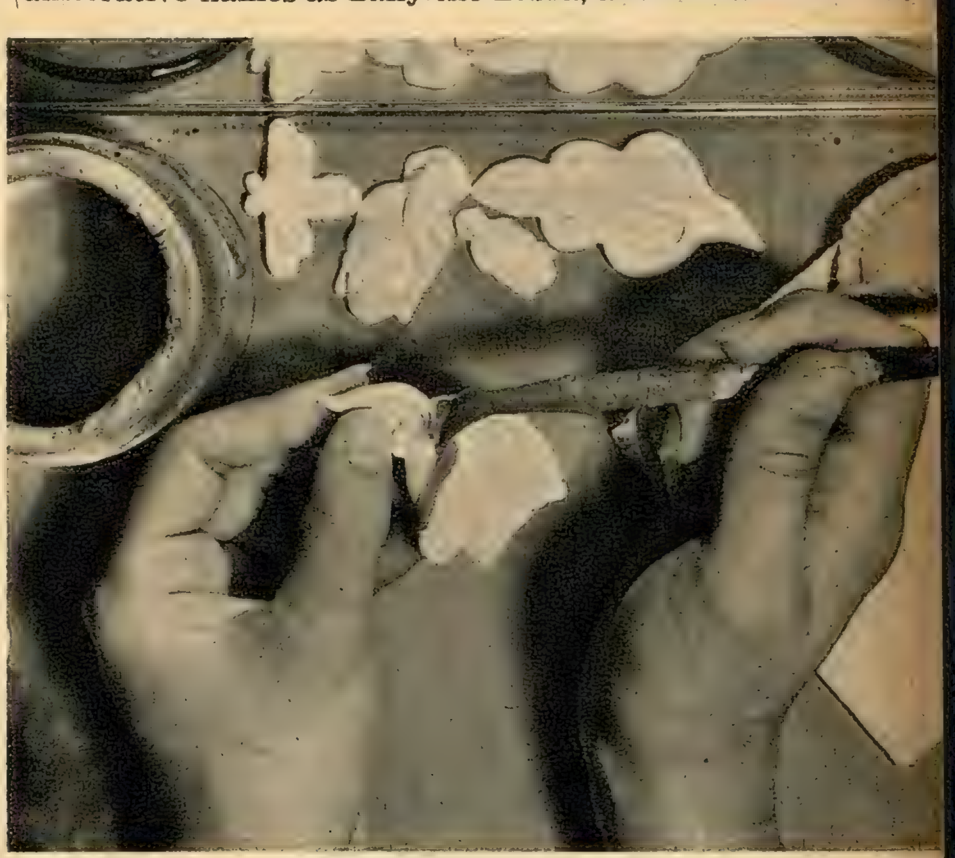
WHILE other women pull delectable pies and cakes from the oven, Mrs. James A. Cowan of Washington, D. C., puts clay in it and bakes brilliant pieces of ceramic jewelry. In her kitchen workshop she first models a design, usually a fanciful fish, fruit, or flower. Then she makes a mold of plaster of Paris in a pie plate. Wet clay pressed into the mold is allowed to dry. Next it is fired for four hours at 1,800 degrees. Glaze is applied, a color at a time, with firings after each one. Finished baubles find eager buyers. Foreigners in the diplomatic corps like them and send them back home as fine examples of American handicraft.

PHOTOS BY G. B. KRESS, INP

Mrs. Cowan, who learned to model in clay as a Camp Fire Girl in her native Georgia, starts the day by checking paintings and sketches for something new to add to her unique collection.

The Jewelry is home-cooked. Figures on rack (above) are first dried in a conventional kitchen stove before being baked in much hotter kiln. Grooves in the head of the sea horse (below) are cleaned after the first baking before the glaze is applied.

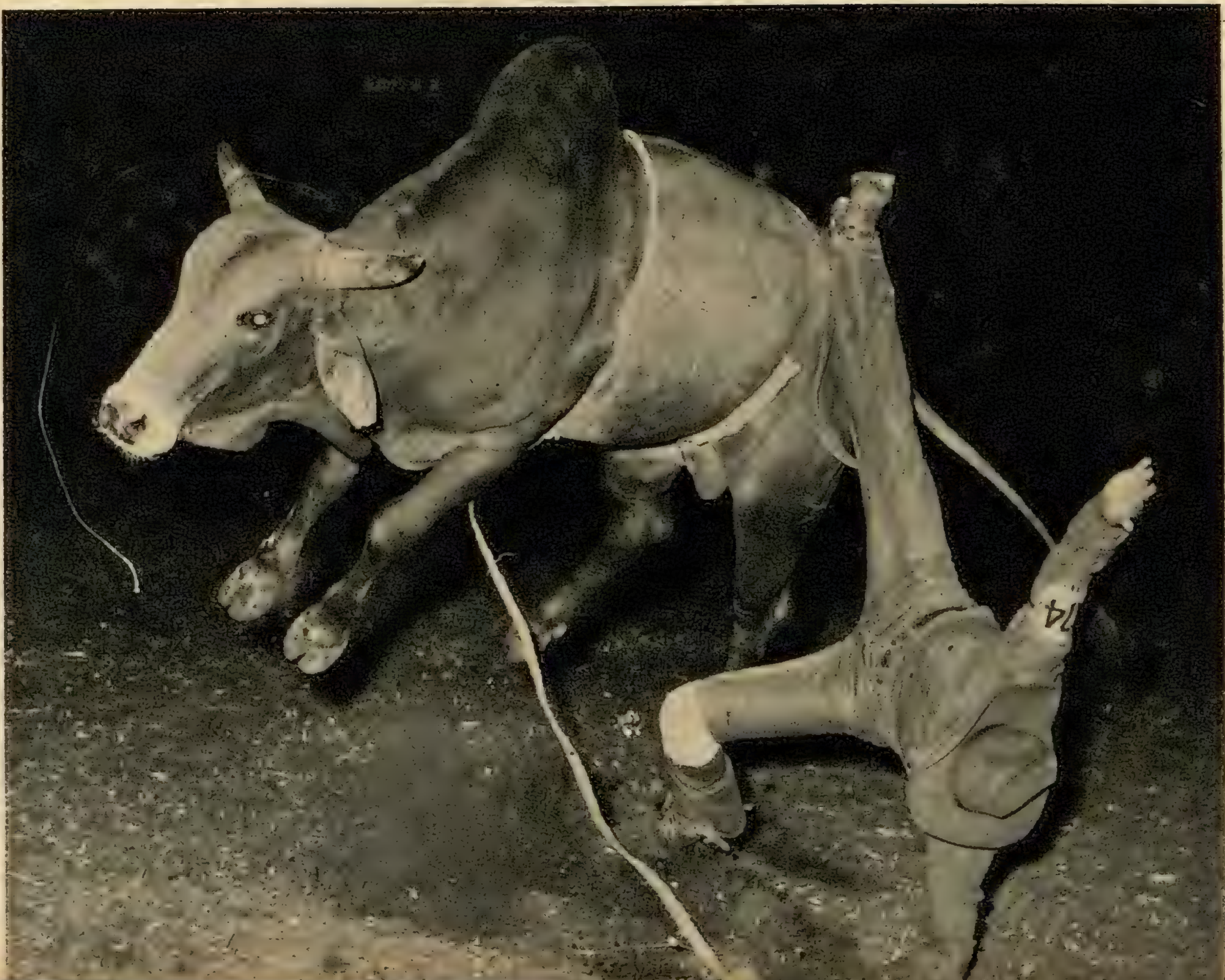
The Beginning of a piece of ceramic jewelry: Moist cla is molded like dough. Some finished pieces will bear such alliterative names as Zany the Zebra, and Fincastle the Fish



These Pieces (above) have just come from the kiln and the glaze is being applied to a horse's head. (Below) The bauble baker isn't blowing to cool off her tiny creations, bu to remove excess particles that have adhered to the figures.

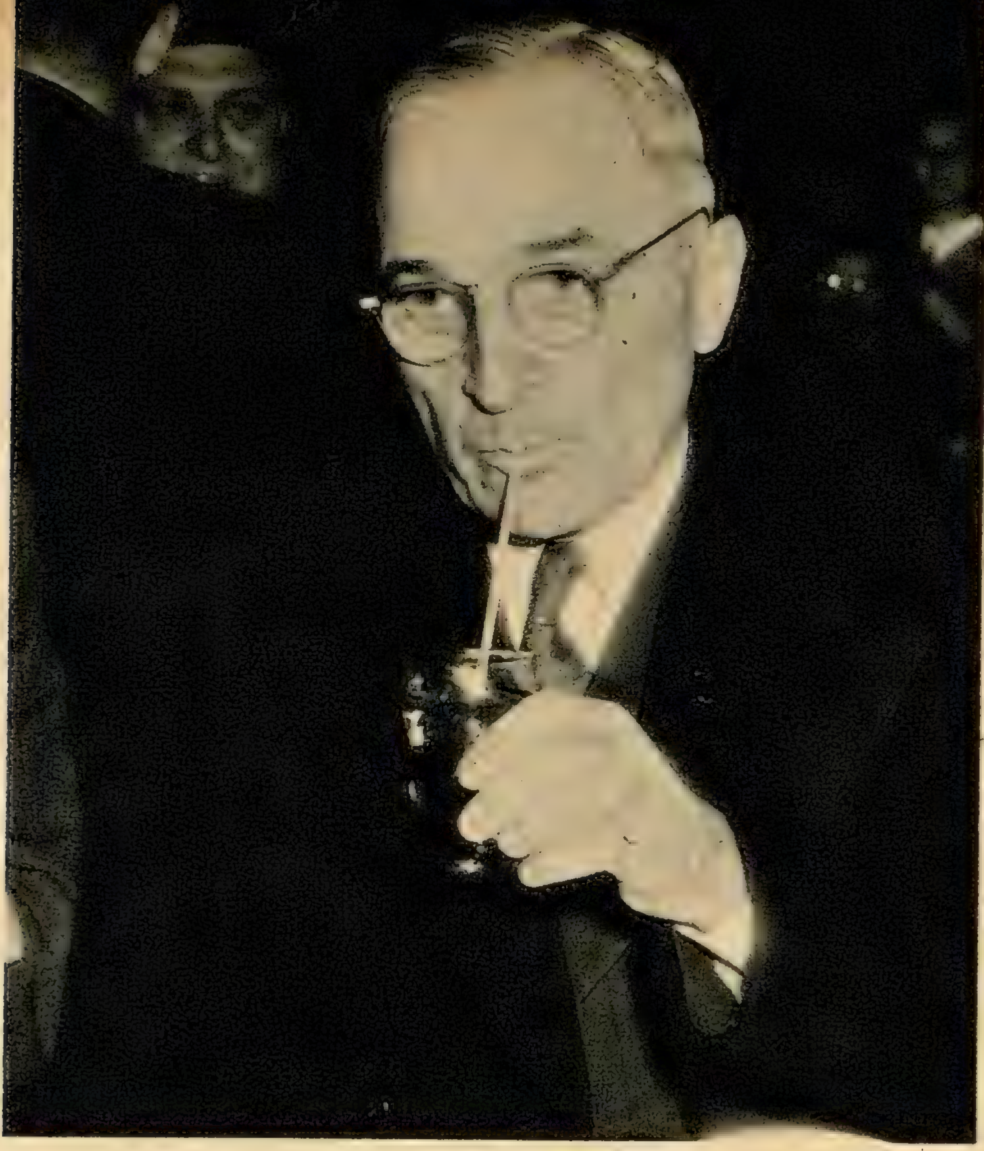
NELSON MORRIS PHOTO

Rosemary La Planche, Miss America of 1941, bounces with joy upon learning that she will graduate from bit parts in the movies to a featured role in a forthcoming film. Like many a Miss America, she's had much publicity, little luck, so far, in her professional career.



AP PHOTO

Fritz Becker of Alamosa, Colorado, spreads out as he and a wild Brahman bull part company at a rodeo. When not being ridden by thrill-loving cowboys, these short-horned humpbacks are crossbred with domestic cattle to increase their resistance to Texas fever.



INP PHOTO

Harry Truman of Independence, Missouri, pauses at the local soda fountain before taking a trip to Washington, D. C.

BRADLEY SMITH PHO

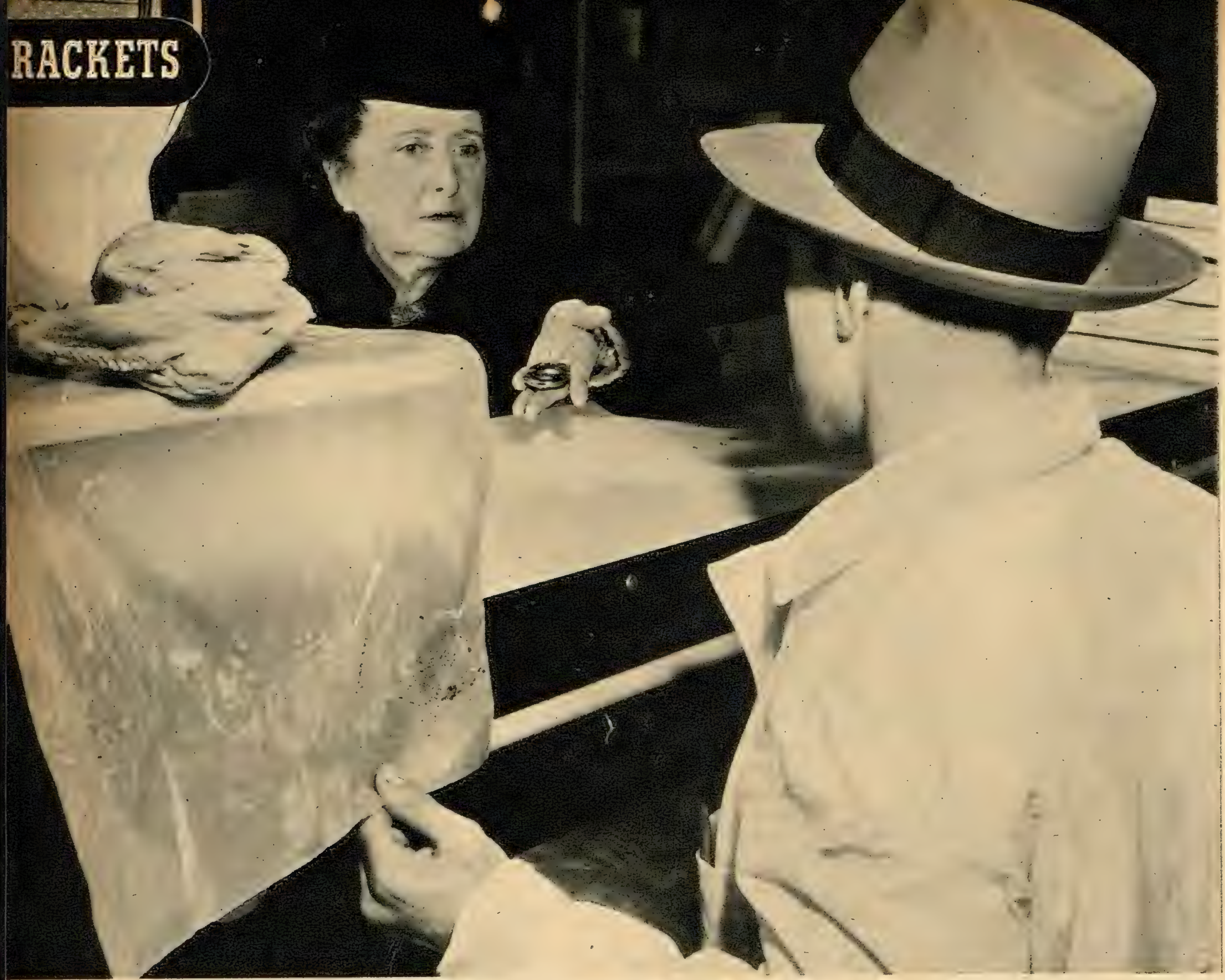
Cantinflas of Mexico is that country's Charlie Chaplin. Robin Hood hat, sweat shirt, mustache are fixture

INP PHOTO

Old Fry Anne Trivier's age outranks everyone else's in France. She is 104. She is sound of mind, has no descendants.

GRAFLEX PHOTO CONTEST

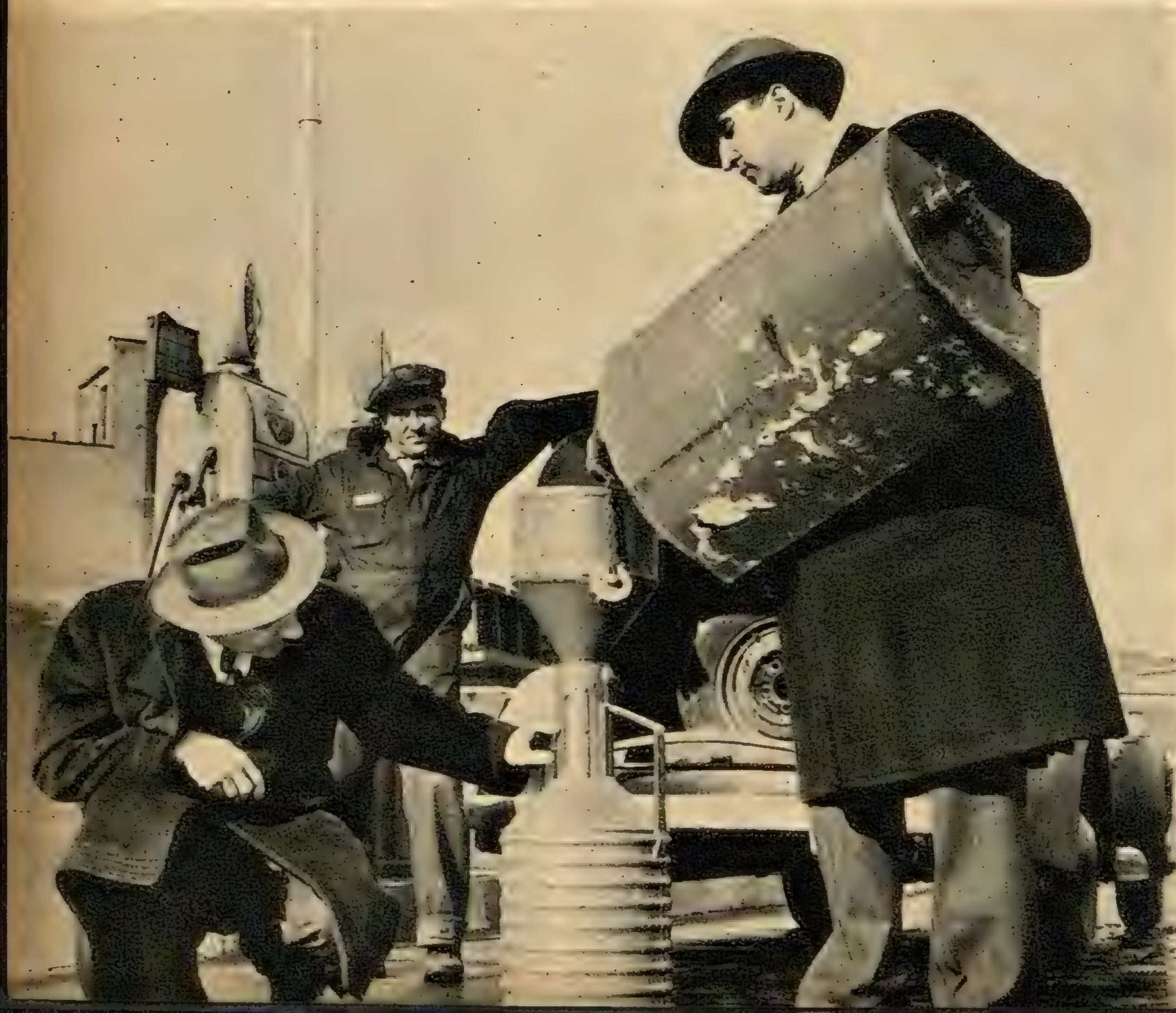
Young Fry has bubble trouble. A lucky lad puts his all into the hard-to-come-by gum.



Inspector catches a butcher adding ounces by pulling on paper. (Below) Filling stations don't know they're being checked till removable tank is emptied into standard measuring can. This meter proved to be accurate.

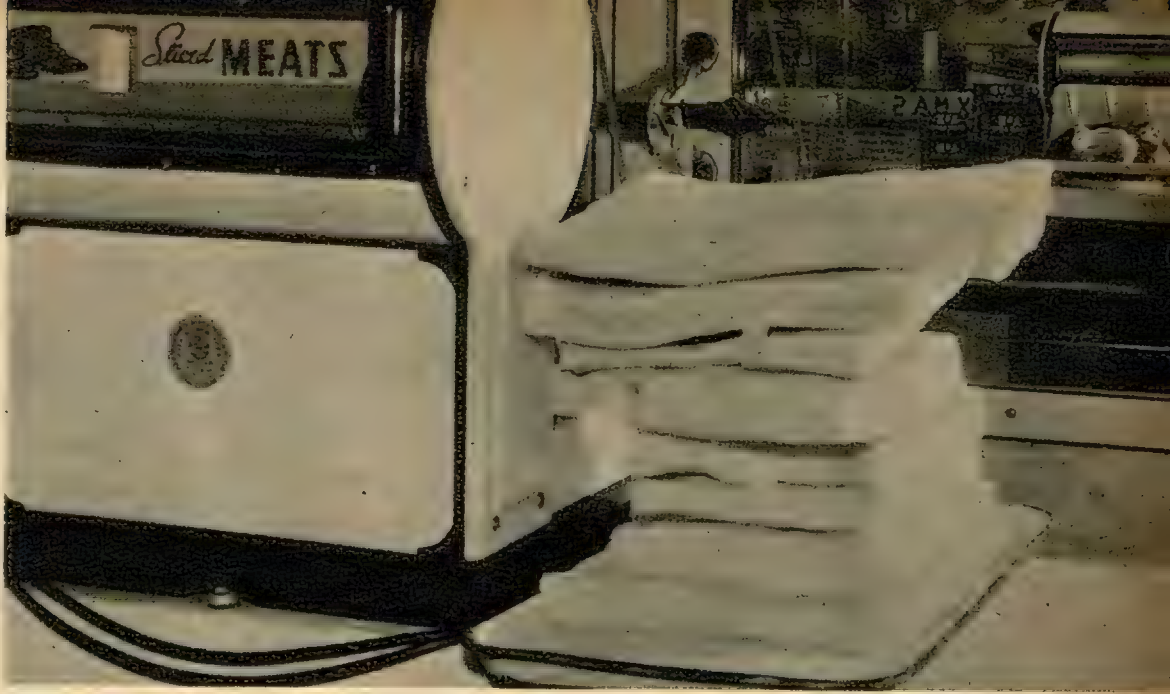
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIBERTY BY SID LATHAM

Buyer, Beware!



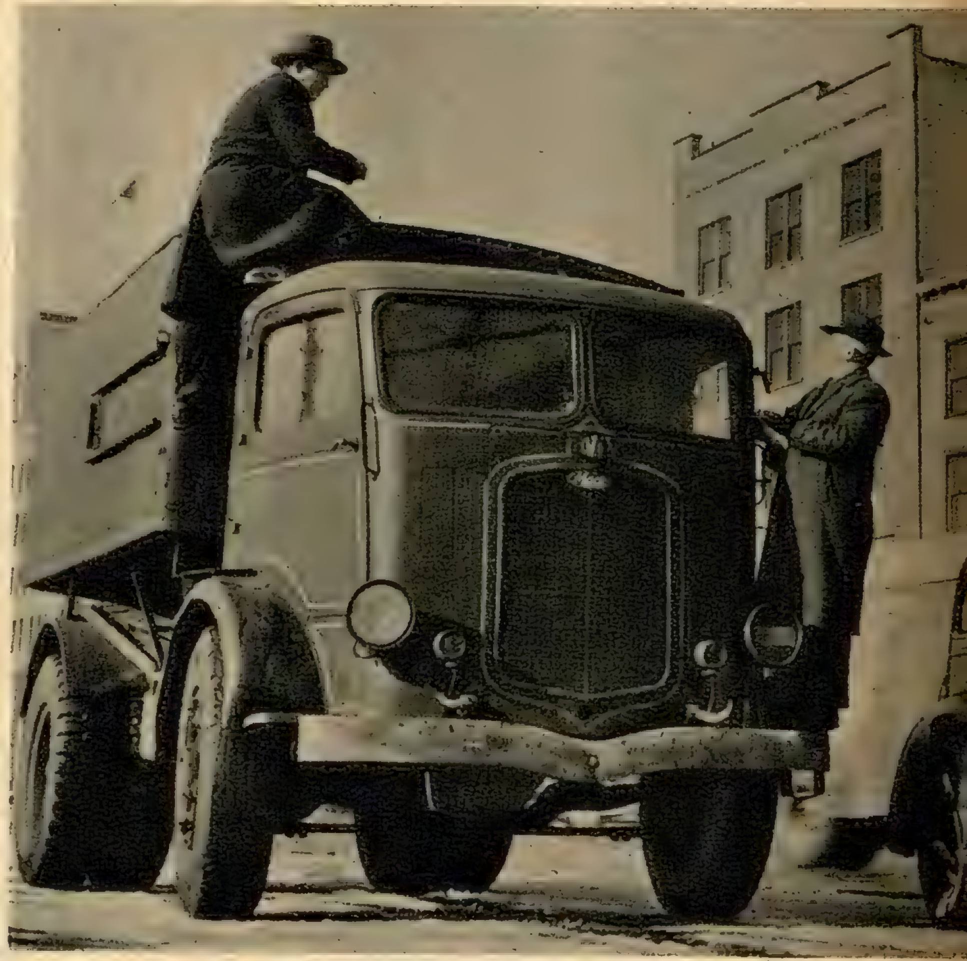
EVER since the Middle Ages, when the slogan was "Let the buyer beware," unscrupulous merchants have used short weights and false measures to make a few extra pennies. Agencies like New York City's Bureau of Weights and Measures, checking every place from pushcarts to swank shopping centers, find that about 5 per cent of the retailers they visit are cheating. Besides the old dodge of drilling holes to lighten weights or adding sawdust to flour, inspectors last year turned up 8,280 overseas gift packages with false bottoms. A rug dealer disposed of used goods at a new price by changing the word "seconds" to a serial number. These photos show what wary buyers should watch out for.

Literal-minded laundries sometimes weigh the customer's wet wash after soaking it in water. Frequently pounds are added to the laundry tag.



Obscuring the customer's view of the scales with a pile of meat makes it easy to slip a half pound of bacon behind roast. Of course, shops that do this won't have a mirror behind the scales.

Here Are some up-graded nylons. The gauge, stamped with iron at left, was raised from 45 to 51. Penalty for this is confiscation. (Below) Foods, like olive oil, suspected of being adulterated, are taken to a city laboratory to be tested.



Coal Truck is being ordered to official scales to see whether driver has sold or given away part of load before delivery. (Below) Over half this food package for hungry Europeans was stuffed with tissue paper.

MOVIE REVIEW

Liberty picks a Movie eligible for top honors

STAIRWAY to HEAVEN

Playing a pilot who imagines that he is alive by mistake, David Niven (above) has a brain operation and, while under ether, pleads for his life before a heavenly tribunal. These hallucinations begin when a foppish courier (below) comes down to earth to summon Niven to the upper regions.

This charming British-made fantasy contemplates life on earth and in heaven

BRITAIN'S J. Arthur Rank has been threatening for some time to move heaven and earth to compete with Hollywood. With this excellent fantasy, he literally does that—and well enough to make American film magnates look to their laurels.

For Stairway to Heaven, the story of an ailing British pilot who wrestles with the angels for his soul, is a slick, imaginative, and thoroughly enjoyable movie. It is told with a high quotient of adult characterization and wit, and produced with dazzling skill.

After David Niven, a British poet turned pilot, jumps from his burning bomber without a parachute, he miraculously lives to tell the tale and to fall in love with Kim Hunter, a pretty American Wac. But

(*Continued on page 78*)

Niven is in love with Kim Hunter, a pretty Wac who pretends to believe in his hallucinations but actually gets him medical help that he needs.

While Niven is rushed to the operating table (above), the trial rages in his injured brain. Roger Livesey—famous for his portrayal of Colonel Blimp—defends Niven successfully against prosecutor Raymond Massey (below), who is cast as the far-from-blithe spirit of an early American.

the METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

There have been some memorable moments in movies that have rolled us into the aisles with laughter, but nothing compares with the big one in "Love Laughs at Andy Hardy".

To say this picture is the best of the Hardy series would be an understatement. It is, indeed, one of the most entertaining comedies that has ever been produced.

★ ★ ★ ★

When Mickey, five-foot-five, tangles with Dorothy Ford, six-foot-six, the stage is set for a merry field-day. And director Willis Goldbeck makes the most of it.

★ ★ ★ ★

That's the short and the long of it. But the story itself is sure-footed and solid. It is a real reflection of certain aspects of American life.

★ ★ ★ ★

BONITA

A true descendant of a tradition once started by the late Booth Tarkington, Andy Hardy and his trials and tribulations, his *affaires d'amour* or even *du coeur*, as the French would say, are superbly contrived in this picture from producer Robert Sisk.

★ ★ ★ ★

Mickey Rooney's back in his famous role and no doubt about it, this artist is a master of all the keys. He can be funny as they come and as serious as the soul.

★ ★ ★ ★

His blind dates, his romance with Bonita Granville, his rhumba interlude with the talented and alluring Lina Romay, his tragi-comedy episode when he is locked out of the house in a lady's wrapper, all are so deftly interwoven into story that the total is a film fan's delight.

LINA

★ ★ ★ ★

The writers deserve to be in the billing. A hand to Harry Ruskin, William Ludwig and Howard Dimsdale's original story.

★ ★ ★ ★

And an extra hand to you. You'll want it to applaud with.

★ ★ ★ ★

Love Laughs at Andy Hardy. Love is you.

—Leo

MINNY RACERS

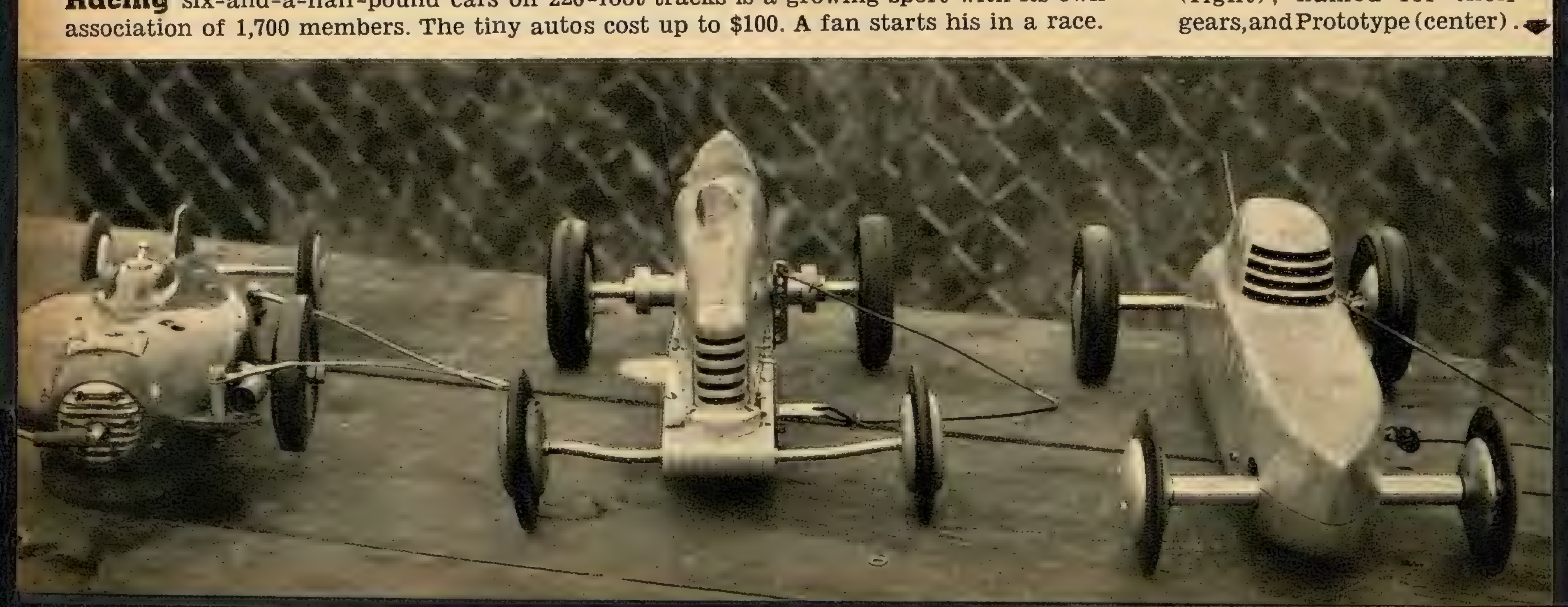
Racing six-and-a-half-pound cars on 220-foot tracks is a growing sport with its own association of 1,700 members. The tiny autos cost up to $100. A fan starts his in a race.

Fans like these from Long Island compete in regional meets for cups. Betting is banned. Home-made cars often beat factory jobs.

PHOTOS BY SAM GOLDSTEIN, INP

Mechanical marvels in miniature make over 100 mph to test advanced streamlining and fuel theories

Recognized by the American Miniature Racing Car Association are three classes —Spur (left) and Bevel (right), named for their gears, and Prototype (center).



Midget auto cannot be more than 21 inches long, 10 wide and 8 in height. Here a fan adjusts spark plug of car's one cylinder.

Revolving roller warms up motor. On track the car is steered by a slender wire hooked to a spindle in center of speedway.

Owners experiment with fuels, usually proportions of castor oil and methanol alcohol, to get top speed. Some add ether. Surgical syringe fills gas tank.

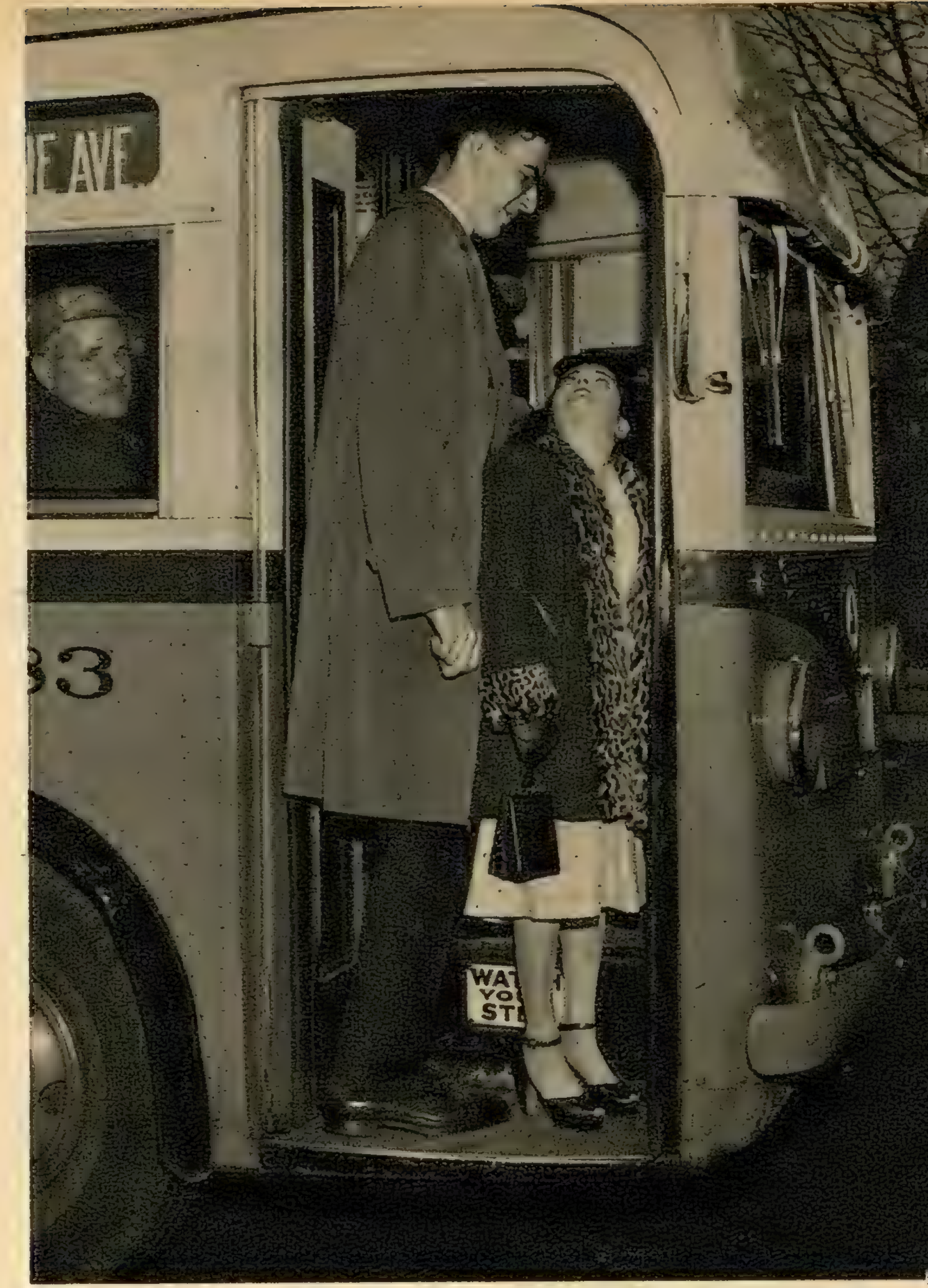
This Timing instrument, owned by the Long Island club, is accurate to within 1/1,000 of a second. It sets stop watch going, counts laps, gives distance. Current record is 118.73 mph.

BY SAM GOLDSTEIN, INP

TIP TOPPERS

Growing number of tall folks campaign for higher awnings, bigger berths, and larger sizes in clothes

Tall Folks get together for recreation.



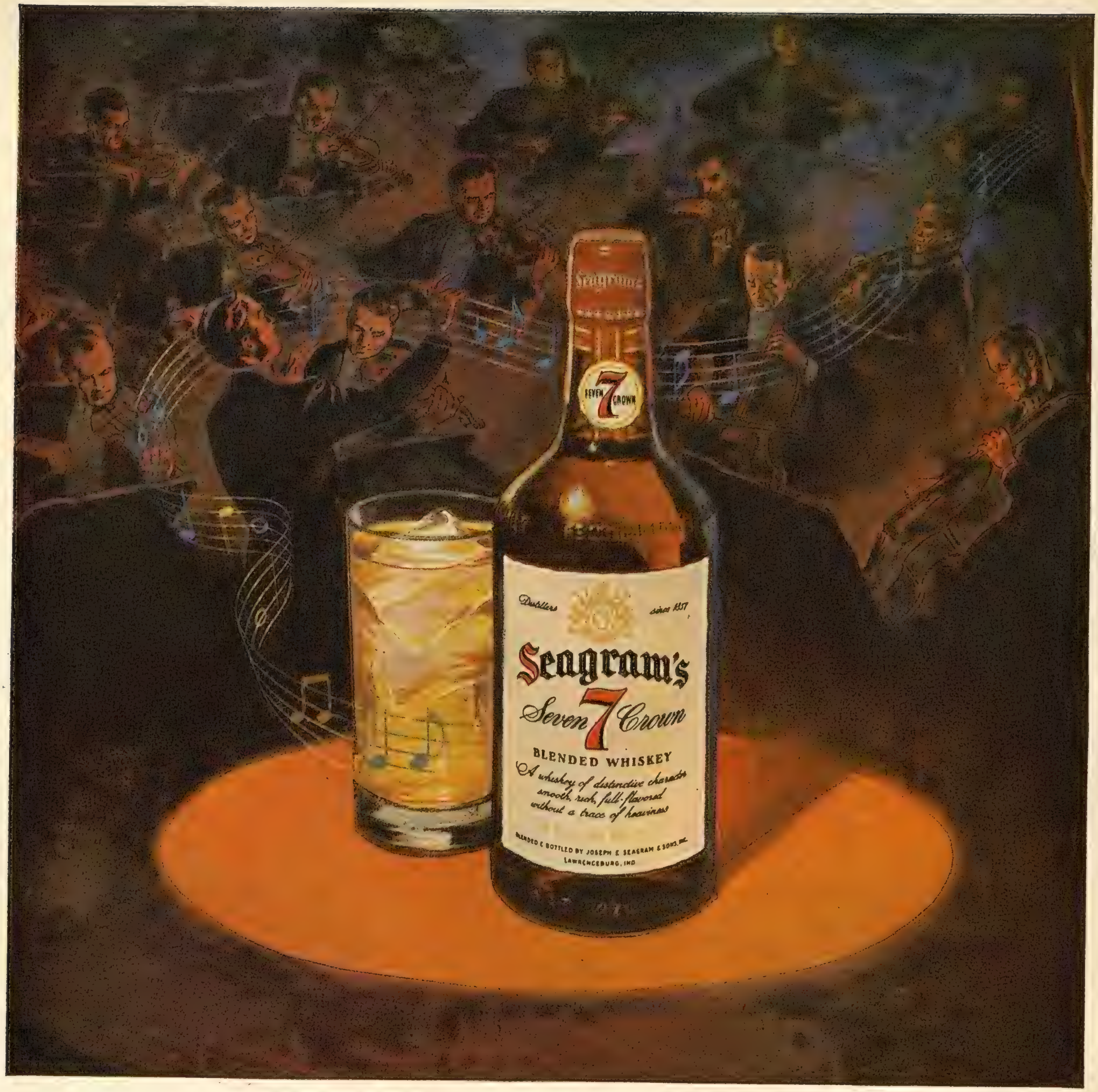
Buses are roomy for her (4′7″) but not for him (6′7″).

MEN six feet three and over, and girls six feet and up, have united in Tip Toppers clubs to help shake off their self-consciousness and campaign for longer hotel beds and Pullman berths, roomier bus seats, higher doorways and marquees, longer shirt tails and sleeves, and nylons with comfortable leg lengths. They had better get results, for the fact is that the race is getting taller. Army measurements show average sizes beyond those that clothing makers consider average. The accompanying photographs take you to a gathering of New Jersey Tip Toppers—one of the twenty-five clubs scattered about the country.

One Town decreed higher awnings.

Skimpy phone booth for a 6′3″ girl.

They're laughing at tall problems.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Distillers since 1857
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BLENDED WHISKEY
A whiskey of distinctive character smooth, rich, full-flavored without a trace of heaviness
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, INC.
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WITH THIS MASTERPIECE, we invite you to conduct your own performance. Taste it and delight in the perfect symphony that is 7 Crown... Seagram's Finest American Whiskey... from first to last measure designed for your pleasure.

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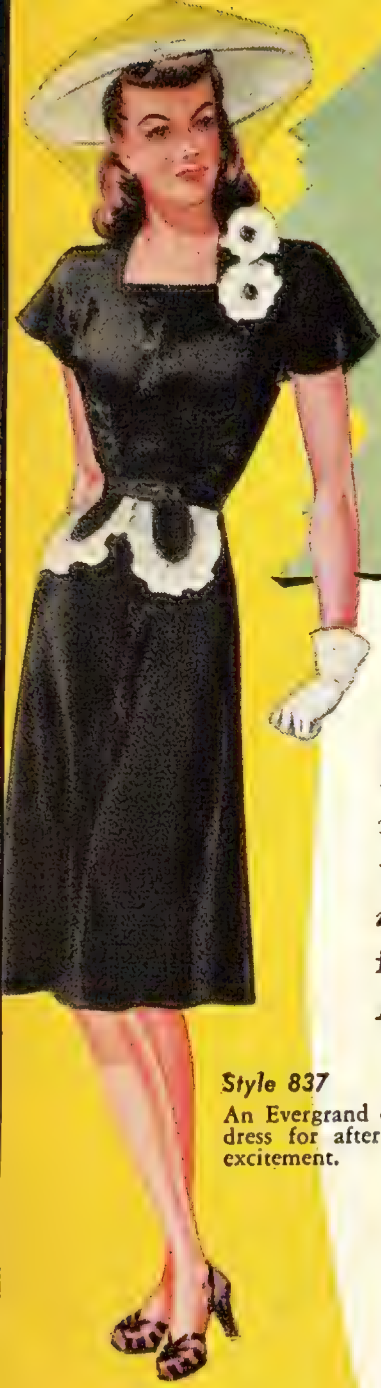
Say **Seagram's** *and be Sure of Pre-War Quality*

DESIGNED FOR YOUR PLEASURE TODAY, TOMORROW AND ALWAYS

Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York



Women! YOU JUST CAN'T IMAGINE AN EASIER PART-TIME WAY TO

EARN EXTRA MONEY QUICK!

. . . and get all your own dresses as a bonus without cost!

It's really astonishing—this unbelievably easy way to earn good money *quick!* You make up to $18, $20 and $25 in a week, and also get your own lovely spring dresses *without a penny of cost!* You don't have to invest any money—all you do is take orders for FASHION FROCKS—famous Hollywood-inspired creations in rich fabrics and exquisite tailoring, yet *surprisingly low* in price. You take these orders when and where you please, from friends and neighbors. We deliver and collect—you get paid *on the spot!* And, in addition, you receive *all your own dresses* as a bonus!

Style 837
An Evergrand crepe dress for after-dark excitement.

NO CANVASSING—NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED!

This wonderful offer is open because we must have more representatives to introduce a great added feature of FASHION FROCKS—striking new styles personally designed by the lovely screen star, Constance Bennett, "one of the world's ten best-dressed women." Miss Bennett, idolized for her magnificent style sense, now designs dresses *exclusively* for FASHION FROCKS. Millions of women will want these Constance Bennett creations. They'll *welcome* your presentation of the big, colorful FASHION FROCKS Portfolio featuring Constance Bennett originals and scores of other appealing models for as little as $3.98. And since FASHION FROCKS *cannot* be bought in stores, women *must* come to you if they want to be admired for wearing these magnificent styles. Door-to-door canvassing is *unnecessary!* And, as for experience, you simply *don't* need it for work that's as easy as this! Our special plans help you make exceptional weekly earnings such as $28.84 made by Claude Burnett, Ala., or $27.10 made by Marie Patton, Ill.

EVERYTHING FREE—RUSH COUPON

Warning! Since news of Constance Bennett's FASHION FROCKS has gotten around, our openings are being filled fast. Don't wait another minute—mail the coupon *now* for all the details of receiving the valuable Presentation Portfolio FREE. Paste coupon on a postcard if you wish, but make sure it's mailed *today!*

FASHION FROCKS, Inc.
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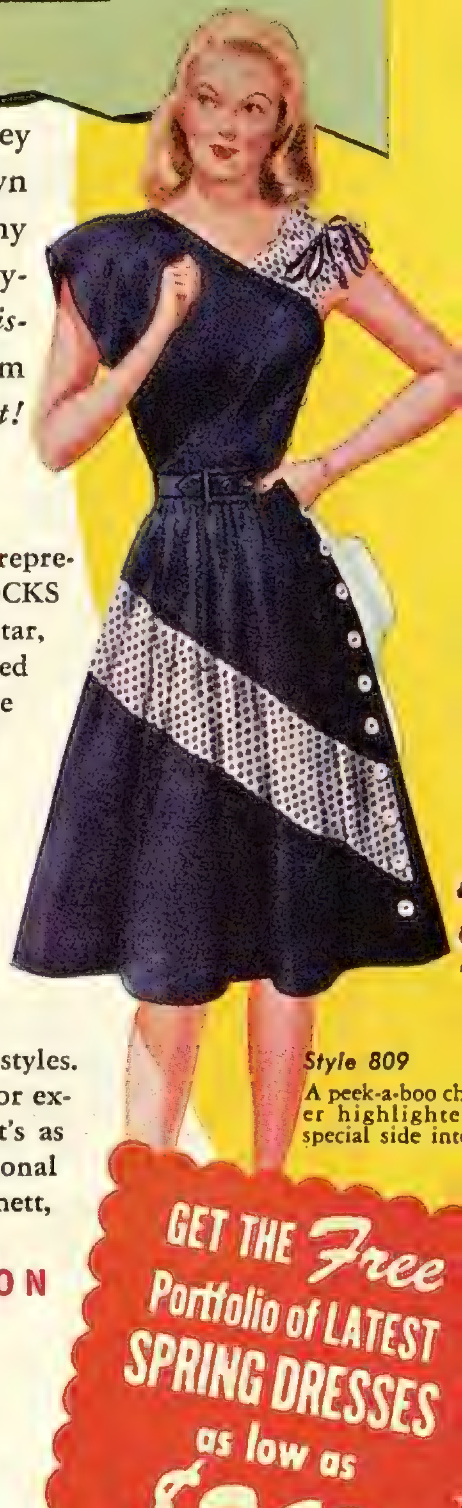

Style 809
A peek-a-boo ch
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special side int

GET THE *Free* Portfolio of LATEST SPRING DRESSES as low as $3.98

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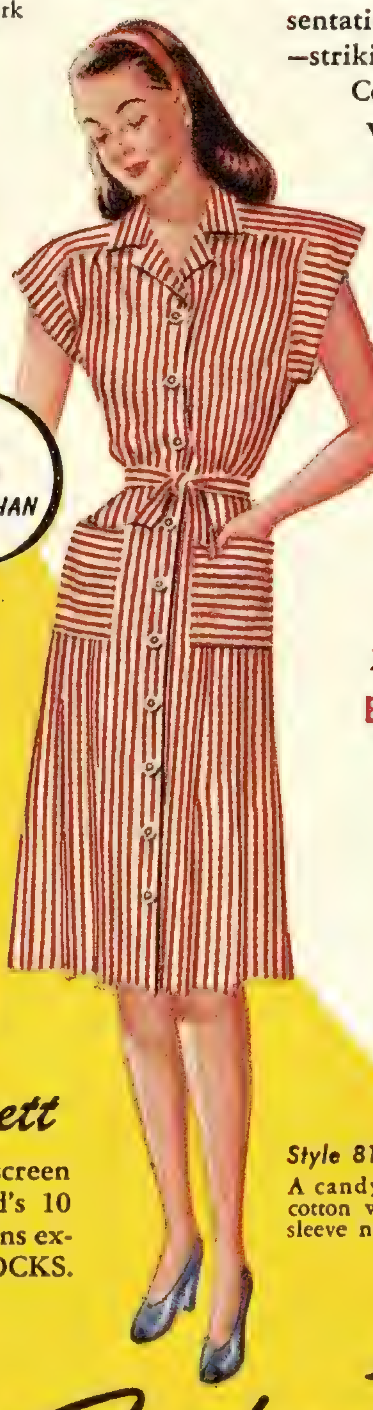

Style 812
A candy-stripe cotton with big sleeve news.

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TEAR OUT COUPON . . . AND MA

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YES—I am interested in your opportunity to make mon
in spare time and get my own dresses without a penny of co
Send me full information, without obligation.

*Name*________________________
*Address*________________________
*City*________________ *Zone*______ *State*______
*Age*________ *Dress Size*________

WHICH WAY, AMERICA?

Continued from Page 27

production of both raw materials and finished products further intensified already acute shortages.

The second point in government policy—holding the line on prices—had a further destructive impact on production by intensifying material shortages even more and interfering with the completion of finished goods. This so-called stabilization policy of the government failed because it was unsound. In fact, it took us in a direction diametrically opposite to that in which we had to go. Instead of expanding production and encouraging lower prices through the competitive influence of a greater abundance, most of our people have less real wages rather than more. Even those organized groups which achieved extensive increases in wage rates must now realize that they have gained little.

We still face the problem of attaining a sound economic relationship between wages and prices. In many lines costs, and hence selling prices, are moving out of reach of important sectors of their potential markets. The accumulated savings of the war years are being reduced in value by the depreciation of the dollar in terms of these higher prices. Recent demands on the part of labor for still further wage increases threaten to interrupt production again, increasing existing shortages and necessitating another advance in the prices of goods and services.

THIS is a dangerous course we are following. If we do not turn from it, economic law will sooner or later demand an accounting. Unless business and labor leaders quickly recognize their common goal—and peril—and agree to adjust the present out-of-balance wage-price relationship, they may find themselves facing a more rapid adjustment involving a more or less, though temporary, shrinkage of business volume and employment. If so, we can mark it down as the penalty of our own folly.

Perhaps we shall be wise enough, honest enough—and lucky enough—to prevent the serious consequences of our past mistakes. In any event, let us at least resolve to correct the policies which brought about these conditions. Only by so doing can we build a foundation solid enough to support the superstructure of an expanding economy. In accomplishing this objective we have the support of the last election; in fact, already we see an accelerated trend to more intelligent economic policies beginning to take form. We have much more to do. We have to deal on the political front with many problems affecting our economic opportunity. We must face them and deal with them now.

TELLER
TELLER
$
HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Of course, Harris, you know what this means? You're fired!"
LIBERTY

Of paramount importance—probably the most consequential problem of the day—is the need to restore the balance in both privileges and responsibilities between labor and other groups within the economy. We must do this without in any sense infringing on the just rights of labor or limiting its proper progress. The Wagner Act, hailed as a Magna Charta of labor's rights, has operated to deprive workers and others of their rights. If we respect the principle of equal rights for all and special privileges for none, our labor legislation must be drastically overhauled. Let us enumerate a few of the most outstanding inequalities in order that we may chart our course to a better balance, in the form of a ten-point program:

1. The employer is *not* free to speak to his employees over a loudspeaker during work hours. The union *is* free to circulate union literature and anti-management material during work hours, and on the premises. The employers' freedom of speech should be established.
2. Collective bargaining should be defined. Where does it begin and end? What are its responsibilities? If the employer is required to bargain with the union, as *now* is the case, should not the union be required to bargain with the employer, which now is *not* the case? Collective bargaining on an industry-wide basis should be prohibited as a monopolistic practice.
3. Bureaucratic decisions, having the effect of law and often not supported by law, are not now subject to review through an appeal to judicial authority. A court review of the decisions of all administrative agencies should be granted. The National Labor Relations Board, if it continues in existence, should not be permitted to act as judge, jury, and prosecutor. Such a practice is contrary both to common sense and to the fundamental principles of justice.
4. Only the employer is responsible now for losses incurred through breach of contract. Unions should be made equally responsible and their responsibility should be enforced by adequate penalties. A contract is valueless, in fact, unless it effectively binds both parties under all circumstances. A strike should be illegal during the term of a contract.
5. Management must be represented throughout all the various steps of production. Otherwise management cannot function effectively. Foremen must be recognized by law as component parts of management and their allegiance must be to management alone.
6. The closed shop is monopolistic. It is a limitation of the right to work and the right to employ. No man should be required to pay for the privilege of working. The closed shop should be outlawed.
7. Such questions as may be required by union procedure to be submitted to its membership for determination, should be passed on by a representative proportion of the entire membership—not by a limited minority consisting largely of union bosses, as is now too frequently the case.
8. Unions should be required to make public their financial operations, including statements of their income and expenses. Unions should be prohibited from making contributions to, and, as unions, from supporting, political activities—a restriction now, and very properly, imposed on business.
9. All forms of violence and coercion should be outlawed with heavy penalties. Workers must not be ruled by fear of union action.
10. Unlimited right to petition for bargaining elections should be granted employers. No such right now exists for the employer unless two or more unions are in conflict.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The difference between kissing one's sister and one's sweetheart is about thirty seconds.—*John Newton Baker.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

THESE inequalities have contributed in part to the situation in which we find ourselves. They have thrown far out of balance the responsibilities and privileges of labor and management in our industrial economy. The problem, as I see it, is not to move the pendulum back in the opposite direction, but to stabilize it at the neutral point. Our aim must be not to reduce the gains of labor but to restore the rights of management.

We face also the problem of strikes and what to do about them. It is a problem which has grown to its present proportions largely because of labor monopolies. Monopolies can and do exist in a democracy such as ours, but as such they must be subjected to complete regulation on all counts. Unregulated monopolies cannot be permitted in an economy of free enterprise, for unrestricted competition is a necessity to ensure the essential balances. Years ago, business in some instances was moving toward monopolistic practices both in form and in policy. Something was done about it. Today, labor has become a monopoly, and something must be done about it. Unregulated monopolies lead to dictatorships, and dictatorships cannot be tolerated in a democracy.

To overcome this we must outlaw existing labor monopolies and limit by law the jurisdiction of any one union so that the public interests cannot be substantially prejudiced by strikes.

This can be accomplished in either of two ways: (*a*) by dissolving existing unions into parts so no one part has the economic power substantially to affect the public interests; or (*b*) by limiting the power of any one union, as now constituted, to strike so large a part of any one industry as would prejudice substantially the public interests. Under these restrictions, collective bargaining must be allowed to proceed without restriction or interference. It must continue until a settlement is reached, even if it involves a strike and irrespective of the consequences to either contending party.

THUS we must erect a strong and effective barrier against encroachments on the competitive system of free enterprise. Complete freedom in collective bargaining, limited to the degree that a resulting strike could not substantially prejudice the public interests, is that barrier. The Sherman Anti-Trust Act, by outlawing business monopolies, has not destroyed business nor any association of business. Its principles applied to unions will not destroy unions. It is a fair and equitable means of requiring both business and unions to conform to the fundamental principles of the competitive system. It is essential if we wish to preserve that system.

Arbitration, compulsory or otherwise, fact-finding boards, labor courts and the like as applied to controversies within the free-enterprise area, offer no sound solution for this problem. Those who advocate such courses—and there are many—have not thought the problem through to its final conclusion. Wage rates so adjudicated would involve the appraisal by an outside agency of all the operating phases of the business, such as dividends, profits, operating schedules, future economic trends, distribution policies, and all other problems, economic and otherwise, now the responsibility of business management. There is sure to be injected in such adjudication the question of the ability to pay—one of the most unsound, unrealistic economic philosophies offered as a basis of wage determination, prejudicial to the interests of business, labor, and the ultimate consumer alike.

It is clear that in the final analysis some form of bureaucracy would have to assume the functions of management, hence management would no longer be held responsible. Business would become a creature of the State. We would pass to a regimented economy. It is a dangerous course.

These, then, are some of the obstacles to our two-point objective which we must overcome by political and industrial statesmanship if we are to move ahead. If we can substitute for the human frailties of self-interest and false thinking the equally human qualities of forbearance, reasonableness, and willingness to earn before we get, a concern for the general welfare rather than for individuals or special groups, we can progress into a future whose possibilities are limited only by our imagination.

Science and technology have only scratched the surface. The possibilities of atomic energy await our exploitation. New processes, new products, new discoveries to make life easier, better, healthier and happier are within our grasp. We have the industrial know-how. We have the resources to realize rapidly on this great opportunity and to create on this earth a virtual paradise for ourselves and to help other peoples do likewise. Such is the only true course to democracy and peace among all peoples.

There is only one real question mark: Have we enough common sense?

THE END

HIGHER ARITHMETIC COMES TO THE TAX DEPARTMENT

(On a $1,000,000 income, taxes are estimated at $1,020,410)

The higher the fewer's
An ancient maxim:
The higher the profits
The more they tax 'em;
The higher the levies
The fewer the leavin's.
You're lucky to come out
Even-Stephen!

I'm happy to pay
My share, and yet
What if the tax
Exceeds your net?
And where, when you've shelled out
Cash on hand,
Do you scrape up an extra
Twenty grand?
Yet I wish no problem
Were more severe
Than *not* making a million bucks
This year.

—*Ethel Jacobson.*

PARADISE WITH SERPENT

Continued from Page 42

with Mike Sloan. He caught her in his arms and held her a second or two.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said.

"Are you? Silly girl!"

She continued on her way. Mike Sloan sauntered in and came suddenly to attention before Bill's desk. "Lieutenant Sloan reporting."

"Are you busy this afternoon, Mike?"

"Not at anything I wouldn't like to quit. What can I do for you?"

The telephone rang.

"Headquarters. Lieutenant Schmidt. . . . Oh, hello! How are you getting on? . . . Good. I'll put him on. . . Captain Willoby."

Bill wrinkled his brow, questioning, and Schmidt silently formed the words: "Miss Toland."

"This is Captain Willoby."

"*Hel*-lo, captain," the instrument cooed. "I'm all changed and lonely. Can you come over and get me?"

"You're a quick changer."

"I'm a fast woman; you must have heard." She gurgled.

"I'm tied up in a bow-knot just now," he said. "I'll ask Lieutenant Sloan to call for you. He can take you for a tour of the island, if you like."

"Oh, you *are* naughty! I was counting on *you!*"

"I'm most awfully sorry. I didn't expect to hear from you for another hour. Lieutenant Sloan's very nice."

"Lots of very nice people bore me stiff. What time's dinner?"

"Six o'clock usually, but we can switch it, if you like."

"Let's make it six thirty tonight. I want all the officers to come over for cocktails. Say at half past five."

"Fine. I'll pass the word around."

"And *have* you got any glasses? I can find only three, and one of them's a jelly jar."

"Those are the only three we own. I'll bring paper cups. Shall we bring bottles, too?"

"No, thanks. What did you think I had in my hatbox? Hats?"

"Oh. Well, I'll see you later. Lieutenant Sloan will come right over."

"All right. And don't think I won't hold this against you." She broke the connection.

Bill put down his telephone and said, "Miss Toland's expecting you, Mike. Take her for a ride around or swim or climb up the volcano."

Mike saluted stiffly. "Smiling," he said, "the boy fell dead."

THE climax of the visit, so far as the children were concerned, was the gun park. The man on duty demonstrated a thirty-seven millimeter gun with dummy rounds, and showed Paul and Jimmy how to work the elevating and traversing wheels and the breech mechanism.

Doc Everly showed them through the brand-new dispensary, where the only cases were a squashed thumb, an upset stomach, a twisted ankle, and a recurrence of malaria. He was proud of the small operating room, as yet unused. He led them into a room marked "X-ray. Keep Out!" and was about to turn on the fluoroscope, when Bill Willoby saw the clock.

"Oop!" he cried. "Skip this. We'll have to run, if we're going to catch retreat. Come along!"

They scrambled out the end door and rounded the corner just as the bugler raised his instrument.

Bill halted his party on the walk. "Face the flag," he whispered, "and stand perfectly still till I tell you. O.K.?"

He had forgotten to tell them about the cannon. They all jumped and looked accusingly at him before they froze again. The flag fluttered a little in the breeze as it came down.

"Sorry about the cannon," he said to Diana when it was over. "Forgot to warn you. . . . Well, kids, that's about all we've got to show you. We'd better go out this way."

He turned and pulled up sharply.

He was face to face with Angela Toland. Mike Sloan, standing behind her, raised his shoulders and eyebrows to explain his helplessness. Miss Toland shook a finger at Bill.

"So *there* you are!" she said. "My *naughty* captain!"

Bill shuffled back a step. "Miss Toland, this is Miss Forrester."

Diana said, "How'd you do?"

Angela Toland smiled. "So *you're* the one who lured him away!"

"I'm sorry. Did he have an engagement with you?"

"He told me I had only to call him at any hour of the day or night!"

Diana was taller than Angela Toland, six or eight years younger, and innocent of make-up, except lipstick. Facing her, the novelist was at a disadvantage. She was pretty, and the green-and-white linen dress gave her good figure full credit, but the penciled-on eyebrows and the unlikely colored hair just wouldn't do.

Bill said, "These are the Edgett children, Miss Toland. Joan and Paul and Jimmy."

She smiled at them and immediately turned back to Bill.

"What about my cocktail party? You're not too busy for that, too?" She slipped her hand under his arm. "You *are* coming, *aren't* you?"

"Oh, yes. Of course. There'll be eight of us. Captain Gerson, our senior medic, isn't well, and Lieutenant Biggs is duty officer, but the rest of us'll be there. I'll take Miss Forrester and the kids home and dash back and change."

"Oh, no! You don't need to make yourself any more blindingly beautiful. And I'm counting on you to help me. We ought to be there now."

"Can't Lieutenant Sloan drive us home?" Diana asked.

"Why—yes, if you'll excuse me," Bill said. "You can, can't you, Mike?"

"Sure."

"There!" Angela Toland breathed. *"So* nice to meet you, Miss Forrester. Come *along,* darling!"

Bill let her turn him around and lead him toward the car. He could feel the eyes on the back of his neck. The warmth spread over his cheeks and forehead as Angela Toland's fingers slipped into the palm of his hand.

THE cocktail party went rather better than could be expected, considering that Major Philip Curwin allowed no one to forget for a moment that he was the senior officer, and that he was on terms of friendly informality with General Hussey (he spoke of him as "Old Vic"), whose lightest word could make or break them all.

Angela Toland's insatiable interest in men as such carried the affair. She flirted with every one of them and made each feel (even the chaplain, that most innocent of men; and Izzy Schlank, whose devotion to the wife he called Momma, in the Bronx, was a standing joke) either that he had just made her an outrageous suggestion or that he was impatiently waiting for an opportunity to do so. Only Mike Sloan (who probably *had* put forward some such idea during the afternoon) seemed to be immune.

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The one thing Bill Willoby had been hoping for, however, did not happen. For all the hands she squeezed, all the eyes she startled with long, passionful looks, all the manly chests she snuggled against and the ears she whispered into, she did not transfer her particular interest to anyone else. Ever and anon she summoned him—by a message or a wave or a lift of the painted-on eyebrows—to consult apart with her on some detail, in an intimately lowered voice. She called him Darling with unblushing gusto.

Supper was gay, partly because of Angela Toland's presence, partly because of her Cuban-rum cocktails. Captain Gerson, the senior medical officer, who had excused himself from the party on grounds of illness, came in late. His face was yellowy white and he walked as if the floor were pitching under him. He bowed and smiled when he was introduced to their guest, then miscalculated the location of his chair and was saved from a nasty fall by Lieutenant Berry. He ate in silence, with clumsy fingers.

OVER coffee and cigarettes, Miss Toland's novel was mentioned for the first time. A babble of held-back remarks broke out. The author tapped her cup for silence.

"I know as well as anyone," she said, smiling, "that there's a widespread feeling that To Forgive Divine is a dirty book. I don't agree. It's a historical novel. I spent months on research. The basis of the story is true. There was a girl—Anne Carrington—who made her contribution to the revolution very much as my heroine does. As for the book being dirty—well, if there's a lot of sex in it, there's a lot of sex in life, too." She looked up and down the table, fluttering her lashes.

Captain Gerson spoke for the first time: "'To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature.'" He was enunciating carefully. "What you see in the glass isn't apt to be very pretty. There's a lot of digestion in life, too, but hardly anybody writes about it."

"That's not fair, captain," the novelist said. "Sex motivates people's lives."

"So does digestion," Gerson said. "If Hitler had had a good stomach, none of us might be here tonight."

The chaplain said, "Don't you owe a good deal to censorship, Miss Toland? It seems to me that all the publicity various groups gave your book in attempting to suppress it must have made thousands buy it."

Angela Toland laughed. "Well, yes. That's possible."

"I'm opposed to censorship," Captain Baly said, "for exactly that reason. Not that I begrudge you your success. Censorship gives people a false sense of values."

Buck Fetters' great voice broke in: "Ma'am, I want to say I think it's a *great* book. It's exciting and well written. I got a copy I'm going to ask you to autograph."

Politeness took hold of the gathering. One after another complimented Angela Toland and she became almost shy.

The conversation drifted to the problems of occupation and bordered on shoptalk, until Major Curwin stubbed out a cigarette and pushed his chair back. He said, "Who's for a walk before it gets dark?"

"Shall we go?" Bill asked Angela Toland.

She gave him one of her supercharged intimate looks and bunched her lips. He saw her hand creeping toward his on the table. He sprang up and moved her chair for her.

They strolled on the path along the cliffs. Angela Toland walked between Major Curwin and Bill, whose arm she clung to and pressed every little while. The others strung out, laughing and talking. Lieutenant Biggs was O.D. and could not leave the post. Captain Gerson had withdrawn.

The volcano was huge and black against the darkening blue sky. The village of Waypalloo, actually half a mile from the base of the cliff at the other side of the harbor, looked as if you could toss a stone into it. The water in the lagoon was still as a mirror.

They came to the place where the cliff was split and huge blocks of stone had tumbled into the fissure to become natural benches in an amphitheater, overlooking the lagoon. They handed Miss Toland down to a comfortable seat and disposed themselves about her. Lieutenants Fetters and Berry pre-empted places at the lady's sides, and Bill Willoby was making for a position at a safer distance, when she called him. She placed him behind her, so that she could recline against him.

They talked of home and asked countless questions of Miss Toland, who incredibly had been in New York only a month ago. She asked questions too, about occupation duty so far from anywhere, the frustration, the boredom, the bitterness against being thus marooned for a period that might be indefinitely prolonged.

"Cute little stinker, isn't he?"
LIBERTY

WHEN the last of the daylight was fading, she slipped her hand into Bill Willoby's and kept punctuating her remarks with squeezes and wriggles that did not allow his awareness of her to cool.

She said, "Of course, I shouldn't be asking my questions of officers. You have special privileges. I've got to talk to the Boys."

Major Curwin's voice came from the darkness near by: "The trouble with the writers who come out here is that every one brings his or her story angle from home. Then they listen only to what bears out what they've been planning to say."

"That's rather rude of you, major," Angela rebuked him, "and it's not true of me. I want honest information, and I'm prepared to write anything I find out. It's true, of course, that the reading public expects me to interpret things along human-interest lines, with plenty of sex thrown in, but that doesn't prevent me from being honest."

Bill said, "You'll hear plenty of griping from the men, but when you do, you've got to remember that no soldier's happy unless he's got two or three pretty well-grounded beefs to work on. I know, because I've been a G.I. in this war. So have most of the others. Let's see. Doc, you were commissioned direct, weren't you?"

"Yep," Lieutenant Everly said. "I'd just finished my interneship when they tapped me on the shoulder."

"Who else?" Bill asked. "Anybody else who was commissioned without going through the mill as an enlisted man?"

"Me."

"Who?" Bill peered into the darkness.

"First Lieutenant Schlank, sir. Because of my specialized knowledge of brassières and foundation garments, they knew I was just what they needed in QM. They made me a second lieutenant, and I haven't seen a foundation garment since."

"To sell, you mean?" Mike Sloan said.

"To sell or otherwise," Schlank said. "Momma wouldn't like me to fool around."

"How would she find out?" Sloan asked.

"I'd tell her. Maybe not right away, but I'd feel guilty all the time, till after a while I couldn't stand it. And then I'd tell her."

"Goodness!" Angela Toland said. Her fingers tightened on Bill's. She said, "Well, gentlemen, I suggest a move, if anybody can find the way out."

Four flashlights sprang into activity.

It was about half past ten. They ambled back to the camp, loosely grouped about Miss Toland and Bill, who were hooked together as firmly as if handcuffed. As they approached the main gate, she tipped her head back to his shoulder and spoke very softly:

"Give me half an hour after I get home to make sure everyone's left. Then you come back."

"Golly," he said. "I—uh—"

"All right. Don't, if you don't want to."

"It's not that. It's—uh—"

"Suit yourself. Give me half an hour to get rid of them, though. If you don't come, I'll probably live through till morning somehow."

He pulled his arm free of her to return the sentry's salute. "I'll see if I can work it," he said.

Bill Willoby sat at his desk in the deserted administration building, leafing through the mass of War Department circulars and General Orders and Changes in Regulations that had been accumulating.

Of course he was not going to keep the appointment with Angela Toland. To begin with, there was his voluntary commitment to Leila Stacy, a clear-cut pledge. He stared at the face in the leather frame and tried desperately to remember her voice or her smile or her perfume. Anyhow, Angela Toland was making things embarrassing enough already. If he should give her a hold over him by meeting her secretly in the middle of the night. . . . It would be crazy to weaken.

Unless he should drop in and have the whole situation out with her. Tell her frankly that he was not free to involve himself in a flirtation. Tell her about Leila.

His watch showed five minutes to eleven. 2255. If he were to leave in ten minutes. Which he would not....

The one he ought to look in on was poor little Rozouila, miserable and alone, banished to a bare hut, without food or water. Waiting there, unwilling to disobey his orders.

2257.

No use sitting here till Biggsy dropped in and got him into a bull session that would last all night. Get away by himself and think things through. Clear his mind. Take a car, park somewhere, and sweat out his problems. . . .

The main-gate sentry noted Captain Willoby's departure at 2302. . . . Lights showed in both of the big bungalows, but 27 Elm Street was dark. Maybe they had invited her to one of the other houses for a nightcap. There was not a sound.

He left the sedan door ajar, not to disturb the stillness. His feet went *shish-shish* on the sand of the walk. . . . He could leave a note for her. That was the solution: get credit for having called, without getting involved any deeper.

He was at the screen door before

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he saw the red dot on the porch: a cigarette. He pulled up short.

"Hello, darling!" Angela Toland whispered.

He wished she hadn't whispered. He also wished she hadn't doused all the lights. She had fixed it so that their meeting had the air of a guilty assignation.

"Hello," he said as he swung the screen door open and stepped up to the porch. "Why all the darkness and the hush-hush?"

"Shhhh! I told the others I was going straight to sleep."

"Oh." He eased the door shut behind him. "I can only stay a minute. I just wanted to have a little talk with you."

"I *see*." She laughed quietly.

"I mean it," he said. "You and I'll have to understand each other. You see—uh—I—"

"Don't you understand me?" she murmured, and laughed again. "Let's go in and sit down."

In the inky dark she was only a cloud of heavy scent and a moving blob of not-quite-black. He followed her through the front hall without mishap. He stepped into the living room and strained his eyes. She must have moved ahead of him. . . .

She turned up suddenly at his side and caught his arm.

He jumped. He said. "Uh-oh. You startled me."

"You're a funny boy!" She tightened her hold on his arm.

He said, "Maybe I am, at that. Maybe that's the trouble."

Her perfume filled his head. Her hand slid down his forearm and her fingers entangled with his. She whispered, "What trouble, darling?"

He recognized the crisis. The next thing he did was going to be decisive. He had only to raise his other arm and put it around her. And there would go all his dignity, all his freedom of action.

The sharp memory of her performance with Diana Forrester and the kids decided the issue.

HE took a deep breath. Make it strong. Give it all you've got. He said, "The trouble with me, I mean, with trying what I'm trying to do. In wartime, when everybody's cracking up. When even married people aren't much worried about being true to each other."

Her grip on his hand relaxed. She said, "But—you're not married, are you?"

"No. That's how I'm funny. Trying to be faithful to a girl I'm not even married to. Just because I swore I would. She'd never know. There'd be nobody but myself to answer to." He choked effectively and was pleased with his histrionic performance.

She released his hand. She said, "Well, now! Let's sit down and have a cigarette."

They sat on the sofa, several respectable inches apart.

To be continued in the next issue

The man who is always boasting about his family tree is generally the sap.—*Peggy Caroline Fears.*

FROZEN TREASURE HUNT

Continued from Page 17

by Finn Ronne, a naval reserve officer and veteran of two prior expeditions. Backed by the American Antarctic Aviation, Inc., and the North American Newspaper Alliance, Ronne's party includes twenty specialists—geologists, mineralogists, physicists, and other scientists on leave from various government departments—who will spend fourteen months on Palmer Peninsula.

This peninsula, a continuation of the Andes whose mountains rise sheer from the sea, is completely exposed during the antarctic summer, and gives excellent opportunities for geological studies. Copper, molybdenum, manganese, and low-grade occurrences of gold and silver were found there by the 1939-41 expedition. Byrd has said that enough coal exists in Antarctica to last this country thirty or forty years. Oil also is indicated.

Attention was drawn to the uranium possibilities by statements attributed to Sir Douglas Mawson, the Australian explorer, who has compared Antarctica with northern Canada, one of the world's richest present sources of the element. Australia is planning an expedition to the Antarctic with Sir Douglas' advice, probably for next year. John Dedman, their Postwar Reconstruction Minister, announced that the Australian government would consider for development any atomic-energy resources found in the slice of Antarctica "controlled" by that Commonwealth.

Through geological studies and the use of instruments at short range, the Ronne expedition on the Palmer Peninsula may have a better chance to discover uranium deposits than the large U. S. Navy expedition, whose observations will be conducted by air from the Ross Shelf Ice and from tenders at sea. According to scientists, only an exceedingly rich deposit of uranium would be detectable from the air. Even in small quantities, both uranium and thorium give off radiation which registers easily on instruments within a short distance.

Besides radar, the Navy planes are known to be equipped with magnetometers, which indicate the presence of metals—and the possibility of oil deposits.

Ocean-floor samples, especially off the ends of glaciers, are to be dredged and examined. The submarine Sennet was sent along to study depths and temperatures with its delicate instruments.

However uncertain the mineral specimens, leaders of both expeditions know they will get invaluable aerial photos and data to complete the sketchy maps of the continent. Trimetragon photographs will picture the land from horizon to horizon. The Navy plan was to establish a 300-man ice base, with a matted landing strip, at Little America, to which a half dozen twin-motored transport planes can be flown from a carrier. Two groups of tenders and supply ships, mothering seaplanes, were ordered to move east and west of Little America, mapping the coast and inland as they went. The DC-3s, able to fly 1,200 miles and back, have ample range to explore thoroughly the vicinity of the Pole itself. The flying boats, able to fare 800 miles from their tenders and return, would not penetrate so deeply. The expedition also has scout planes for short flights, and half a dozen helicopters for rescue work.

American exploration has been chiefly from Little America, on the Ross Shelf Ice opposite Australia, to some 1,500 miles eastward to Palmer Peninsula, near the tip of South America. An exception is Wilkes Land, so named on American maps for Lieutenant (later Rear Admiral) Charles Wilkes, who headed an official Navy expedition in 1840. This doughty explorer's name is missing from British maps, which include the coast he saw in the Australian slice of pie. Another exception is the modest bite (not slice) taken out of the Australian sector by Lincoln Ellsworth's claim made in behalf of the United States. Roald Amundsen, by dog sledge, and Byrd, by plane, have both explored the country from Little America to the Pole.

THE explorations and claims of private citizens will be useful to the State Department; but whether Byrd and Ellsworth did or did not claim certain territory need not hamper Secretary Marshall and President Truman in their decision. In his published claims, Byrd included nothing west of the 150th meridian, thus staying outside the "Ross Dependency"; but the Americans have explored more of its eastern half than have the British. Similarly, U. S. rights to the Palmer Peninsula are probably as valid as the British. There are at least a million square miles of territory which never have been entered by anyone but Americans.

Just how big a chunk we shall ask for, and where, will not be decided until the results of Operation High Jump are charted. Our choice is likely to be guided by where the most valuable mineral deposits turn out to be. The executive branch of the government can assert our rights, but actual establishment of sovereignty will require Congressional action.

Conflicting claims to territory can be settled in a variety of ways—

bilateral or multilateral treaty, private arbitration, submission to the Permanent Court of Arbitration, or submission to the International Court of Justice of the United Nations. Since we shall have arguments not only with Great Britain but probably with Chile and Argentina, perhaps with Norway and other countries, it appears likely that one of the courts will get the case.

This country, to be consistent, will have to establish at least a continuing interest amounting to what the international lawyers call "constructive occupancy." The present Navy trip won't stay beyond March, when the Antarctic summer ends, unless an emergency arises such as a plane being forced down inland, necessitating rescue operations after the main party starts home. Against that contingency, provisions have been made to house thirty-five men at Little America through the six-month arctic night.

The Navy has made no secret, however, of the fact that the present expedition will be followed by another, which not improbably will be permanent.

WHAT is it like to spend an antarctic winter "under the ice?" Successive winterings by Byrd and other hardy souls have shown that it isn't intolerable. For the 1939-41 expedition, prefabricated houses were set up on the ice barrier seven miles from the original Little America camp. The houses had double flooring, and hot air was forced through this space during the men's waking hours, so that the discomfort of cold feet and legs was eliminated. The thermometer could be kept at 70 degrees, but during sleeping hours it was allowed to drop. The fuel was coal.

Antarctic winter camps are insulated by being buried in the snow. Nature attends to this detail, as the almost perpetual winds that sweep down from the icy polar plateau cover them with drifts six feet deep. Escape hatches must be provided for use when the doors are blocked. Tunnels are dug for storage and to connect the buildings, and roofed with tarpaulins and other materials. Keeping latrines sanitary is no problem, because of the great cold.

It's unnecessary to go outdoors except for such work as inspecting instruments, sawing snow blocks for water, or getting seal meat for the dogs. The tendency, indeed, is to go out into the biting winds as little as possible. Seventy below is not uncommon, and even to walk out into a dog tunnel may mean a change of 120 degrees from inside temperature.

One of the chief problems of close-quarter wintering in the deep freeze is morale. Movies, games, books and magazines help relieve the tedium, but the greatest blessing is work. Even the top-flight scientists are pressed into hard physical labor sawing snow blocks.

There are few germs in this uninhabited region. Even the common cold seldom pops up, and that usually when a packing case is opened. The chief worry is frostbitten hands, feet, and face, frosted eyeballs, and snow blindness.

Against an emergency winter stay, the Navy shipped nine northern-type, oil-heated Quonset huts with double floors, and supplies for at least eighteen months. If the Navy's old 1939 housing and equipment are found to be intact and superior, they can be used.

The Navy was quite sincere in announcing that one purpose of the expedition is training. It can practice at the South Pole for a North Pole war, without making what the Russians might regard as unfriendly gestures in their neighborhood. Also, Antarctica is an enlarged Greenland, so to speak. Temperature, altitude, terrain are similar, and the equipment and tactics which are suitable for Antarctica would also work in Greenland. We couldn't very well practice in Greenland itself, as it is Denmark's back yard. But it is known that orders have been given to experiment with ice bases such as *could* be used in interior Greenland.

The Navy feels that although the Antarctic Continent is not now of particular strategic importance, it may well become so in the future. Byrd pointed out on his return in 1941 that Palmer Land is only 500 or 600 miles from the tip of South America, and might furnish a useful base in World War II. He also said that American exploration there would justify U. S. claims to a million square miles, and perhaps another 800,000.

There are many familiar American names on American maps of the area of our chief interest. Marie Byrd Land and James W. Ellsworth Land are the largest divisions in the zone.

SINCE Byrd's two early expeditions were privately financed and the third partly so, it is not surprising that contributors as well as statesmen and explorers were honored in the names he bestowed. An official Navy chart, published in 1943, shows Franklin D. Roosevelt Sea, Walgreen Coast, Philip Wrigley Gulf, Rockefeller Plateau, Edsel Ford Ranges, Ickes Mountains, Ruppert Coast, Hearst Land, and even Mobiloil Bay. Glaciers were christened Cordell Hull, Emory Land, and Kent Cooper.

A year and a half after his return from his third trip, Byrd was surprised to learn that there was such a thing as a Board on Geographical Names at the Department of the Interior, which had to pass on all such nomenclature. The Board is still working on Antarctica. It is known to have changed Franklin D. Roosevelt Sea back to Amundsen Sea, and to have removed the name Ickes from the chart. How many other names are to be erased remains to be seen when the next official map is published.

THE END

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE

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3. LANOLIN is an oil resembling the natural oil of the human skin! No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test preferred Wildroot Cream-Oil to other preparations formerly used. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: *Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and to relieve dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair!*

TUNE IN: *TWO NETWORK SHOWS!* "The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sunday evenings, CBS Network; "King Cole Trio Time" Saturday afternoons, NBC Network.

PICK OF THE PICTURES

Continued from Page 64

under the pressure of an unsuspected tumor, his well-educated brain concocts this hallucination: He escaped death only because the celestial courier who'd been sent to fetch him got lost in the British fog, and now he's really A.W.O.L. from heaven. Once the courier locates Niven, he keeps summoning him to report above and set the heavenly ledgers straight. But the love-struck pilot fights for his right to live—an issue that is ultimately resolved by (*a*) a successful brain operation, and (*b*) an impressive celestial trial which Niven dreams up right under the surgeon's knife.

This extraordinary film was written, directed, and produced by Rank's most talented independent producing team—Emeric Pressburger and Michael Powell, who have collaborated on such brilliant movies as Colonel Blimp and One of Our Aircraft Is Missing. Their latest effort is memorable for its splendid cast (which, besides Niven and Kim Hunter, includes Roger Livesey and Raymond Massey) and for its ingenious sets and deft photography. (Earthly scenes are in gaudy Technicolor, while heaven is portrayed in various misty shades of gray.)

Stairway to Heaven has the distinction of being the first movie to receive a command performance before British royalty. Americans ought to go for this king-sized entertainment, too.

OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

THE LOCKET (RKO). An absorbing case history of a pathological liar and thief, with Laraine Day, Brian Aherne, and Robert Mitchum.

THE SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM (20th Century-Fox). The city of Boston takes a Technicolored teasing from Betty Grable and Dick Haymes.

THE RED HOUSE (United Artists). Edward G. Robinson and Lon McCallister have the leads in this engrossing psychological melodrama.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE (Liberty Films-RKO). An outstanding inspirational comedy, directed by Frank Capra and featuring James Stewart.

13 RUE MADELEINE (20th Century-Fox). James Cagney and Annabella dramatize some of the espionage exploits of Army Intelligence.

DEAD RECKONING (Columbia). A slick whodunit in which Humphrey Bogart and Lizabeth Scott appear in familiar dead-eye and dead-pan roles.

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

NOTES ON DAUGHTERS: Having no daughters myself, I can only report inklings gleaned from friends as to what their influence is in the home. Here are a few tidbits gathered from two ladies whose daughters, home from college for the holidays, turned their normally equable fathers into neurotic old fussbudgets and short-tempered panthers. Said one wilted wife, "It's such a relief when Janet goes back to school. Bill can't keep a thing on his stomach when she's here. He's crazy about her, but I think it upsets him to see me fussing over her and listening to her outpourings about dates. Husbands want wives to mother *them*. It's just plain old-fashioned jealousy!" The second suffering mother amplified the picture by saying that she thought it wasn't just jealousy, but anxiety, too, over what might happen to a toothsome daughter out for a big evening with some dangerous nineteen-year-old wolf. "I *never* have any trouble with Carl when Kitty is away," she said. "But when she's here, he's as touchy and cross as a flea on a hot griddle."

GET-TOGETHER: A magnificent get-together of business minds, dress designers, and artists was demonstrated in a notable fashion show given in the ballroom at the Ritz-Carlton. The Onandaga Silk Company's American Artist print series was composed of twenty-three print patterns on silk and rayon. All the patterns are direct descendants of the paintings and sketches of six famous contemporary painters: Gladys Rockmore Davis, Dong Kingman, Waldo Peirce, Doris Rosenthal, Julien Binford, and William C. Palmer. Philip Vogelman, Onandaga president, pointed out that the purpose of this alliance between fashion and art was not to turn the artist into a textile designer, but rather to make expert use for fashion of the motifs, coloring, and style expressed by his particular talents. In some cases, an entire painting has been used for the fabric design. In others, only a small section has been adapted to the print. Each artist will receive a royalty for every yard of fabric sold from his pictures. Spring fashions evolved from the collaboration were shown in a color film, ingeniously synchronized with live models. The audience first saw a movie close-up of the painting, then the fabric evolved from it, then a model sweeping down a flight of stairs. Then, presto, on went the lights, and the live model walked down the runway.

LOST IN THE SHUFFLE: At every gift-giving season of the year the lady of the house is beset by the bugbear package that has lost the donor's card. And there she is, with a choice assortment of jams and jellies, or chutney and maple syrup, or an extravagant bottle of perfume or brandy, and no clue as to who is her benefactor. Every whiff of the perfume or brandy, every spoonful of the delectable minted apple chutney or elderberry jelly rekindles her ponderings and her anxiety over what the giver will think when no acknowledgment arrives. The only solution is for the sender who receives no thank-you note to phone or write and say, "I know you're busy, and it isn't that I want to be thanked, but gifts *do* go astray, and I just wondered if my chutney arrived or not." At which point the relieved though embarrassed recipient gets a chance to explain and thank all in one breath.

NATURE STUDY: A friend with whom I lunched recently told me that she was going to play bridge that afternoon with several women whom she saw only two or three times a year. I enjoyed her candid description of the group: "We're none of us very nice, but together we make one nice woman."

OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS: Ever had grease in a frying pan catch fire? It's spectacular, but dangerous if you combat it with water, which spreads the flames. Douse them with baking soda or salt.

WASHINGTON UNDERCURRENT

Continued from Page 13

You Figure It Out • Utah's scholarly Senator Elbert Thomas was conferring with President Truman on some legislative plans. Truman interrupted to ask what reaction Thomas had from his constituents on the appointment of General Marshall as Secretary of State.

"Universal approval," said Thomas. "All my people were for it. I didn't get one critical letter. It was one of the best appointments you've made, and a very smart one politically, too."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, Marshall is a natural for your running mate in 1948. You couldn't have picked a better man and put him in a better position to build him up."

For a moment Truman looked blank and then burst out laughing.

"What's the joke?" asked Thomas.

Truman's only answer was to laugh louder and harder. To this day Thomas is still trying to figure it out.

Whitewash • The War Department has quietly ordered the whitewash brush applied to all official histories of World War II.

Certain high-ranking generals are very sensitive about their mistakes being brought to light. So now all combat studies issued by the War Department will be laudatory.

Strange Alliance • Senator Bob Taft and acid-tongued Harold Ickes have been worlds apart. But they may not be politically in the burgeoning Presidential race.

Only their closest intimates know it, but the two men have established warm personal relations. They confer frequently, exchange views and plans.

A major bond between them is a strong antipathy to President Truman. Also, only old-timers remember it, but Ickes was a Republican until he supported Roosevelt in 1932. If he should back Taft, Ickes would merely be reverting to his original camp.

Out on a Limb • President Truman will visit Hawaii this summer. He may also make a flying trip to Alaska. Both territories are aggressively seeking statehood. . . . Justice William Douglas will resign in June to enter private practice. . . . Justice Robert Jackson also may resign this year. Two very attractive business offers have been made to him. . . . The Senate War Investigating Committee will probe the RFC and bring to light some sensational disclosures. . . . General Douglas MacArthur will visit the United States this spring to confer with high governmental officials. . . . There will not be a coal strike next month.

Are you in the know?

IRVING NURICK

If you're higher than your squire, should you—

☐ *Wait for a taller date*
☐ *Come down to earth*
☐ *Play stooper-woman*

What if he *isn't* tall and terrific? A short beau in tow is worth ten highboys on the loose. If you like him, come down to earth: avoid towering hats; swap spike heels for new, smart flats! No need to stoop. Even at "those" times, your bearing can be poised and proud, because with those *flat pressed ends* of Kotex, no telltale outlines show. And you get extra *protection* with that exclusive Kotex *safety center.*

Babs
Pam
Sue

Which gal can wear bangs best?

☐ *Babs*
☐ *Sue*
☐ *Pam*

A hairdo should fit the face that wears it. The pageboy's okay for Pam's oval face. But for chubby-cheeked Sue, bangs are bad. So-o? Babs could use the bangs: they're best suited to her long features. For coiffure-allure, be sure your hairdo befriends your type of face. And for confidence, on problem days, remember Kotex befriends your daintiness. Yes! There's a *deodorant* inside each Kotex napkin. See how this Kotex safeguard helps you stay charming!

Could she look trim as a bellhop, by—

☐ *Steaming in a Turkish bath*
☐ *Dusk-to-dawn jitterbugging*
☐ *Wearing a girdle*

Now *there's* the "bellhop look" she'd like! A girdle will help. The kind that belittles her waist, straightens that slump. Girdles are made so cleverly nowadays, you scarcely know you're wearing them. Like Kotex . . . and Kotex belts. For Kotex is made with lasting *softness* . . . made to *stay soft while you wear it.* And that adjustable Kotex Wonderform Belt fits so comfortably, smoothly (it's elastic) . . . lets you bend freely without binding.

Kotex
Sanitary Napkins
Contains a Deodorant
Kotex
Kotex
*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

PITCHING FOR MR. LITTLE

Continued from Page 24

His bearish attitude about having his pictures real and not phony is now a well-accepted fact in Hollywood, which rarely portrays events that could conceivably happen to an ordinary person. One touch of realism in Meet John Doe (1941) cost $25,000 and probably wasn't appreciated by twenty-five people in any given movie audience. The scene takes place on the rooftop of a skyscraper around Christmastime. It would have been simple to create a snowy background with gypsum and corn flakes. But Capra the perfectionist knows that when people stand around out of doors in freezing weather their breaths are visible on the [illegible]. So he had the set built in a Los Angeles ice house and filmed with the temperature ten degrees above zero. The actors' breaths froze. And so did the actors.

BORN in Palermo, Italy, Capra was one of the seven children of Salvatore Capra, a cultivator of vineyards. Benjamin, the eldest son, had come to America in 1899 and settled in Los Angeles. In 1903 the rest of the family, excepting one sister, embarked in the steerage for the land of opportunity. Brother Benjamin got them installed in an old house off North Broadway in Los Angeles, and the battle for existence began. Capra's big ambition as a kid was to go to college. No job was too hard or too degrading, just so long as he could put away money toward a college education. He got through high school at sixteen. He wanted to be an engineer and devoted the next two years to the accumulation of money for college fees. Because of his small stature he got a job with the Western Pipe and Steel Company, crawling inside pipes to inspect them. Thus he earned enough money to start him through Cal Tech.

Shortly after he graduated he enlisted as a second lieutenant in the Coast Artillery. World War I over, he again found himself without funds. Through a friend he got a job as tutor to Anita Baldwin, daughter of "Lucky" Baldwin, California's famous millionaire sportsman. Access to the extensive Baldwin library diverted his ambitions from engineering to writing. Then some one suggested, "Why don't you write for pictures?"

His first experiences in the studios were a series of disasters. In desperation he finally went to work as gagman for the Our Gang comedies, and later switched to the Mack Sennett lot to write gags for the sad-faced Harry Langdon. He directed three Langdon comedies and was doing right well until Langdon decided he'd do his own directing. After several more unfortunate fumbles, Capra was hired as a director by Columbia's Harry Cohn. He proceeded to do for Columbia what Deanna Durbin did for Universal—lifted it out of the red. Ever since his Bitter Tea of General Yen, Capra pictures have played the New York Radio City Music Hall. In 1940 he moved his unit to Warner Brothers, where he directed and produced independently Meet John Doe and Arsenic and Old Lace. In February, 1942, he closed up shop and went to war. In September, 1945, he received his honorable discharge.

Mr. and Mrs. Capra are considered one of the most normal couples in the motion-picture business. Mrs. Capra, who is generally called Lu, is a pleasantly unaffected woman with an engaging smile and a lively interest in her home and family. She reads the script of every picture before Frank starts working on it. As the picture progresses he brings home bits of film to run for her on their home projection machine. She's his severest critic. The Capras have three children: Frank, Jr., eleven; Lucille, eight; Tommy, six.

AS for his social life, Capra likes nothing better than long amiable discussions with his friends (his closest friends are the Ronald Colmans, the Charles Boyers, the Gary Coopers, the William Wellmans, and the Marc Connellys) on just about any subject they care to suggest. His willingness to take either side in an argument to promote good talk once led someone to ask Mrs. Capra if she always agreed with her husband. She laughed and said, "How can I? I never know from one day to the next whether we're Republicans or Democrats."

The Capras never give large cocktail parties at their Brentwood house, because Capra, whose hospitality is truly Latin, cannot understand the practice of inviting a lot of people for drinks and then not asking them to stay for dinner. "That's extremely rude," he says. He prefers to gather a few people casually around the family dinner table. Mrs. Capra has trained her three servants to be prepared for anywhere from two to five unexpected guests at dinner. By way of entertainment for guests, Capra is given to singing Italian songs and strumming on the guitar. He fancies himself as a composer and often treats his dinner guests to improvisations on the piano.

Quiet and unassuming in both his public and his private life, he is quickly ruffled if he thinks any organization which he heads (he's quite a joiner) is being pushed around. In 1939, when he was president of the Screen Directors Guild, he learned that the directors' group was getting nowhere in its attempts to sign a contract with the producers on wages, hours, working conditions. He was also head of the Academy at that time. And his You Can't Take It with You was up for both direction and production Oscars at the Academy's annual dinner.

For several weeks the Directors Guild made vain attempts to gain the ear of Joe Schenck, then president of the Association of Motion Picture Producers. Capra even pursued Schenck to the Santa Anita race track in the hope of gaining recognition for his union. But Schenck couldn't be pinned down. A few weeks before the Academy dinner, Capra tersely wired Schenck at Palm Springs that unless he took action immediately on the directors' contract which he had submitted to him, Capra would not only boycott the Academy dinner himself, but would see to it that no actors, directors, or writers attended. Schenck quickly signed the agreement.

In addition to their Brentwood house the Capras have a summer cottage at Malibu and a large citrus ranch near San Diego. The Brentwood place includes several acres which Capra has covered with fruit trees as a sort of memorial to his father.

"My father," he says, "was a magician as a horticulturist. He had oranges and lemons and grapefruit all growing on the same tree, and red and white roses on one bush." Dressed in overalls and an old slouch hat, Capra can often be found spraying insecticides on his orchard. He has contrived to grow grapefruit and lemons on the same tree. "Oranges," he says hopefully, "may join them any day."

THE END

AN ELEGANT MARGIN OF PROFIT

Continued from Page 32

times, with Bill married in Chicago and Barbara away at college. There's an awful lot of grass to cut."

"The neighborhood has changed," considered Iris. "Half the people are new."

"At seventeen thousand one hundred dollars," reflected Harper, "which allows the realtor the usual five-per-cent commission, we would still be four thousand ahead and could look back on twenty-five years' free rent, except for upkeep and taxes."

Iris' mind was running on its parallel but independent track, as usual. "She pays fifty dollars for her hats too. . . . Harper, did you say four thousand? Then I certainly would feel entitled—"

"Iris dear, why don't we take the car this afternoon and look about a bit? Some smaller place, up in the hills, would do us nicely."

"But I'd expect the house to be strictly modern," specified Iris. "Deep, deep eaves and wide, wide windows, and we'd get some good blond furniture."

They came home from their drive rather shaken.

"Those shacks!" exclaimed Harper Brastow. "Imitation Cape Cod or bad stucco Spanish or places that must have been originally designed for chicken coops. The lowest price quoted on any was twenty thousand."

"With bathtubs that stood up on legs," contributed Iris.

"The only one that even had a bench in its basement, with a vise and room to work a saw, was twenty-two thousand five hundred. If that place is worth that, this home of ours is worthy twenty-five thousand or it's not worth a cent."

Cried Iris, "Twenty-five thousand is what the Woosters paid for their house and grounds on Hilltop Terrace. . . . Harper, if our place is worth twenty-five thousand, it proves you're just as much of a success as Harry Wooster."

"Don't charge it up to any talents of mine. This little old place of ours did it by its own bootstraps. Who'd have expected it?" He contemplated the friendly roof, the sturdy beams, the quaint gables of Iris' own designing.

Harper decided that if Mrs. Vickery called again, he wouldn't give her five seconds, except for esthetic reasons. In those five seconds he'd inform her (*a*) that he valued his property at $25,000, and (*b*) that it was not for sale anyhow.

THE following night he came home to find a mink coat lying across the davenport. The price tag had been snipped off but lay beside it. Harper was aghast. "This," he thundered, "goes straight back!"

"I only had it sent home on approval," said Iris. "It's charged to me, but they'll credit my account with the full amount when I return it. I just wanted you to see how I look in it. Even Eileen Wooster," she purred, wrapping herself in the thing and rubbing her chin in the collar and tossing her violet eyes at him, "hasn't a coat any nicer."

Harper perceived that Iris was trying to live up to a $25,000 home. She'd always been a wonderful partner. He explained that the resources in their safe-deposit box hadn't increased any, and that his salary hadn't jumped either.

Iris understood. She paraded the coat before the mirror just once more and put it back in its box. Harper knew he wouldn't see it again. He felt like an assassin.

At dinner, Iris mentioned, "I nearly forgot. Mrs. Vickery was here this morning right after you left."

"Ah?" said Harper Brastow.

"What nauseating perfume she uses."

Harper replied guardedly, "Abominable."

"She didn't get a step beyond the living room, but I declare her eyes took in everything."

"Eyes," said Harper. "Very moving."

"I beg pardon?"

"Her eyes are always on the move. They get around."

"They must see through the walls. She even knows we have a bedroom fireplace. Harper, did you have her up there?"

"Iris! . . . What did Mrs. Vickery want?"

"She has a customer for our house at the price you gave her."

"Did you tell her we've been posting ourselves? That our home in these amazing times is worth fully twenty-five thousand, but that it is not for sale?"

"I told her it's not for sale at thirty thousand. The minute she left, I opened all the windows to get that awful scent out. It's Romantique. You buy it by the drop. The money that woman must make!"

The telephone rang. Harper answered. "Yes," he said, "this is he. Oh, *yes!*" He covered the mouthpiece. "It's Mrs. Vickery. She wants to come right over." Bird tones poured from the receiving end while he waited for Iris to tell him what to do. She gestured for him to hang up. "My dear Mrs. Vickery, we could not possibly be interested. We have analyzed our feelings and consulted each other." The caroling redoubled. "Yes," he managed to inject, "we are at home but dreadfully tired. . . . In that case, perhaps I should call for you." Aggressive signs of opposition from Iris made him supply hastily, "No? Very well, then, Mrs. Vickery." He hung up. "She will be over in five minutes."

Mrs. Vickery made it in three. "Dear, dear friends!" she tweeted, "I have a cash buyer for you at—now hold your breaths!—"

Iris was already holding hers.

"—at forty thousand dollars!" nightingaled Mrs. Vickery.

IT was completed the next day, first in Mrs. Vickery's dainty real-estate office on the main street, and then in the title-insurance office. Considering the cash angle of the transaction, Harper Brastow magnanimously threw in the gas stove that had served his household for so many years, together with the linoleums, the drapes, and the garden tools. He was somewhat dumfounded when the purchaser, after hearing him say that he hoped to be out of the house by the month's end, placed in his hands a notice of eviction effective in ninety days.

"It is only a formality, dear Mr. Brastow," laughed Ilona Vickery. "People from the East bring to our community their customs along with their furniture. I promised you that I would promptly find you another place to live."

"Naturally, Mrs. Vickery. I depend upon you," said Harper Brastow, somewhat groggy from being slugged with a forty-thousand-dollar certified check, a waft of Romantique, and a notice to get out of the house on or before the 24th of October.

TIME flies. When you're house-hunting under a Damoclean eviction notice, it flies like the Daylight Limited. Mrs. Vickery ran into a few little difficulties in her search

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for a suitable place for the Brastows. Her face took on a strained look whenever Harper entered her dainty office. When he told her that he and Iris had concluded to purchase, at $22,500, that chicken coop of a house with the inferior workbench—anything to escape the Wingartners, who had set up a house trailer in the garden at 45 Arbor Lane while waiting to take over—Mrs. Vickery grew positively owl-like with her hoots. The chicken coop, she assured him, had been sold. The imitation Cape Cod and the bad Spanish stucco had been sold. Mr. Brastow could accept her word for it, she was doing the very best she could.

Iris was busy house-hunting too. She haunted Los Cerritos' apartment houses. She haunted other real-estate offices. She tramped streets and rang doorbells. Her face took on a drawn look that gave her husband deep anxiety. "We *must* find *something*," she warned repeatedly, "before the twenty-fourth of October, or our furniture will be put right out on the sidewalk. Mrs. Wingartner says so every time she comes over to borrow the oven. She says it happened to them in Detroit, in Cleveland, and in Washington, D. C., and that we're not to expect any different treatment."

IT was on the 21st of October when Mrs. Vickery, jumping up when Harper entered her office, caught both his hands in hers, served him a lush whiff of Romantique, and meadow-larked, "Dear Harper, I've found it! A perfectly adorable nest for two. Close to transportation, virtually no garden to worry about, and brand shiny new. Still lacking a few unobtainable items perhaps, such as window shades, but your wife is so clever—she'll make draw curtains, I know. Five rooms," she titwillowed, still gripping his fingers, "and only—now hold your breath!—eleven thousand. What an elegant margin of profit between your old home and your new!"

The warm pressure of her hands, and the fact that she insisted upon driving him herself to the Slater Tract, all combined to undo Harper Brastow like a zipper. The nest was close to transportation, all right. It was fifty feet from the railroad tracks. It offered, indeed, a surcease from gardening. The lot was forty feet by ninety. The house was a mere cracker box. There were thirty-one others exactly like it on the same acre.

But it had a roof and walls, and the Brastows' need was desperate.

When the van brought their furniture, or what didn't go into storage, the Brastows also found out how brand shiny new their domicile was. It had no connection, as yet, with either water or sewer.

Nor would it have, Higginbotham the plumber pledged them, for an indefinite period. Pipes were still off the market. The Brastows were advised to borrow water from one of the houses that had it. As for the other facility that was lacking, why, their neighbors were probably generous in that direction too.

Iris couldn't buy a stove. But there was a nearby drive-in restaurant.

Five days of this, during which nails sprang out of the lumber, and the delayed rains started falling. The roofs over the Slater Tract houses also turned out to be just a pleasantry. That morning Harper encountered Ed Prouty on the train. Ed, their old neighbor on the street back of Arbor Lane, had made a couple of shifts in recent months and now occupied a dream home in Las Alturas, a suburb farther down the line.

"I know what you're up against," said Ed. "There was a week when we lived in the Slater Tract ourselves. Look here, why don't you and Iris come down to Las Alturas and double up with us? Our house is small—I gave only nine thousand bucks for it—but it has running water. And a fully fitted bathroom. We can go snucks on the household expenses, if you insist."

Iris, who'd always been fond of Lavender Prouty, almost wept with relief. They dispatched what belongings they needed to Las Alturas, sent the rest to storage, turned the key on the cracker-box house, and rode off with Ed and Lavender Prouty and the four Prouty children.

"It's small," reminded Ed again, "but handy. Especially for you two—you'll have the downstairs bedroom. The wives will share the housework and us men the expenses. You Brastows are cordially welcome."

The house was a converted barn, close to a yew hedge which was twelve feet tall and dripped. The downstairs bedroom window was eighteen inches from this yew hedge. The living room adjoining the bedroom contained a player piano. "It came with the house," said Ed, "along with the hot-water heater and the washing machine. It's the only one of the three that works." It worked, all right. The four Prouty children, ages eight to thirteen, kept it going from three thirty until 9 P.M.

Owing to cracks in the laundry trays, the Prouty family washing was done in the bathroom. Owing to water-heater difficulties, baths had to be poured into the tub by teakettle. Six Proutys, and the fact that Ed had a tough beard to shave, made it a feat for a Brastow to get into the bathroom of a morning or any other time. The oldest Prouty boy also made use of the bathroom as a photographic darkroom. The results were interesting. One of the developing solutions that he left in the tub gave Iris the strangest tan she ever had experienced, one so funny that Harper all but called Ed to see it.

There were also kidney stews. The Proutys liked a variety of foods that the Brastows had never gone in for. Iris bought what she and Harper liked better, and Harper met the bill for their uneaten share of the Prouty viands uncomplainingly.

"Look here, Ed," said Harper one morning after a long wait to shave. "Why don't I buy this house from you? Iris and I are deeply appreciative of your hospitality and all that, but we do feel we are crowding you beyond reason."

Ed Prouty considered. "Want to come up with an offer?"

"Ten thousand."

"Twenty-five."

"Eleven."

"I like you fine, Harper, or I used to. Lavender used to like Iris too. Funny how people's oddities show up when you take them into your home. . . . Want to go to twenty-four?"

THEY compromised on $19,000. Certified check escrowed, title examined, check transferred. Ed asked for a week to find a place for his brood. Harper, his conscience badly buckled, urged him to take two. At the end of three, Harper asked him if he had found anything. "There's not a place in sight," said Ed cheerfully, "but we're all getting along much better, aren't we?" At the end of four weeks, Iris insisting, Harper took a grip on his resolution, swallowed three slugs of rye, and handed Ed a paper with Ed's name on it.

"Heel," said Ed without unfolding the paper to look at it. "What one would expect from an old neighbor he's befriended."

Harper hastily assured Ed that it was a mere formality, and that meanwhile he would ask no rent.

"Try and get it, even if you expect any," challenged Ed. "Meanwhile, ever-loving landlord, I'll just quit being in such an all-fired hurry to get out. I've got until almost the first of April."

Winter proceeded to be "unusual"

"Still love me?"

LIBERTY

in earnest. The drip of the yew hedge, however, no longer bothered Harper and Iris. As proprietors, they took the upstairs bedroom and let their ex-hosts have the damp cell off the living room. There were other changes. The player piano went out, and laundrying and photography in the bathroom were limited.

Perhaps it was zeal for personal cleanliness. The Proutys each took to bathing several times a day.

Perhaps it was the meat shortage. Lavender Prouty took to filling the house with the ceaseless odor of frying fish.

The Brastows, letting the Proutys have the living room, stuck to their upstairs bedroom in the evenings and listened to their radio.

When Brastows and Proutys met, it was usually outside the bathroom. They bowed icily for awhile; then they just raced. Then the Proutys took to holding the bathroom in relays, six against two. The Prouty children loved this and Iris began to get internal megrims. Harper used the lavatory on the train.

THE rains were still on, but almond and acacia blossoms were sweetening the air when Harper and Iris received a letter from their son Bill. He wanted to come west in March with his wife and babies for a two-week stay.

"The Proutys won't be legally ejectable until March thirty," said Iris, who marked each quarter day off on a calendar. "It will be a little dismaying to have Bill and Caroline and the two babies in with this turmoil, won't it?"

"And Barbara will be wanting to spend her March vacation with us," added Harper.

It was something to ponder, and Harper weighed it thoroughly going and coming on the train. And he got up and advanced from the last car, the one he always rode in, to the first car, which was Ed Prouty's favorite. "Ed," he said.

"Ah, the host!" exclaimed Ed. "Hello, heel."

"Ed, how would you like to buy your place back?"

"Eight thousand!" shouted Ed.

"Twenty-eight!" countered Harper.

They compromised at $15,000, and when check and deed had been exchanged, Ed said, "By the way, here's a paper whose style ought to be familiar to you. It gives you ninety days, but perhaps you'd like to move out sooner. I'm going to have all cracks and keyholes in the house sealed up and start fumigating it day after tomorrow."

That evening Harper got off the train at Los Cerritos. He did not seek charm or Romantique-by-the-drop. He went along Main Street until he found a homely man lounging behind a real-estate counter paring his fingernails. He looked, and sounded, like a crow. Pleased, Harper told him he wanted to buy a home. He outlined his requirements.

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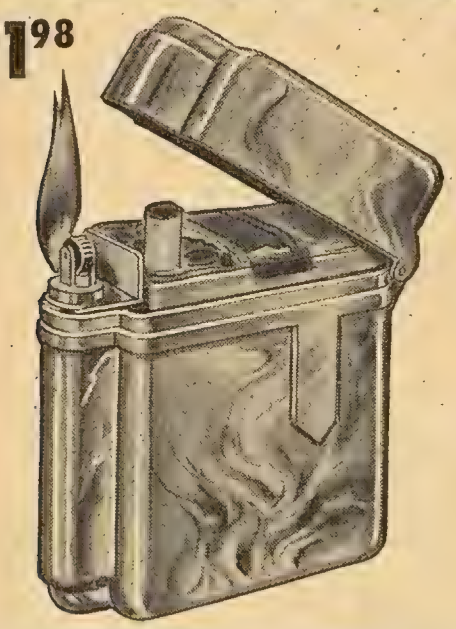

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The realtor closed his beady eyes in thought, opened them with decision. "I bet I know just the ticket, if it can be had. Wait here." He jumped into his car. Harper sat down. The realtor returned. "Willing to go fifty thousand?"

"Where's the property?"

"Forty-five Arbor Lane. Eighty feet front, ninety rear, eight rooms, three baths. The main bedroom, mister, even has a fireplace in it—"

"I'll take it," said Harper, "if the owner will move out before tomorrow night."

"There's always a catch to these deals," cawed the realtor. "Where in hell will he and his family go?"

"I have just the place for them. Brand shiny new, five rooms, close to transportation, no big garden to worry about, merely a few things lacking such as window shades—"

"How much?"

"Nine thousand, if he'll take it as is. Two thousand less than I paid."

"I'll take it myself, mister, and stick him fourteen. Go ahead and hire your van—you've bought a fifty-thousand-dollar house."

THE whir of his lawn mower that February day was music to Harper Brastow's ears. True, the grass had gone heavily to dandelions in his absence, and there were other savage sorrows: the $12,000, including commission, he'd lost by selling and rebuying this estate; the whacking $4,379.50 the federal government had snatched out of his illusory profit; the $6,450 he'd lost on the other two houses. Call it, with state income tax, $23,000, not counting a truckload of incidentals such as paying the fellow Wingartner $25 to get this lawn mower back. Good old mower. Even as it hit a bone, Harper felt spiritually uplifted. The kids could come home. And Iris, now that she was back, was happy as a lark—

Larks made him think of Mrs. Vickery. So did something else. A perfume.

"Mr. Brastow!" robined a voice at the gate. "You're back!"

Stated Harper, "Iris is going to receive a box this afternoon. She doesn't know it's coming, but it is. A big box full of a big, soft, incredibly silly and expensive sable coat. For a loyal, valiant, dead-game lady. It's the only thing that's suitable for the mistress of a fifty-thousand-dollar home."

"Only fifty thousand, Harper? I can do better than that. Shall I try to get you sixty thousand for it?"

"Begone!"

Casting a startled look behind her, Mrs. Vickery bewent. Harper looked about for his hickory chair. He remembered: the Wingartners had chucked it on the trash heap. Which was fortunate. If they'd known how he regarded that chair, they'd have stuck him fifty dollars for it. He went around to the trash heap and fetched his hickory chair. He placed it under the tulip tree and sat down in it.

THE END

THE MEANEST DOG IN THE WORLD

Continued from Page 23

to avoid him, and then saw him leaning out of his window sketching her as she dog-walked the puppies. It was a difficult problem. When she turned her back on him she had a horrible conviction that he was sketching the fanny he'd discussed so freely. When she faced him, she couldn't avoid his eyes.

One day she decided to have it out with him. Everything had been going hideously anyway. Happy liked the training and Kim was trying; but Domino was hopeless. Doria had had to turn down new puppies, because she didn't want to start beginners with the bad influence of Domino. In addition, Colonel Underhill was working his way across the country and calling Doria at every stop, advising her that firmness and discipline were the answers in dog training. With mixed feelings, Doria had learned that he was due in New York by evening.

She worked the three dogs relentlessly on wooden dumbbell training —fetching, retrieving, carrying. On Domino, she did her best to apply the colonel's rules. But it wasn't until she finished the lesson and got the dogs out on the street that Domino really seemed to catch. First, he leaped at the tails on a passing stranger's mink scarf. When Doria yanked him away, he flew in the other direction and succeeded in snatching a rolled newspaper from a man's hand, carrying it proudly to Doria. The man swore. Doria returned the newspaper and apologized. Happy sat at heel, Kim sniffed in the gutter, and Domino entertained himself by picking up a random assortment of items from the sidewalk and swallowing them. At last Doria had time to grab a loathsome piece of old banana out of his jowls and throw it down the street. Just as she did that, she looked up at Dick's window. He was sitting there with his sketching pad, grinning.

DORIA grabbed the dogs, flew upstairs, and presented herself at his door.

"You have to stop this! You have no right to sketch me."

He put his sketch pad on the table, face down. "Why not?"

"It's—it's— I'll sue you."

He shook his head. "No, darling. Anything in the street is in the public domain. Come on in with your dogs and have a cigarette."

"I don't smoke."

"Imagine my not knowing that about you! I'll make a bargain with you! Come out to dinner with me tonight and I'll stop sketching you."

"That's ridiculous. Besides, I have a date."

"It's the sixth night you've been out. Which one is it? The little guy with the mustache or the big blond dumb superman or—"

"You can't be getting along very well with your work, if you have all this time to spy on me."

He shrugged. "It's the puppies I really worry about. Alone there night after night, eating their little hearts out. Besides, I should think three puppies could do quite a lot of damage in a few hours."

"I shut them in crates. Individual crates. They sleep in crates and they stay in them whenever I go out. They're trained not to bark in them. And I'm never gone longer than four hours."

"It seems longer than that to me sometimes. I sit here with my little light burning in the window waiting for my wandering girl and—"

"You must be slipping if you sit home nights."

"That's the trouble. I'm breaking my heart over you."

She let out an exasperated groan. "You—you wolf! I have half a mind to complain to the building manager."

He shook his head again. "Be calm, darling. I wouldn't, if I were you, what with apartments so scarce, and you running a kennel."

"It's not a kennel."

"Look. We're grown-up people. If I promise to stop bothering you, will you break your date and go out with me tonight?"

She scowled. "Of course not."

"O.K. Compromise then. I won't ever sketch you again if you invite me in for a cocktail tonight before you go on your date."

She hesitated. "Why do you bother me this way? Can't you find yourself some other dame?"

"Another promise. When we're having a cocktail, I promise to behave. No passes. Not even a friendly arm around the shoulders. Strictly honorable, just like the rest of your gents."

"How do I know you'll keep your promise?"

"Try me and see. You'll be surprised. Shall we say Martinis at six?"

The dogs were getting restless. Doria made a face. "Well, all right. But only for cocktails—"

"Why, Doria!" he said. "Six it is. And now run along. You've been keeping me from work. I'm busy."

PROMPTLY at six he buzzed her doorbell. The puppies were fed, walked, and blessedly sleepy. The Martinis were in a shaker on the table. And Doria, who had changed her dress three times, was in her closest-fitting black crepe. Dick lifted his eyebrows when he saw her.

"I don't see why you don't appeal to other men. You do bring out all the worst in me."

She smiled and poured Martinis into glasses. He stared at the coffee table. "Why the third glass? Does Domino drink?"

She looked at her watch. "It's for Harry. He likes Martinis too. So I called him and asked him to join us. He's a little late."

Dick sat down. "Which one is Harry? The mustache?"

Doria exercised her dimple. It really was a scar left by a pair of scissors which her young brother had once thrown at her, but it worked almost as well as a real dimple. "He's the one you call Superman. He was All-American at Yale last year."

Dick nodded. "You're a smart girl."

"Drink your drink, darling. I'm living up to my part of the bargain and I hope you are gentleman enough to keep yours. Nothing was said about cocktails for two."

HE drained his glass in one gulp and poured himself another. Just then the doorbell buzzed and Harry joined them. He was charming with the puppies, praised the Martinis, complimented Doria on her dress, and said he admired Dick's work. For twenty minutes they drank cocktails and were polite. Then Harry stood up, with a reminder about a dinner reservation. He held Doria's coat while Doria popped the puppies into the crates and fastened the catches. When she finally had put Domino into the last one, by luring him with a puppy biscuit, Dick bent down to fasten the catch and hissed in her ear:

"You wouldn't have a chance against a big brute like Superman if you roused the beast in him. Now, with a weak unathletic character like me—"

Doria stood up. "All set, Harry. On the way in the cab, I'll tell you a funny story about how I first met Dick."

She didn't, as a matter of fact, tell the story. That was one of the relaxing things about going out with Harry: He did all the talking. He danced well, he ordered an excellent dinner, and he delivered her at the door at just eleven o'clock, in good time for the last puppy walk. She shook hands with him and went into the building.

Mr. Martin, the building manager, was standing by the elevator. He started belligerently when he saw her.

"Miss Logan, you get rid of those dogs first thing tomorrow."

Doria stared at him. "What's the matter?"

"Matter? The three of them barking for four hours by my watch. Everybody in the building complained. I tried to go in and stop them, but the black-and-white one growled at me. Either you or the dogs leave tomorrow morning."

"But they were all locked in and they're trained not to bark in their crates. I've never had any trouble before. You know."

"Come with me," said Mr. Martin. He drove the elevator himself. The din was terrific and Domino's hound call rose above the noises of the other two like the voice of the lyric soprano in an opera. She shuddered, frantically unlocking the door. Mr. Martin watched impassively while she investigated. Kim and Happy were still behind locked doors, but their agitation had been caused by Domino, who was definitely at large and feeling pleased with himself. Doria's eye swept over the rug that he had chewed; three of her slippers, now heelless, dropped negligently on the sofa; the overturned lamp; and Domino's crate. The door was certainly open and the latches were not broken. Doria had a grim fleeting memory of Dick bending over to

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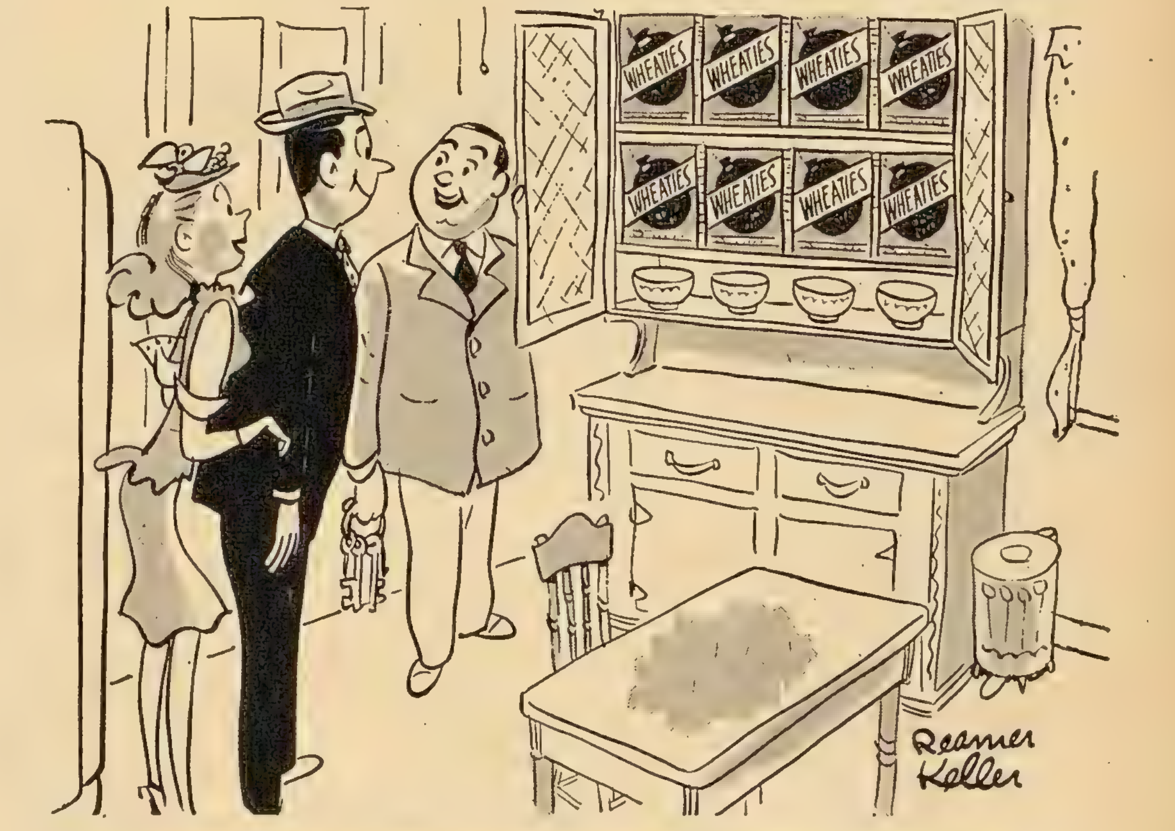

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help her fasten them and whispering in her ear.

"This is all a mistake," she said. "A friend of mine was playing a practical joke on me and left one of the crates open and the puppy got out and teased the other puppies into barking and—"

Domino flung himself on her. She could see Mr. Martin standing at the door, his eyes on the cocktail shaker.

"What my tenants do," he said, "is their own business so long as they don't make nuisances of themselves. I don't hold with drinking cocktails, but I can't complain about your doing it, until you get so besotted you go out and leave your dogs, and then—"

"Mr. Martin," Doria said, "I—I was just training these dogs for friends. I'll get rid of them tomorrow."

He scowled and twisted the doorknob in his hand. Domino stopped and cocked his head. In the split second before Doria recognized his intention, the puppy was out of the door. Doria dashed to the corridor, just in time to see him disappear inside Dick's apartment.

"Annoyin' the other tenants," said Mr. Martin heavily. "Dogs should be in the country, where they can run. It isn't right in an apartment. The way he went in that door shows it isn't the first time—"

Doria had decided that the time had come willy-nilly for her to do something. Before she could focus her mind on what, Domino had reappeared with a great wad of yellow cloth ballooning out of either side of his mouth.

It was, unmistakably, the bottom of a pair of pajamas. Men's pajamas.

"Annoyin' other tenants," said Mr. Martin. "Stealin' things from them. Or maybe—maybe this Mr. Hurley who is rentin' the apartment is a friend of yours?"

Doria felt herself get red, then purple. While Domino efficiently shredded the yellow pajamas, she tried to explain. It was useless. At last Mr. Martin disappeared in his elevator, still muttering threats.

She spent a miserable night. At one o'clock she got out of bed and found pencil and paper to figure out current cash on hand. The sum was not encouraging. She turned out the light and started counting on her fingers model agencies where she could register. But modeling meant clothes and beauty shops and other expensive nuisances. Somewhere toward morning, she fell asleep and dreamed of puppies dragging her around on the end of leads, puppies that talked with voices like Dick Hurley. She was relieved when the alarm rang.

She went about her chores methodically: the last dog walk; the last breakfast; the grooming of the dogs; and, most painful, the notification of the owners. Like his dog, Colonel Underhill was the problem child. In the course of an hour he called back three times and changed the address where Domino was to be delivered. And Doria was just ready to leave when the telephone rang again.

She swore and threw the leads on the floor. But she had to answer.

"Colonel Underhill, I—"

"I'm no colonel. I'm sorry. I've been waiting for you to give the puppies their eleven-o'clock walk so I could apologize. Was Mr. Martin sore?"

"Oh, no," said Doria. "He thought it was cute. Especially the part where Domino came out with your pajamas in his mouth. What made you think of that touch?"

"I don't know," he muttered humbly. "I couldn't resist it. Look, baby. Walk your brats and then stop by for lunch with me."

"No, thanks. I haven't time. I'm returning the puppies this morning by order of Mr. Martin, and then I'm going to have to find some other way of making a living."

Dick groaned. "Honest, I didn't mean to do that to you. I just had an idea that if I left the crate open and Domino made a nuisance of himself, you would decide to stay home with him more. Really, darling."

"I have a cab waiting," Doria said and slammed down the receiver.

Happy was the first to be dropped off. He behaved like a lamb, remembered his lessons and had the charm and grace to walk with teacher to the cab. Kim, who was the second stop, was something else again. The minute Doria relinquished the lead, he sluffed off learning. He flung his champagne feathers at his young mistress, kissed her ecstatically, and dragged her down the street to the first fire hydrant.

SHE had known Domino would be the worst. But she was unprepared for his sudden quiet when she got back into the cab with him. He sagged.

As a last gesture, Domino was being carsick. She snatched him up on her lap and rolled down the window. She found a peppermint in her bag and offered that. He snuffled at it dispiritedly, but it seemed to help. He was still snuffling when the cab drew up in front of a small smart house.

"You're late! And dogs should ride on the floor in taxicabs." A little man with waxed mustaches thrust an accusing finger in her face.

Doria put Domino on the floor. He jumped promptly and firmly back into her lap. "Colonel Underhill, I'm sorry. The puppy was carsick."

"Carsick!" The colonel snorted. "I thought you were a dog trainer. What can he do?"

"He can retrieve," Doria said. "And he can heel—a—little."

"Let's see him."

She handed Domino out. He stood trembling on the sidewalk. "Heel!" the colonel shouted. Domino collapsed on the sidewalk. The colonel tugged him to his feet. Domino shot back into the cab. Doria was not

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quite sure what happened in the next few minutes. The colonel and Domino were engaged in a private tug of war, mostly under Doria's legs. During it the colonel was screaming that Doria had ruined a spirited dog, and Doria was muttering hotly back that it would take a better woman than she was to break Domino's spirit. Suddenly she was aware that the hurly-burly under her feet had stopped and that the colonel had withdrawn to a neutral corner.

"The dog slipped his collar," the driver explained to her startled look. "He's off in a cloud of smoke down the road."

Doria flung herself out of the cab. The colonel put a hand on her arm.

"Let him go. I don't want him any more. I won't have a cringing dog around my house."

"But he'll be killed!"

"All right. Better a dead dog than a bad one. Next time I'll train my own dog. I should have known enough not to trust a lily-livered lapdog-loving female who—"

Doria did not hear the rest. She was chasing Domino. She caught up with him at a traffic intersection and saw him almost disappear under the wheels of a truck. He escaped through a hedge and she followed him. Two small boys joined her and Domino eluded the three of them. He careened across streets, pausing just often enough to delude them into thinking that he could be caught. A sailor joined the pack; so did a small girl on roller skates. Then, just as he wheeled back around a corner and shot underneath a car, Doria got a good look at his eyes. Domino was having fun. It was a game.

SHE sat down heavily on a curb and told the rest to go away. One by one they left. Doria sat, making indifferent singing noises. Finally Domino joined her on the curb.

The taxi driver was waiting with Doria's handbag and Domino's collar and lead.

"I figured you'd come back. I didn't know about the dog. Well, it looks as if you own him now."

Doria put the collar on Domino viciously. "I do not! I'm going to take the colonel's dog back to him and throw it in his face."

The driver shook his head. "No, lady. You didn't hear all he had to say. The last thing, he was going to sue you. I don't know much about the law, but it seems to me if he don't have no evidence, he can't sue. What do you think?"

"Driver," said Doria, "how would you like a nice little dog as a present? Have you any children?"

The driver grinned. "Not me. And my wife raises cats."

"Well, haven't you any friends with children?"

He faced her. "Look, lady. I've seen that dog in operation. I wouldn't give him to anybody who was a friend of mine. Where to?"

"Home, I guess," answered Doria.

Domino went to sleep in the taxicab on the way home. He wasn't at all carsick. He snuggled at her feet and went to sleep.

Mr. Martin was running the elevator when she got back. He stared at Domino. Doria shrank into her shell. Her suit was covered with dog hair, her face was hot and dirty, and she had a raw sore on her left hand acquired sometime during the chase.

"The other two are gone," she said. "I'll get rid of this one before night."

Mr. Martin sniffed.

"I'll get rid of him," Doria promised and got off at her floor. Dick's door was open. Domino dived for it. Before she could pull the dog back, Dick had picked him up.

"What happened? I thought you were taking Domino back to his owner."

Doria shuddered. "It's a long and gruesome story."

"What's the matter? Are you sick?"

DORIA leaned against the wall. She felt dizzy. Suddenly tears popped into her eyes and plowed down her dusty face.

"Baby, what's the matter?"

"I—I'm mad! I didn't have any breakfast and I've had a horrible night and morning and you and Domino are to blame."

"What you need," said Dick, "is some coffee."

He dropped Domino and picked her up. She found herself on his couch with her shoes off, drying her eyes on one of his clean handkerchiefs. Domino was dreamily chewing on a long and somewhat disreputable tennis shoe. After a few minutes Dick came back with a glass.

"Brandy," he said. "Drink it. The coffee is coming up. Now, what happened?"

The brandy stopped the tilting of her stomach. She gave Dick an outline of the dog chase. Dick sat on the floor beside Domino, watching him bite off huge hunks of rubber sole and swallow them with relish. When she had finished, he grinned.

"Well, damn it, you can sell Domino, can't you? Isn't he worth quite a bit of dough?"

She shook her head. "Not without a pedigree. The colonel has that. I—I don't feel like asking for it."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"Take him to an animal shelter. Maybe some dope will be willing to pay two dollars for a license and rescue him. Otherwise—"

"In that case," Dick said, "I'll give you fifty dollars for the dog. Cash."

Doria laughed.

"No," he said, "I mean it."

She put down her glass and sat up. "Look. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to do this to you, but I'm not going to have Domino bounce back again. Mr. Martin has taken quite a—personal dislike to Domino. You couldn't keep him in this building."

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"Then I'll move back to the country. The syndicate said I could. I'm the bright boy over there now. I came up with a new character in my strip that they think is terrific."

Doria stiffened. "A new character with a fanny wiggle?"

He smiled at her. "Relax, darling. I hate to disappoint you, but the character is a dog. A dog like Domino. They think it's even better than sex."

Doria swallowed. "You mean that—"

"Yes, baby. It was Domino I was drawing when I leaned out of the window with my sketch pad. Don't you like the idea?"

Doria leaned back. "I smell coffee, and I need it. Please, would you?"

He came back with two cups and the percolator. He poured them. Doria watched the steam from the cups.

"In that case, I'll give him to you free. I—I've been a little bit of a dope, haven't I? Or maybe I am slipping."

HE came over and sat on the couch. "What do you mean?"

"A couple of centuries ago you said that the time for a girl to start worrying was when a man didn't make passes at her. What's wrong with my fanny wiggle?"

"Nothing, only—"

"Only what?"

"Only I feel kind of privately interested in it. I didn't want to put it in the newspaper."

Doria jerked upright.

"O.K.," he said. "O.K., I was a dope once and made a pass at you. But watching you around here in overalls, with the puppies—well, the wolf has had his fangs pulled. Go ahead and laugh at me. I'm nuts about you."

"Look at me," said Doria. "I'm laughing."

He lifted his head. She wasn't laughing. There were tears in her eyes. "Damn it," she said. "Do you know why I was so scared of you in the first place and had to fight? Do you know why I followed your career and knew you were in the country? Do you want to know why I wouldn't be alone with you?"

He shook his head.

"Well," she exploded, "I was crazy about you the minute I set eyes on you years ago. I was afraid if I let you kiss me, I would—like it too much. And then I'd become just one of your dames and you'd forget me and—"

He put his arms around her and kissed her gently. In the middle of the kiss, Doria felt herself being lurched violently away from him. She looked down. Domino was sitting between them.

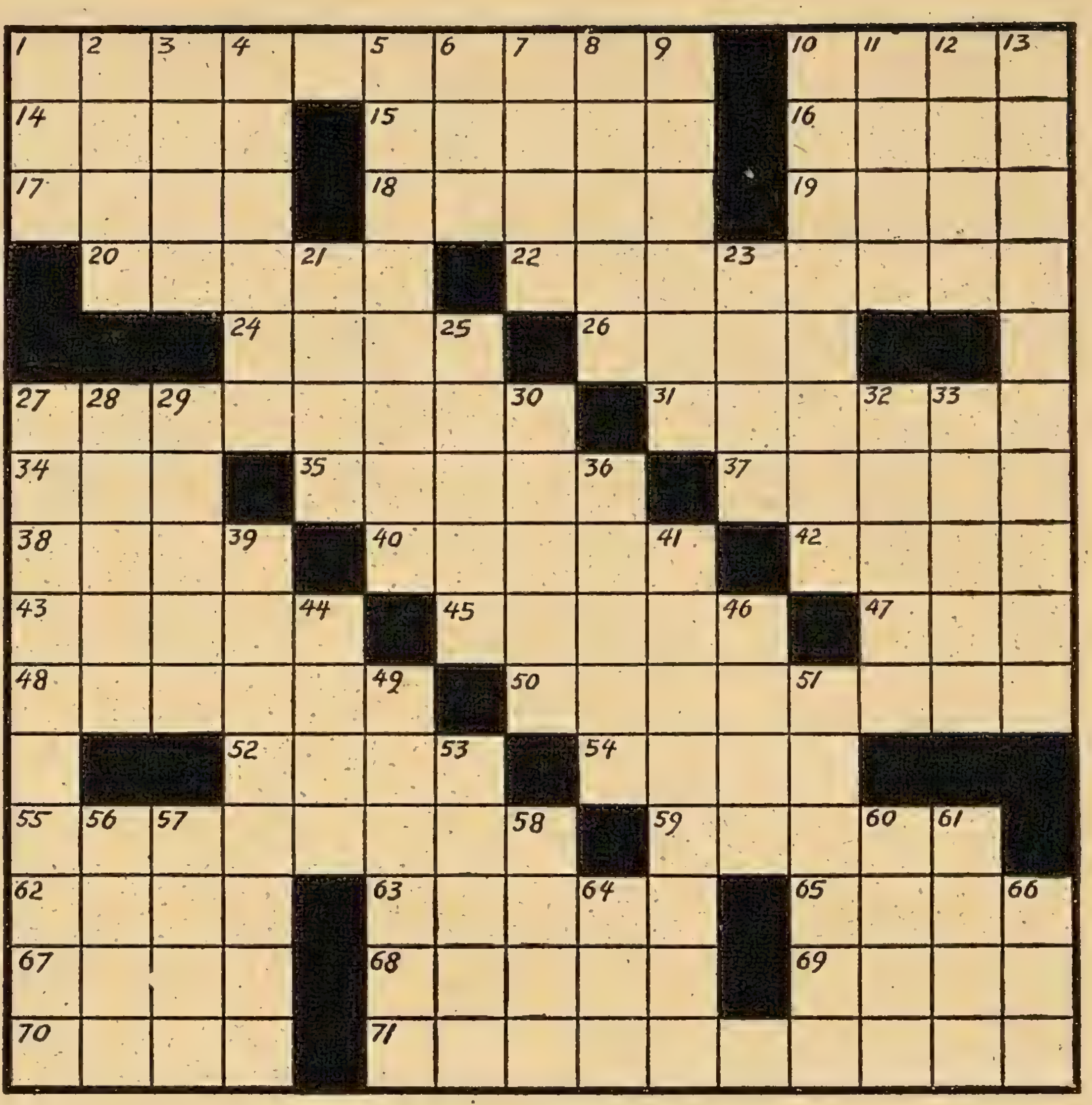
"*He* is the meanest dog in the world," said Dick. "He won't even let me kiss my girl."

Doria laughed. "Let him be. We'll kiss around him. He's a wonderful dog. Didn't he find you for me?"

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 China clippers (two words)
10 Noah Jr.
14 Declaustrophobiator
15 If you do, you're likely to have to dye
16 Author of *Delenda est Carthago*
17 If you have a new one in your pocket these days, you have a friend
18 Pursue archaically
19 Give a gent hot pants. make him sharp-looking
20 This's bound to dig something up for the spring season.
22 Cliff dwelling
24 Lizard's female
26 *Iran* into a nurse (anag.)
27 It may mean nothing at the ball park, but it's a fowl ball on the farm (two words)
31 Simonized gingham
34 One of the drunken Collinses
35 Indian highway
37 Place where taxicabs were a smashing success (Fr.)
38 *Ties* to end, to humanize (anag.)
40 "—— thief!" cried the barber sharply at his hone, sweet hone
42 Finger device married man changes for nasal variety
43 Ethiopian brass hat
45 This joint elevates the spirits, makes the inner man glow
47 Pronoun
48 A-1 body snatchers
50 Insultan woman storage
52 After 22 beers your blood has this on it
54 Product of make-up, publicity, and several marriages
55 Cowpuncher with athlete's foot

P	A	L	M	B	E	A	C	H	■	G	H	O	S	T
O	R	A	T	E	■	R	O	E	■	R	A	D	I	O
K	I	S	S	■	A	M	E	N	■	O	Z	O	N	E
E	A	T	■	P	L	O	D	■	S	P	I	R	E	D
■	■	■	F	E	A	R	■	S	T	E	N	■	■	A
B	L	A	R	E	S	■	S	T	U	R	G	E	O	N
L	I	F	E	R	■	B	O	O	B	S	■	V	R	C
U	N	I	T	■	H	O	L	E	S	■	P	A	G	E
E	E	R	■	P	I	N	E	S	■	R	A	D	A	R
P	R	E	S	I	D	E	S	■	R	A	V	E	N	S
L	■	■	U	S	E	S	■	B	I	T	E	■	■	■
A	G	E	N	T	S	■	P	E	T	S	■	K	O	P
T	O	R	S	O	■	M	E	R	E	■	F	I	L	E
E	A	S	E	L	■	O	R	E	■	A	L	L	E	N
S	T	E	T	S	■	A	U	T	O	M	A	T	O	N

February 15 answer

59 *Scion* of idol sets (anag.)
62 *Door* to a kitchen (anag.)
63 It's curtains for the average housewife (sing.)
65 Forgotten Men of '47 (abbr.)
67 *Pane* is commonly administered here (anag.)
68 Gassy gal
69 These birds like to keep an ear to the ground
70 What things are usually hungrily
71 This Russian count was quite a pudden'head

VERTICAL

1 Vitaminized and calciumized
2 When the Army hit this line, it crumbled
3 Kinda nyah
4 Engages in self-help on the sly
5 Scotch haircutters
6 What the historian kept in the fire
7 Brooklyn oyster's beginning
8 *Rerut* more accurately (anag.)
9 These animals have a terrific sense of humor, are a howling success
10 Oriental snickersnee and toenail parer
11 What the unkempt lady rabbit had in her eye
12 Wellington's High
13 European Rhode Island
21 Surplus waist remover
23 riahesroH
25 Hard item
27 Good thing for Jimmy Durante to keep his nose to
28 *Route* around Mongolia (anag.)
29 It marked the end for Socrates but amounted to nothing
30 Made of sugar, spice, and everything nice
32 revir hcnerF fo weiv kcaB
33 Ho-humdrum
36 Large droopy things hanging around mugs
39 Anguished with the pip
41 It hung around the old-time drawing room and collected all the dirt
44 Crossword cliché
46 Women's Adorably Armed Corps (abbr.)
49 Make blue
51 This Cleveland once stood in Washington.
53 He had a tic and a code in the head and always had to dash
56 Rose, the Shinamaroocha Gal
57 Von Ribbentrop's last suspender
58 Vicious Victorian vituperation
60 No one's in *Nome* (anag.)
61 Wild West gin rummy
64 Half a peseta
66 This direction points the way to the end (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

American Brotherhood Week

(February 16 to 23)

a statement by

General Douglas MacArthur

OUR country today, in the wake of history's most titanic struggle, is confronted with issues hardly less perplexing, hardly less grave than were the issues of war. For victory finds us with severe internal wounds and dislocations which must be healed and corrected, and with internal and external threats which must be resisted—and victory has cast for us responsibility of leadership in peace which we can no more ignore than the responsibility we assumed of leadership in war. That leadership was one of the spirit no less than of the flesh—complete unity of America's freemen, all welded as one into a great and invincible force dedicated, at whatever cost, to sustain our cause.

Now, to carry that burden of responsibility, which war has created and victory has imposed, requires that we proceed in no less unity of purpose to meet the issues of the present than we did to meet the issues of the past. In so doing there is no conflict in the divergence of religious faiths, as all religion, whether it be that of Christian or Jew, is founded upon the same basic concepts of human relationship—justice, tolerance, and decency—and all finds its application in everyday life and works of the individual rather than in any delimitation to house and day of worship.

OUR history records no single instance of religious distinction in the burdens of war or the burdens of peace, nor in the manner in which Americans of all faiths nobly have carried those burdens to bring our country safely and honorably through the successive crises which have beset our people, as they have beset all mankind. Nor can it be said that our national and individual progress is to the credit of men of one faith more than of another, as our philosophy of life is firmly rooted in the proposition that all Americans are equal and all are free, and each has the opportunity to contribute to that progress in accordance with his stature, spiritually, mentally, and physically. God grant that it may never be otherwise—for should that individual freedom be abridged or that equality of opportunity be curtailed, our strength as a people would rapidly decline and our country inevitably would perish.

THE END

YOU GET MORE IN THE BIGGER, LIVELIER Liberty!!

DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE... MARCH 15th...OUT MARCH 1st

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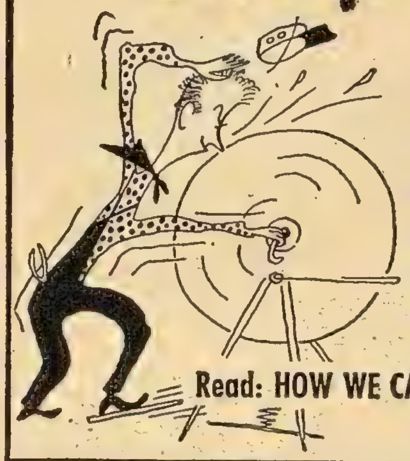

When Bill Green of the A F of L says more production per man is the answer to bigger pay, lower prices, no depression . . . that's news! He lays it on the line to labor, management and Johnny Q. Citizen, in March 15th Liberty. This is important reading.

Read: HOW WE CAN GET MORE MONEY FOR EVERYONE, by *William Green*

Can you have Love twice?

Can a mother live romance over again in the love life of a beautiful daughter? Anne Marcher tried it . . . plump and plain, a wallflower who married her only beau . . . she centered her life on Mary Louise. Until teen-age talk, overheard at the soda fountain, shocked her into seeing her own second chance. Deftly told by one of today's top writers of stories women love.

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STRANGE ALIBI

Continued from Page 19

There was a light in the hall now. Hughie stared at the door, wondering if it was Monica he was going to see. But it was Maggie.

"Why, Mister-r Hughie!" she began. "Ye wasna expectit till the morn!"

"I know." Hughie dropped his hat and bag and looked around.

Hughie made his next question sound as casual as he could:

"Has Mistress Sinclair gone up to bed?"

"No, sir-r."

"Then where is she?"

"She's oot, sir-r."

He had gone through the door on the right into the library, and Maggie had followed him. There was a fire still burning there and Maggie bent down to put on more wood.

"D'you know where she's gone, Maggie?"

"No, sir-r. The mistress disna say where she's going."

"What time did she go out?"

"It would be aboot six, sir-r."

"And did she go on foot?"

"A car came for her, sir-r."

"What kind of a car, Maggie?"

"A wee noisy hooded car."

"I see. . . . Could you get me some whisky, Maggie, and something to eat?"

Hughie stood in front of the reviving fire while Maggie went to prepare something. In both her case and in McEwan's he could tell that they knew exactly what was going on. He knew, too, that they would never inform on their mistress. He would have to find out for himself.

When Maggie came back with the whisky and the food, he was sitting by the fire, warming his hands.

"You can go to bed now, Maggie," he said after he had thanked her. "I'm going to sit up."

"Ye'll maybe hae a lang time to sit, sir-r."

"Maybe I shall," he answered, "but I'll wait up. Good night, Maggie."

"Good night, sir-r. It's jist fine to hae ye back again."

IT was about four o'clock in the morning when there was the sound of a car in the drive. It was a noisy car and it woke Hughie sharply from the light doze into which he had fallen. He got up and stood by the window. There was still faint moonlight, or perhaps it was the dawn. The car stopped now at the door. For two long minutes nothing happened; then the left-hand door opened and Monica got out. She was wearing the long warm fur coat he had bought her just before he went off to the war.

Hughie thought of rushing out and finding out who the man was. But he could not trust himself. So he waited. Monica came round the car in front of the headlights and he saw how slim and sinuous her figure was. Next she leaned on the door by the driver's seat, and finally an arm came out and pulled her head down. There was another long pause before she was released.

ZOO
Eric Peters

"Dammit. Can't you just say you're not hungry!" LIBERTY

Soon the car had started and now it was disappearing up the drive. Monica stood watching it for a moment; she seemed to be swaying slightly. Then she came up the steps. She was wearing evening dress under the fur coat.

She waltzed forward, smiling, into the room. Then suddenly she saw Hughie and stopped dead. It was just as if the film had stuck in the projector. Then she swayed again suddenly and sat down.

"You're a day early, Hughie."

Hughie came over to the fireplace.

"A day early," he agreed. "Or maybe years too late! It makes very little difference."

"And I suppose you were spying on me!"

"I saw what I saw."

"Good! Then we needn't have any stupid explanations."

There was a pause.

"So it's like that, Monica?" he asked at last.

"Yes, it's like that," she answered harshly. And she added, "What do you expect, leaving me in this wilderness without enough money?"

Hughie had picked up a heavy poker and she gave him a wary look. But he was only attending to the fire.

"Who's the man?" he asked.

A look of evil delight came over her face. "What would you say if I told you it was Bonnyroon?"

"Not that old man!"

"Not the old one, Hughie dear. The young one. He's a paratrooper. Military Cross and all. A nice boy."

"It would have to be one of my tenants!" he murmured quietly.

"You shouldn't have such attractive tenants, Hughie dear," Monica answered him lightly.

Hughie turned abruptly again. He did not let go of the poker.

"You had better be very careful, Monica," he said. "I have no intention of killing you, but I might very easily so damage you that neither young Bonnyroon nor any other man would want to look at you again."

Monica, sobered very suddenly, had jumped to her feet, away from him, as he took two steps forward.

"You're half drunk," he went on harshly. "You'll go up to your room now to sleep it off. Tomorrow you'll stay in your room. I shall leave the house at ten and come back at twelve. If you haven't gone by twelve, I'll pound your beautiful evil face into a jelly."

While he was saying this, Monica was retreating through the doorway across the hall, and he followed with the poker.

She was halfway up the stairs when he stopped her.

"Wait! There's one thing. What do you intend to do about young Bonnyroon?"

Monica looked over the banisters. She carefully measured the distance between him and her, and between her and her room. Then she answered:

"I intend to keep young Bonnyroon just as long as I like—and no longer. He's got no money although he's such a nice boy." Then she ran up the stairs and locked herself in.

HUGHIE had breakfast by himself the next morning. Maggie waited on him and she talked about the weather and mentioned that the wind was just right for the pool at Auchinneb. But, as it happened, Hughie had got all his tackle ready before breakfast. He needed something to occupy his mind and he had decided to try for a salmon. And if he was back at twelve and Monica was still there, then God help her—and him.

He got back actually at five minutes past twelve. He asked Maggie if the mistress had left the house, and Maggie said that she had—at five minutes before eleven. Then she told him that McEwan wanted to speak to him.

McEwan came in slowly.

"Morning, McEwan," Hughie said. "I want to find my feet, you know, before I'm bothered with any estate business."

"I weell understand that, sir-r," McEwan answered, "but I had to see ye a' the same."

"Well, then, what is it?"

"It's aboot Mistress Sinclair, sir-r."

Hughie was not expecting this.

"I know all about Mistress Sinclair," he answered sharply, "all that there is to know, and it's no one's concern except mine."

He expected McEwan to go away after this rebuke, but he stayed.

"If ye ken a' aboot it," he said, "ye'll hae informet the police, no doot?"

(Continued on page 92)

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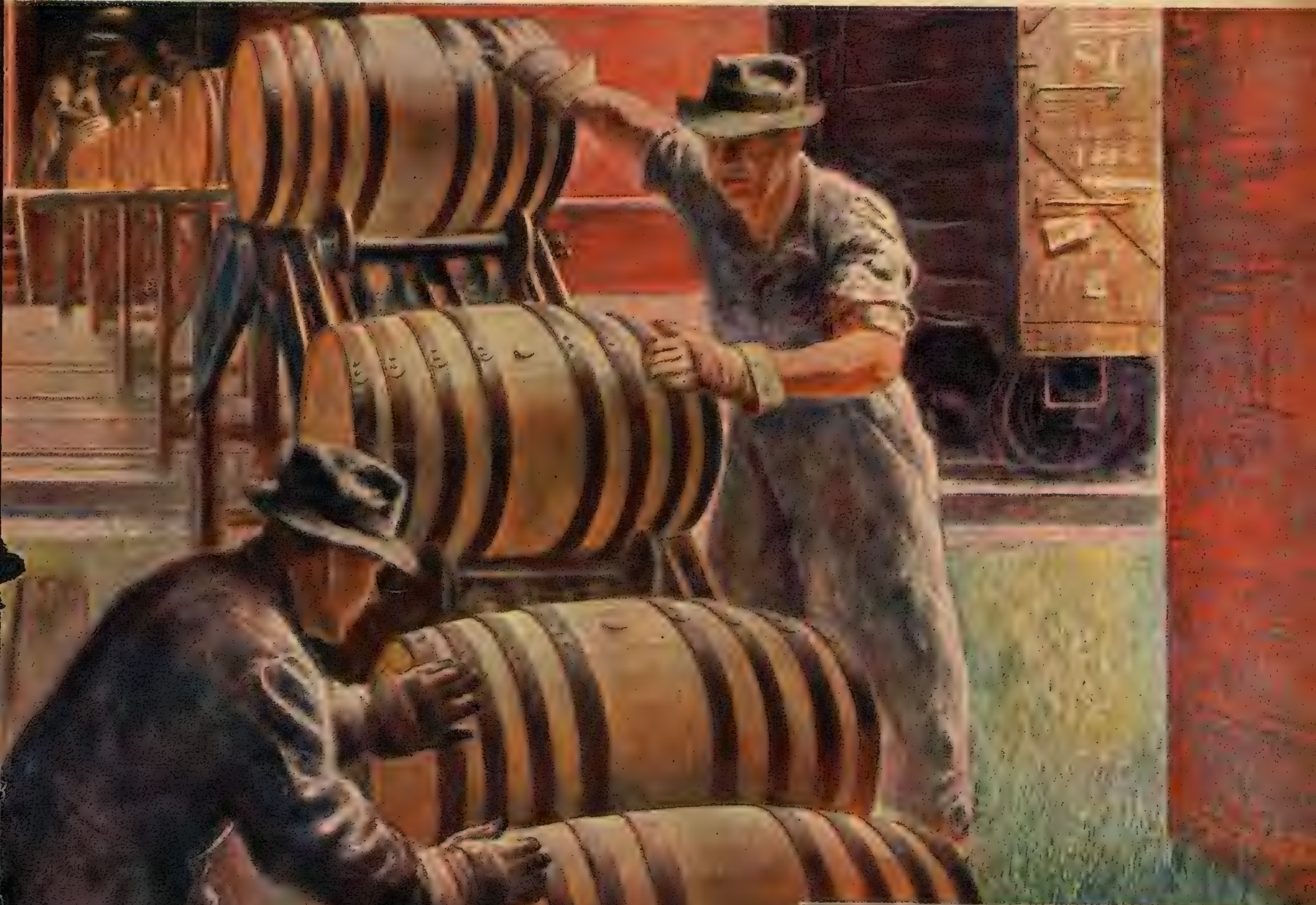

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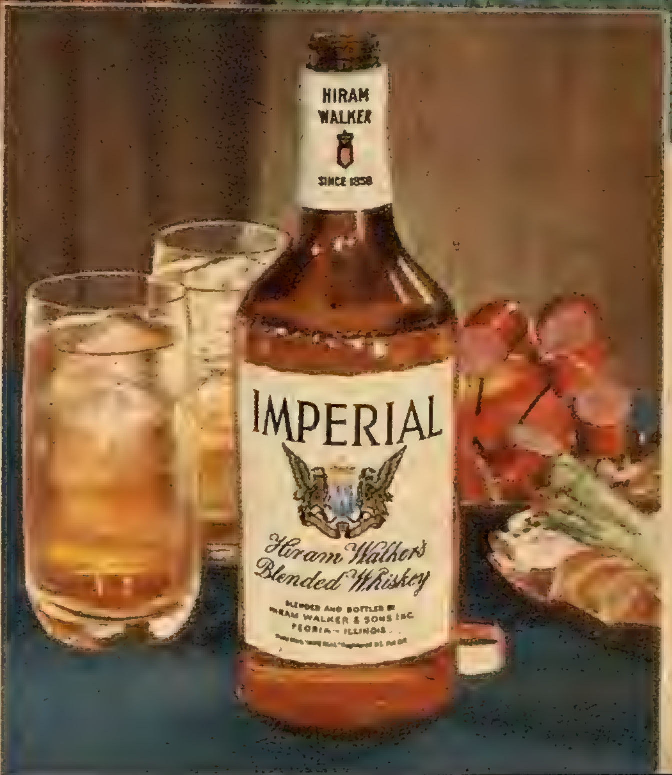
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(*Continued from page 90*)

"It's nothing to do with the police."

"Aye, but it is," McEwan went on imperturbably. "Mistress Sinclair was stranglet this morning."

"What's that?"

"She's kilt. Stranglet."

Hughie sat down suddenly. He gazed helplessly at the calm, massive figure in front of him.

"You'd better tell me what happened, McEwan."

"I found her lying by yon bank in the sunken road on my way up to the hoose."

"And she was dead?"

"Aye, sir-r. Stranglet. The corpse was still war-rm."

Already Hughie was beginning to feel another prison closing in on him, one with stone walls.

"What time was this, McEwan?" he asked.

"It wud be vera nearly noon."

"And what part of the sunken road?"

"Jist by yon twusted Scotch fir."

"But that's only three hundred yards from where I was fishing!"

"Aye, sir-r, that's the distance."

Hughie looked at him and glanced away. He could not be sure yet whether McEwan thought he had done it or not.

"Did you see me fishing, McEwan?"

"No, sir-r. I didna pass wi'in sight of ye."

"And what did you do when you found the mistress?"

"I guessed ye'd be fishing, sir-r, and I went doon to the water. But ye'd already gone."

"And—is the body still there?"

"Aye, sir-r. Jist where it was. I fetchet Drumnadochit from the fairm and left him in charge."

Hughie waited some moments and then he went to the telephone and asked for the police.

THE inspector arrived with four of his men within three quarters of an hour. His name was Brodie and he was a newcomer to Hughie. He began by expressing his sympathy with Hughie. Then he asked if he could see a plan of the estate.

Hughie showed him a plan. After that the inspector left one man to go through Monica's things, and Hughie accompanied him round the estate. They went to the sunken road and down to the river. After the police doctor had made an examination, the body was removed to the farmhouse at Drumnadochit. That was Inspector Brodie's idea.

By four o'clock they were back at the house and Maggie had prepared a substantial tea for them.

Hughie waited for the questioning to start, and he did not have to wait long.

"Ye'll understand, Mr. Sinclair," the inspector began heavily, "that every person on the estate must be under suspicion at this stage."

"I do," Hughie answered, "including myself, of course."

"It's established that death took place between eleven o'clock and the half hour."

Hughie then proceeded to tell his story with occasional interruptions from the inspector, while the assistant took notes.

"I left the house a minute or two before ten," he began. "It takes fifteen minutes to the pool. Say another five to set my rod up. I must have made my first cast about ten twenty."

"Did ye see anyone on the way or when ye were at the water?"

"Not a soul. One never does—unless McEwan is going his rounds."

"Did ye hear any unusual sound?"

"Nothing. Just the movement of the river."

"All right, then, we'll go back. Ye made your first cast at ten twenty. After that?"

"I went on. It was ten or fifteen minutes later that I hooked a fish."

"Ye did that!" A new note of personal interest had come into the inspector's tone. "Was it a guid fish?"

"I thought it was a kelt at first," Hughie answered. "He just lay doggo at the bottom for some time."

"And then?"

"Then he gave me plenty to think about. Every trick I've ever known a fish try."

"Did ye see him at all?"

"Yes, twice. He must have been eighteen or twenty pounds."

"And ye didna land him?"

"No, he got away."

"What time would that be, Mr. Sinclair?"

"It was twenty minutes to twelve exactly. I looked at my watch."

"Then ye'd been playing that fish for an hour or an hour and five minutes!"

"That's correct."

"That's a long time to be playing a fish of that weight!"

"It is. I was fishing badly, very badly. And I got hurried toward the end. That's why I lost him."

"I talked Milly into coming with us."
LIBERTY

"What made ye hurried?"

"I wanted to be back at the house at twelve."

"And why was that?"

"Because I had said I would be."

The two policemen exchanged a glance. Then the inspector went on.

"What fly were ye using, Mr. Sinclair?"

"A Blue Doctor."

"Ye were! Ye're the only man I've heard use that fly on this water."

"Maybe. But I used to do pretty well with it."

"So I've heard. Ye'd no take an hour to land him in those days . . . Did ye lose the fly, Mr. Sinclair?"

"I did."

"Was the fish foul-hooked?"

"I don't think so."

THE inspector drew a deep breath. "So much for the fishing," he said at last. "Now I'm sorry to ask this next question, Mr. Sinclair, but I've got to do it. Were ye on good terms with your wife?"

"No, I wasn't."

"I'm glad ye said that, Mr. Sinclair. It's only fair to let ye know that there was a note in the lady's bag saying that you threatened to injure her last night and that she was in fear of her life. This is the note, here. Would ye say it was in Mistress Sinclair's handwriting?"

Hughie read the note which was written in pencil.

"It is in Mrs. Sinclair's handwriting," he said, "but what it says is not quite accurate."

"How's that?"

"I had no intention of injuring her last night. I had every intention of injuring her if she had not left the house by twelve today. I told her so quite clearly. Do you want to know why?"

"No, Mr. Sinclair, not now. We know all about Mistress Sinclair's movements last night and whom she was with. Do ye know any reason why she should be in the place where she was found?"

"No, I don't at all."

"It's on the way down to the river, isn't it?"

"Not to where I was."

"Would Mistress Sinclair know where ye were fishing?"

"Probably not. She took no interest in fishing."

"Did ye give her any money when ye told her to leave the house?"

"No, I presumed she had some left."

"There was only nine and fourpence in her bag."

"I didn't know that."

"Did she come and ask ye for money, Mr. Sinclair?"

"No. I never saw her between ten and twelve."

The inspector and the other man stood up.

"That's all for now, thank ye, Mr. Sinclair," the inspector ended. "But I must ask ye not to leave Tesk while the inquiry is proceeding."

Both men then shook his hand. They made a point of it.

And the inspector then ended sadly in broader Scots than he normally used:

"It's jist a sair pity, Mr. Sinclair, that ye didna land yon fish."

PRISON may have a dulling effect on a dull mind, but it certainly has a sharpening effect on a keen one. Hughie's perceptions had been quickened by his experiences in Japanese hands, and he knew by the end of that extraordinary day exactly where he stood.

In the first place he was the only one who had the slightest regret for Monica. The others—and they included the police—were delighted that she was dead. They were simple folk, and when they thought that someone had something coming to him, they liked it to come.

Secondly, he knew for a certainty that, with the possible exception of McEwan, they all thought he had killed her. They also considered that it was the right and proper thing for him to do and thought none the worse of him for it.

And finally he knew that they were law-abiding people. Not one of them would actually tell a positive lie to save his neck, but everyone would just quietly withhold any information that might tell against him.

All this was brought home to him the following morning when he had a long interview at the house with Drumnadochit. The latter had acted as his factor during his absence and dealt with all the incomings and outgoings of the estate. He came up to give an account of his stewardship.

Drumnadochit was a shrewd, capable man, and everything was in apple-pie order. Hughie had thanked him for all his care and attention when Drumnadochit, without looking at him, suddenly said:

"I've got a message for ye, Mister-r Hughie, from auld Bonnyroon. He didna want to worry ye hissel'."

"Oh!" Hughie glanced at him. "What does he say?"

"He jist said to tell ye that young Bonnyroon wull no be coming back to these pairts."

Hughie paused a second.

"Will you thank Bonnyroon?" he said.

"Aye, I'll do that. And there's anither thing, Mister-r Hughie."

"What's that?"

"I doot ye'll be apprehendet from a' I hear."

"I'm pretty sure of that myself."

"But ye needna fret yersel' if ye are."

"You mean—the verdict?"

"Aye, the vairdict."

Hughie looked him in the eye.

"And what will the verdict be, Drumnadochit?"

"Not proven is what they a' say."

Hughie walked thoughtfully back to the house after this. It was typical of his countrymen. An Irishman would have said that of course he could never be arrested, and an Englishman would have said that of course he would be found Not Guilty. But Drumnadochit said exactly what he was thinking. Not Proven. And that meant that he had killed his wife, but there was not enough evidence to hang him for it.

Hughie went in and stood at the library window where he had watched Monica get out of the wee noisy hooded car. What a train of disaster that woman had brought! Her own death. His probable execution. And young Bonnyroon banished from the soil he loved. It was typical of her to leave that note behind her so that if anything did happen, it would be pinned on him. But how in the world had it happened? Was she afraid of somebody else besides him? And if so, whom? He had thought at first of young Bonnyroon. Supposing he had found out that she was just playing with him, and there was a motive as good as his own. But it was no use. Young Bonnyroon had a cast-iron alibi. He had gone straight back to the farm from the house, and an hour later he had gone on north in the wee noisy car. When the murder was committed he was at Aberdeen, two hundred miles away.

The marks of the car were still visible in the gravel and Hughie stared at them. Alibi, he was thinking! But I have an alibi, too. My alibi is still swimming about in that pool with a Blue Doctor in his upper jaw. If only that fish could be caught, it would prove that I was telling the truth. It wouldn't prove that I was busy all the time, but it would prove that I was occupied most of the time. And could anyone believe that a man could go straight from playing a salmon to strangling his wife?

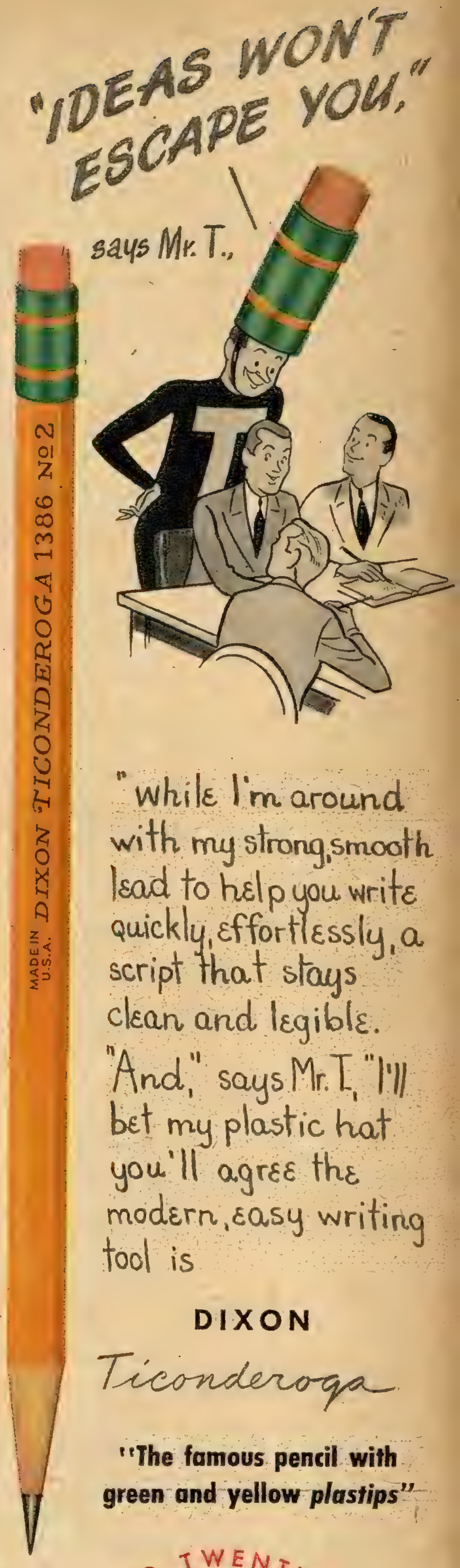
Hughie was already moving away from the window to fetch his rod when he realized that that was no good. If he caught a fish, any fish, he could so easily leave a Blue Doctor in its mouth and break the gut, and say that it was the fish he had lost. It was not evidence if he did it. But it would be evidence if McEwan did it.

Hughie went straight out of the house then to find McEwan. He was not in his cottage, however, and nowhere in the woods. It was not till he went down toward the pool that Hughie saw him. McEwan was already fishing: fishing with a tense concentration which Hughie did not care to interrupt.

He watched him for some minutes. Then he walked slowly back to the house. He already knew that McEwan believed him and thought that he was innocent.

THE news hounds were beginning to be troublesome. They loitered round the pubs near the estate, trying to pick up scraps.

McEwan went on methodically with his fishing. It was in the early afternoon of the fifth day that the police came to the house again and



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formally charged Hughie with the murder of his wife. They took him off to the prison at Dumfries, and Maggie put on her shawl and went down to tell McEwan at the river. McEwan went on fishing.

THAT night when it was getting dark there was a knock on the door at the farm at Bonnyroon. Old Bonnyroon, a widower, opened the door himself. He was a fine figure in the sixties, very tall and straight.

He showed no surprise when he saw it was McEwan.

"Come awa' inside," he said. "It's a lang time since you've been by Bonnyroon."

"I've had a muckle lot to do," McEwan answered.

"Wull ye take a drappie?" Bonnyroon had already got the bottle from the cupboard.

"Jist a wee yin," McEwan answered, and Bonnyroon filled a glass three quarters full with neat whisky and handed it to him.

McEwan sat down.

"Ye'll hae heard that they've taken Mister-r Hughie awa'."

"Aye, I heard it."

"What d'ye think the ootcome of it wull be?"

"It'll be Not Proven for a sairtainty. They a' say that."

"Aye, they a' say it, but I hae my doots mysel'."

"Ye dinna mean the vairdict could be Guilty, McEwan!"

"Na. It'll be Not Guilty in my opeenion. . . . I caught the fush jist an hoor ago."

Old Bonnyroon was gazing at him. He waited for McEwan to go on.

"It was a fine fush," McEwan said. "Jist nineteen pounds to an ounce or twa."

"And it had been hookit?"

"Aye, it had been hookit. Fair hookit. The Blue Doctor was there wi' a wee end of gut."

"Then it was a' just as Mister-r Hughie had said."

"Jist exactly as he said, Bonnyroon." There was a long pause.

"What are ye doing aboot it?" Bonnyroon asked.

"I'll hae to tell the police, of course," McEwan answered. "But I havna done that yet. I thocht ye oucht to ken first, Bonnyroon."

"That was thochtful of ye," Bonnyroon replied. "Ye've a'ways been a guid friend to me, McEwan."

McEwan drank off his whisky.

"Weel, I'll be ganging on my way noo." He paused and looked at Bonnyroon. Then he added, "Can ye still get them big roond tackets ye a'ways wear in your shoes, Bonnyroon?"

"Oh, I havna been able to buy them for a lang time."

McEwan opened his hand.

"Then maybe ye'd like this yin back."

Bonnyroon took the tacket and examined it.

"Whaur did ye find it?" he asked.

"In the sunken road," McEwan told him. "Jist by yon twusted fir."

Bonnyroon put the tacket in his pocket and went quite calmly with McEwan to the door.

"And what's this survey for?"

LIBERTY

There he held out his hand.

"I'm glad to hae the tacket back," he said, "Ye've a'ways been a guid friend to me, McEwan—and to Mister-r Hughie, too. I winna forget that."

McEwan shook his hand.

"Weel, guid nicht, Bonnyroon," he ended.

"Guid nicht, McEwan."

Bonnyroon watched the keeper go on down the road. Then he went indoors and locked the door.

Early the next morning he had an accident, cleaning his gun.

IT was some time after breakfast when Hughie was summoned to the governor's office in the prison. Inspector Brodie was there with him, and the governor was waiting for him at the door.

"Thank God it's all finished now," he said warmly. "You're a free man, Mr. Sinclair."

Hughie just looked puzzled.

"You mean you've found out how it happened?"

"Yes, we know the whole story."

"Then who was it?"

"Old Bonnyroon. He shot himself early this morning."

Hughie sat down heavily.

"Oh, I'm sorry about that," he murmured. "I'd almost rather I'd done it myself."

The governor put his hand sympathetically on Hughie's shoulder.

"We're all sorry," he said quietly. "But at least we know the truth now. And we can remember Bonnyroon for many things besides this."

Inspector Brodie came forward.

"I've got the statement here that he left. And in the fir-rst place," Brodie began, "he wants ye to understand that he'd never have let ye hang for it."

"I'm quite certain of that." Hughie nodded.

Brodie continued:

"Anyway, it seems the auld man had been getting very suspicious, and he was waiting up that morning when young Bonnyroon came back, about half past four. You know he was a holy terror when he was roused. There was a blazing quarrel between the auld man and his son. But he got the truth out of him and sent him off out of the house forever."

"Go on," Hughie said.

"He's got no telephone, as ye know," Brodie went on, "and he had no idea that ye were already back. So the next morning *he* kept the rendezvous which young Bonnyroon had made with Mistress Sinclair in the sunken road at eleven o'clock. He only intended to warn her to get oot o' the place before ye did come back. But ye know what his temper was. Mistress Sinclair said something that roused him, and he just got his hands on her neck. And that was that. She never made a sound at all."

"If he was going to kill himself, why did he wait so long?" Hughie asked.

"He was a bit confused when he got to know that ye were there fishing a few hundred yards away. But he knew you hadn't done it and he was certain ye wouldn't be convicted. But then last night McEwan caught the fish. It was just the weight ye said and your Blue Doctor was there in his jaw. McEwan knew what had happened then and he went and told the auld man. And Bonnyroon took the only way oot."

Hughie rose slowly to his feet.

"Thank you," he said. "Can I go now?"

"The car's waiting to take you back to Tesk," the governor told him.

The governor saw him into the car himself. They did not speak again, but the governor was wondering whether Hughie Sinclair would be able to forget other things besides the errors of the police. He hoped so fervently, at all events. They all wanted to see an heir at Tesk.

THAT is the end of the story except for one small incident. The news hounds were still buzzing around. They felt that they had not got quite the full flavor of this story of human frailty, and they thought, poor misguided foreigners, that they could pump McEwan for more.

So the following Saturday night they plied him with whisky in the pub, and when he had drunk all they had money to buy, they asked if he could not add some little human touch to what they already knew. Something that would appeal to the public.

McEwan agreed, and all their heads stretched eagerly forward.

Then McEwan solemnly ended:

"If the young laird didna tie his flies in yon daft newfangled way, he'd never have lost the fush."

THE END

MISTER ROBERTS

Continued from Page 39

could even move. Then in a kind of idiotic sleepwalk he went back and came aboard properly: he saluted Ensign Keith.

"That's better," said Ensign Keith bitingly. "Watch it after this." He noticed the box under Dowdy's arm. "What's that?"

Dowdy got his voice back now, but his thinking remained stalled. "That's Kotex," he said. "They use it down in sick-bay."

"Let me see," said Ensign Keith.

Ensign Keith tore open the box. "Beer!" he shouted. "Bringing liquor on board a Navy ship! Don't you know that's a general court-martial offense? How long have you been in the Navy anyhow?" And before Dowdy's helpless, pleading, agonized eyes he flung the box over the side. The gift of movement returned to Dowdy then, and he rushed to the rail just in time to witness six bottles of irreplaceable beer sinking in eight fathoms of water. For a brief, burning moment of insanity, he thought of strangling Ensign Keith; but his will for even that pleasurable task was gone before he could act. A broken man, Dowdy stumbled off.

NEWS of the incident spread like a fire: it was the most startling thing to happen in months. But Ensign Keith didn't let it stand alone; he added to it. Every day and every way he added to it. Twelve cases appeared before the Captain's mast one Saturday, and for ten of them Ensign James L. Keith was the complaining witness. He seemed to be trying, singlehanded, to restore the ship to the Navy, from whence it had strayed.

One morning in port on the four-to-eight watch he decided that the crew wasn't turning out for reveille. He was very right. Chief Johnson made reveille at six-thirty and at a quarter of seven Ensign Keith went down in the compartment and found it loaded with sleeping bodies. He summoned his most resolute voice and addressed the bodies: "All right! Get up here! Get out of those sacks. Every man who's not out of here in five minutes goes on report!" Not a sound. Not a movement. Here and there an eyelid cracked ever so slightly to peer at the intruder.

Suddenly from the far, after corner of the compartment a voice sounded: "Get out of here, you son-of-a-bitch. I'm warning you!" Ensign Keith jumped.

"Who said that?" he demanded weakly. Silence. Heavy breathing. Not a movement. Ensign Keith repeated his previous threat: "I'll be back here in five minutes. Everyone who's not out goes on report." It didn't sound at all convincing. He didn't come back either.

A wise man would have profited from that experience; but Ensign Keith went on much as before, though he didn't try to make a personal reveille again. In a very short time the feeling against him competed favorably with that against the Captain, and it wasn't long until the Captain was completely outstripped. Considering Ensign Keith, one man was even moved to speak these treasonous words: "You know the Old Man ain't so bad." He was hushed up before any real damage could be done, but the fact remained that young Keith put the Captain in a very favorable light.

Under way, Keith stood junior O.O.D. watches under Ed Pauley. The J.O.O.D. was the battery officer and he was also, nominally, the security officer. He was presumed, at least once a watch, to make the rounds of the ship and determine that everything was safe, peaceful, and reasonably quiet. The other J.O.O.D.'s frequently left the bridge on security patrol, but the only place they ever visited was the wardroom, where they investigated the quality of the coffee. Ensign Keith examined every corner of the ship. One night he was standing the eight-to-twelve watch with Pauley. It was perhaps ten o'clock when he left the bridge

Everything Broke Right For Dave When...
SHALL I PHONE DAVE TO WAIT AT THE OFFICE?
NO... WE'LL GET THERE IN TIME IF WE STEP ON IT
SORRY, DAVE, BUT THE PLANS MUST BE READY FIRST THING TOMORROW MORNING
OKAY, CHIEF. I DON'T MIND WORKING ALL NIGHT ON THIS JOB
NEXT MORNING
THAT'S GREAT, DAVE... AND YOU'RE THE ONE TO PRESENT IT
I LOOK TOO CRUMMY TO MEET THOSE TYCOONS
A SHAVE WILL FIX YOU UP. GO AND USE MY RAZOR
HERE'S A CLEAN SHIRT FOR YOU
THANKS. SAY... I FEEL SWELL AFTER SHAVING WITH THIS THIN GILLETTE BLADE OF YOURS
MIGHTY EASY-SHAVING BLADE. IT ALWAYS GIVES ME A LIFT TOO
I NEVER TRIED A THIN GILLETTE BEFORE, BUT I'M GOING TO GET SOME NOW
WE CAN BE IN PRODUCTION WITHIN TWO WEEKS
THAT'S FINE!
CAPABLE YOUNG MAN
YOU'D NEVER THINK HE'D BEEN WORKING ALL NIGHT
YOU GET CLEAN, REFRESHING SHAVES THAT MAKE YOU LOOK AND FEEL RIGHT ON THE BUTTON WHEN YOU USE THIN GILLETTES. AMONG LOW-PRICED BLADES THEY'RE THE SHARPEST, EASIEST-SHAVING AND LONGEST-LASTING BY FAR. ALSO THEY SAVE YOU MONEY
Gillette BLADES
4 for 10¢

to make the rounds. At the armory he stopped. A crack of light was showing under the door, and inside he could hear voices and a rattling sound. There was a funny smell, too. Ensign Keith pushed the door open.

A startled group looked up at him from the deck. Dowdy was there, and Olson, and Dolan, and Vanessi, the storekeeper, and Stefanowski, the machinist's mate, and over in the corner was Schaffer, another gunner's mate. On the deck beside Olson was a large pewter crock from the galley, and the men had glasses beside them. The group on the deck was huddled kneeling before the after bulkhead, and Dowdy had just thrown a pair of dice against the bulkhead. Each man had a pile of bills beside him.

Ensign Keith shut the door behind him. "You men are gambling," he announced.

NO one spoke. No one moved. Six pairs of sullen, menacing eyes watched Ensign Keith.

"Don't you know," he demanded, "that gambling is a general court-martial offense?"

A look of craftiness came to Dowdy's face. "Oh, we ain't gambling, sir," he said kindly, as though Keith had made a perfectly natural mistake. "We're just shooting a little crap for fun. It's not for money."

"Then what's the money doing out there?"

Dowdy smiled and dismissed it with his hand. "Oh, that's just to keep score with. We figure out that way who has the most points and then at the end of the game we give it all back." He added righteously, "No, sir, we can't none of us afford to gamble. We've found that gambling never pays."

Ensign Keith stood there, doubt and anger and uncertainty chasing each other across his face. He looked suspiciously around the room and saw the glasses and the pewter crock, and he smelled the funny smell.

"What's that?" he demanded. "In that jar there?"

"That?" Dowdy said soothingly. "Oh, that's some pineapple juice we got from the galley."

Ensign Keith wasn't satisfied. "Let me see," he said.

Dowdy smiled benevolently. "Oh, sure," he said. "Give Mr. Keith a drink of fruit juice. Here's a glass."

At any given time there were apt to be brewing on the ship fifteen different batches of jungle juice, but it was agreed that Olson made the most distinctive brand.

At eleven o'clock, Ed Pauley had occasion to call the flying bridge, and Keith's absence was reported to him. Pauley sent the messenger around to find Keith, and when, after a thorough fifteen-minute search the messenger reported negatively, he became slightly worried. He considered the vigorous feeling against Keith.

When Lieutenant Carney relieved him, he took Bergstrom, his quartermaster, and set out. He fully expected to find Keith down in the bilges with a marlinspike in his back.

He had prepared himself for almost anything, but not for what he found in the armory. Dowdy and Keith and Olson were standing against the workbench. Dowdy and Olson had their arms flung about Keith, simultaneously supporting him and leaning on him. Loudly and with much stress on certain words the three were singing a thoroughly obscene tune. Within the compass of his two supporters, Keith was flopping his arms about to no discernible rhythm. A huge white grin was pasted on his face.

When Pauley had recovered a little, he pointed at Keith. "Who's that?" he asked.

Dowdy peered into Keith's face to find out. He shook him by the shoulder and Keith's head bobbed back and forth. "That?" said Dowdy. "That's old Jim Keith. You know old Jim Keith."

Keith nodded his head solemnly and grinned some more. "This is old Jim Keith," he echoed. "You know old Jim Keith." Then without a sound, a surprised look on his face, he slipped to the deck, sound asleep.

He never gave the boys trouble again. He turned out to be a nice, good-natured kid. As Dowdy said, it just took a little while to get him squared away.

LIEUTENANT ROBERTS had been dreaming and in his dream his dead mother was there; it was summer at his home and he was going out to play tennis. The flashlight shone questioningly in his face and he was fully awake by the time the messenger called: "Mr. Roberts! Mr. Roberts! It's eleven-thirty, sir. You have the watch. . . ."

"I always carry this. It comes in handy sometimes to fix the nut that holds the wheel."

LIBERTY

Roberts put a hand to his eyes and rubbed them. "Okay," he said. "Thank you."

Usually, at night, before he took the officer-of-the-deck watch, Roberts would stand in the rear of the wheelhouse and let his eyes adjust to the darkness. Tonight, though, as soon as he stepped into the wheelhouse, he could see. A bright moonlight was streaming through the portholes. He asked the helmsman: "Where's Mr. Carney?" and the helmsman told him: "Out on the port wing."

Like all watch-standers about to be relieved, Carney was jovial. "Welcome," he said. "And good morning."

Roberts smiled wryly. "Good morning," he said. He waited for Carney to give him the dope.

"Well," Carney began, "we're steaming along in this here ocean at ten knots, seventy-two r.p.m., and the base course is two-five-eight and that's what we're steering. No zigzag, no nothing; everything's peaceful."

"I trust Stupid's gone to bed?" said Roberts.

"Stupid's gone to bed."

"Okay," said Roberts. "Anything else?"

"Nope, nothing else. No course changes."

"Okay," Roberts said. "I've got it."

"Okay." Carney made a gestured salute. He slouched off into the charthouse to write his log and turn in.

For maybe the thousandth time in two and a half years Roberts had the watch. He stood alone on the wing and considered this fact. He looked into the gyro repeater and checked the course with the helmsman. He checked the gyro with the standard and steering compasses. He asked the talker if everyone had been relieved on the guns: they had been. He had the talker ask Radar if there was anything around: there wasn't. That squared away the watch. Now there was nothing to do, nothing at all to do but stay on the course, and a moron could do that.

HE walked back to the wing, leaned against the windshield and looked out at the sea and the night. The moon—what an enormous moon! It had risen yellow and round and fat, and now that it was higher it had shrunk a little, but still it was round and full, and no longer yellow, but molten, incandescent silver.

Roberts had never seen the sea quite like this. There wasn't a ripple anywhere; there was only the faintest hint of a ground swell, an occasional bulge of water. The surface, glazed as it was with moonlight, looked heavy, coated, enameled: it was that perfect.

"Like a damn mill pond," said a voice at his side. Roberts looked up at Dolan, the second-class quartermaster.

"The smoothest I ever saw it," Roberts said.

"It really is." Dolan looked about, almost squinting in the shiny moonlight. "What a hell of a night to be out in this place!"

"I was thinking the same thing."

Dolan was only twenty-one or so, but he was a smart one; savvy; shrewd. He had been aboard not quite a year, and in that time he had established himself as one of the most formidable crapshooters on the ship. From his first day aboard he had stood watches with Roberts, and a nice feeling had grown up between the two. When they stood a watch there wasn't any nicely shaded officer-enlisted-man relationship: there wasn't even any awareness of difference. They just stood and talked together: two men with the mutual background of the United States, the bond of this ship, a mutual dislike of the Captain.

When there was a lull in the talk, Dolan looked at his watch. "Jeez, a quarter of two," he said. "Okay if I go down for some coffee?" Roberts said it was.

"Shall I bring you some?" Dolan said. Roberts shook his head.

Alone on the wing again, he took his glasses and studied the horizon. A little wind had come up, and on the sea there was a little swell; the ship rolled in it ever so gently and slowly. Roberts watched as the foremast wheeled in a stately arc against the stars of the Southern Cross, a pointer tracing on the blackboard of the sky.

It was when you were alone like this, nothing to do, no one to talk with, that the time went hard. You started thinking then, and that was always bad. Never think: that was one of the two great lessons Roberts had learned. The other was, once started, how to stop thinking. He could stand for hours as he did now, his mind shuttered like a lens; and the tiny corner of it that would never quite close completely engrossed with such an external as the mast pirouetting among the stars.

THERE were footsteps on the ladder and Dolan was back. He busied himself for a moment in the wheelhouse, getting the two o'clock readings; then he came out.

"Clocks go back an hour tomorrow night," Dolan said. "What time does Frisco keep?" he asked suddenly.

"Frisco? I think plus seven. Why?"

"Plus seven," Dolan mused, "plus seven. We're in minus eleven now. That's six hours' difference." He ticked off on his fingers. "Man, do you know what time it is in Frisco right now? It's eight o'clock!"

"That's right," said Roberts. "Eight o'clock yesterday."

"Son-of-a-bitch!" Dolan was impressed. "Think of that, Mr. Roberts. Eight o'clock. Just the time to be starting out in Frisco!"

Roberts didn't say anything and the quartermaster went on: "Man, how I'd like to be down on Turck Street right now! Just going into the old Yardarm. Things would just be

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starting to pop down there! Were you ever in the Yardarm, Mr. Roberts?"

Roberts smiled. "Once."

"I knew it!" Dolan said. "I might have known you'd get down there. It's all right, ain't it, the old Yardarm?"

"A little strenuous," Roberts said.

"More beasts down there than you can shake a stick at!" Dolan was getting enthusiastic in his recollection. "You know what, Mr. Roberts? The last time I was there, that was a year ago, man, I found a fine little beast. Cutest little doll you ever saw, blonde, a beautiful figure, really a beautiful girl. I said, 'Let's go someplace else, baby,' and she said, 'Let's go,' and we went out the door and I said, 'Where are we going?' and she said, 'Come with me.' And we got in her car and she drove me right out to her apartment. She had an apartment all to herself and this fine car, and, man. . . ."

Dolan was all wound up now. He went on and on, recalling other conquests in San Francisco. Roberts listened for a while, but gradually his mind wandered. Against his will, knowing he shouldn't be doing it, he was thinking of San Francisco.

Eight o'clock in the nice bars—the Saint Francis and the Cirque Room at the Fairmont and the Top of the Mark and the Zebra Room at the Huntington—the air bright and murmurous with the laughter and the clink of glasses and the foolish, confidential talk; and over it all, soft and unheard and really astonishingly sad, the deep, slow rhythms of American dance music. And the girls, the fine straight American girls in their tailored suits, sitting, leaning forward, each talking with her escort, one hand extended on the table and just touching his sleeve. Or dancing tall and proud to the music that promised them bright and lovely and imperishable things.

AND at the bar all the young officers, the bright-eyed, expectant young officers, watching the girls, looking for something—they didn't know what—something that called at night with the dusk and the neon lights and swore to them that tonight, this very night, in this town, this bar, a thing of desperate loveliness would happen if only they found the right girl, found the right bar, drank enough liquor, smoked enough cigarettes, heard enough talk, laughed enough. But they must hurry, they must hurry!—the bars were closing, the ships were sailing, youth itself was running out. What was it they were seeking? It wasn't just a girl, although a girl was necessary. A girl wasn't the total; she was just a factor. It was more than that, Roberts thought—what was it?

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"What else is good?"

LIBERTY

And the angry, critical voice inside him answered: Why you goddam knucklehead! Who're you trying to kid? The bars are so goddam noisy you can't yell from one table to the next. The women are a bunch of beasts with dirty bare legs and stringy hair. The boys are out for just one thing. Who're you trying to kid, anyway?

Dolan was asking him something. "How long you been out of the States, Mr. Roberts?"

"Oh, two and a half years. Thirty-three months exactly."

Dolan was impressed. "That's a long time! How come?"

Roberts pinched his ear thoughtfully. "I have a theory that all my records have blown out the window at the Bureau."

"But thirty-three months! That's a *long* time!"

Yes, Roberts thought. Thirty-three months had been long enough for his little sister, four years younger, to meet a man, fall in love with him, marry him, and bear a child for him; to become, according to the evidence of the camera, no longer slim.

"I know one thing," Dolan was saying, "when I do get back I'm sure as hell going to get married. Little girl in Lakeland, Florida. Cute as hell. Did I ever show you her picture?"

Roberts shook his head and Dolan pulled a wallet out of his dungaree pants.

"Very pretty girl," Roberts said, examining the picture.

"I'm going to marry that gal," Dolan said. "And then when I get out, I'm going to settle down right there in Lakeland and raise ferns. You can make a lot of money growing ferns if you get a little good ground. What are you going to do when you get out?"

Roberts picked up a pair of glasses and raised them to his eyes. "I haven't the faintest idea."

"What were you doing before you came in?"

Roberts looked through the glasses a moment; then he put them down. "I was going to school," he said. "Medical School. I'd just finished my first year."

"How come they got you in this outfit?"

"I came in. It was my own idea." Roberts smiled a crooked smile. "That was right after Pearl Harbor. For some reason I felt I had to get in the war." He shrugged.

Dolan was not to be put aside. "Going back to medical school when you get out?"

Roberts shook his head. "Too old," he said. "I was twenty-two when I came in, I'm twenty-six now, I'll be twenty-eight when I get out. That's too old. I'd have to take a year of refresher work, then three more years of med school, then two years interning. That would make me thirty-four before I even started practicing. That's too much."

Dolan said after a moment, softly, "Why in the *hell* did you want to get in the war?"

Roberts's answer wasn't really an answer at all. "I didn't know then that there were such things as auxiliaries," he mused. "I just took for granted that I'd get on a can or a wagon or a carrier right in the middle of it. Instead I end up on a tanker in the Atlantic and this thing out here."

Dolan shook his head doubtfully and looked at his wrist. "Three o'clock," he announced, "five after."

A minute passed, and another, and then the watch collapsed, fell apart, was finished, done with. One minute it was three o'clock, and the next it was three-thirty and time to call the reliefs. And from three-thirty the clock jumped to a quarter of four and Dolan was making an informal salute and spieling all in one breath and almost in one word, "I've been relieved sir Garrity has the watch," and there was Ed Pauley, yawning.

ROBERTS went on into the charthouse and wrote his log. He got up slowly and went down the ladder to his room.

Nothing had changed: it could have been seconds that he had been gone. The clock ticked on and on. Roberts undressed in the dark and got into bed. He lay on his back, his arms cradled beneath his head, his eyes open and staring into the darkness. Helplessly, before he could stop himself, he thought again of San Francisco. Now, as he saw it, it was midnight there and the bars were letting out. A boy and a lovely slender girl with shining black hair came out of the Mark and stepped into a taxicab, and as the taxi pulled away the girl lay back in the seat and turned to the boy with a slow, happy, secret smile. And down the steep face of the California street, past the careless, oblivious couples, a young man walked alone; back to the ship, the camp, the empty hotel room; another night spent of the dwindling supply, and nothing bought. What was he looking for? What was he missing? What had he lost?

And then the sudden, angry voice

clamored: Will you knock it off?

Abruptly as turning out a light Roberts stopped thinking, shut off his mind, composed himself for sleep. Mechanically, through the tiny corner left open, he calculated the day ahead: four hours of sleep now, the four to eight watch in the afternoon, and then all night in—no watch until eight the next morning. A whole night in—that was something to look forward to.

LIEUTENANT CARNEY, the first division officer, and Lieutenant (jg) Billings, the communicator, had a quarrel one day. Until then, they had roomed together for fifteen months without so much as a sharp word.

They lived a little idyll in stateroom number nine. Billings, who stood no watches, slept every day until noon, but one day out of four Carney had to get up at eight. The process of arising at noon and greeting the not-very-new day was always the same: Billings, who occupied the top bunk, would dangle an arm or a leg over the side; Carney would command fiercely, "Get back in there where you belong"; Billings would comply and say meekly: "I'm sorry"; and Carney would finish off, "And stay there!" This happened three days out of four.

When the laundry was late, Carney wore Billings's scivvies, and Billings Carney's shirts. Whichever toothpaste happened to be out was the one used. Books had no ownership at all.

It happened while the ship was unloading again at Apathy Island. It was a wretched place, flat and rank and bilious green; bad enough to look at and worse to smell. Both Carney and Billings awoke at the unheard-of hour of nine. It was too hot to sleep. For a while they lay in their bunks and didn't move and didn't talk. Then Billings dangled a foot over the edge of the bunk. "Get back in there," Carney said listlessly, out of old habit. Billings's answer was unexpected and startling. "Cut it out," he said sharply.

After a little Billings sat up and crawled down from his bunk. He was sweating and he plodded to the head to take a shower. He came out cursing; the water was off; it was outside of water hours. Angrily, he put on his shoes and started dressing. He couldn't find his shirt right away. "Where's my goddam shirt?" he grumbled. It didn't require an answer, but Carney, smarting under Billings' testiness of a few minutes back, gave him one. "How the hell should I know?" By three o'clock Billings craved a drink, specifically a coke, more than anything in the world. It was, of course, out of the question to ask that son-of-a-bitch Carney for one, so he decided to steal it. But when he went down to the room to accomplish this, Carney was there, and on the desk beside him was a frosty glass of coke.

Billings went out without a word. Craftily he went to the wardroom and seated himself so that he could watch the door. It wasn't long until Carney came out and went down the passageway. It wasn't long then until Billings streaked for the room. The cokes, he well knew, were at the bottom of Carney's closet. He was delighted with himself, exhilaratingly revenged, elated, until he tried the closet door. It was locked.

Billings did the only thing possible under the circumstances. He collected all of the cigarettes, all the matches, all the soap, even tiny slivers from the trays, and locked them in his drawer. He went out and when it was time to wash up for evening chow, he returned to the room. Carney was still there. Without a word Billings unlocked his drawer, took out the soap and washed himself. Then he locked up the soap again.

Carney watched, smiling superiorly. "My," he said, "aren't we smart?"

"I think so," said Billings. He knew that Carney was burned up.

That was the penultimate round. The climax came after the movie. Billings and the amiable Ensign Pulver left early and were sitting talking when Carney came in. Pulver, who was ignorant of the day's tension, greeted Carney cheerily. "Hi, Louie," he said. "Sit down and let's have one of your cokes."

"Frank," said Carney, "I think that's a fine idea. Let's you and I have one."

Pulver thought it was some kind of game. "Ain't you going to give old Alfy here one?" he said.

Carney snorted. "Hell, no! Let the son-of-a-bitch buy his own!"

"The hell I would." Billings turned to Pulver, who was sitting very much surprised at this sharp and sincere exchange. "Did you ever hear such a petty son-of-a-bitch? He's got his cokes locked up in that closet! Afraid somebody's going to get one of them! You could count on your fingers all the money he's spent since he's been on this ship. Mooch! —all the bastard does is mooch. He hasn't bought a cigarette since he's been on here."

Carney turned to Billings. "Why don't you get up in your sack where you belong?" he sneered.

"Why don't you put me there?"

"I think that's a good idea!"

"I'd like to see it!"

Both roommates were on their

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feet ready to swing. Ensign Pulver got between them.

"Knock it off," he said sternly. "It's too hot for such crap. Knock it off, both of you."

Billings stood up and stretched elaborately. "Yeah," he said, "you're right, Frank. It's getting boring in here." He nodded knowingly to Pulver. "Come on."

Billings sat for three hours with Pulver in the wardroom playing acey-deucey, and he lost every game but two. Ordinarily Pulver couldn't take a game from him, but tonight Billings was so gorged with anger that he couldn't see straight. At midnight they quit. Billings went in to bed. The room was dark, and Carney was already in bed. So, in the process of undressing, Billings turned all the lights on and slammed the door to the head as loudly as he could. Then he climbed into his bunk. He was just about asleep when all the lights flashed on and the head door slammed like an explosion. It was Carney retaliating.

That night it rained, and all night long it rained. Next morning a lovely cool breeze was coming in the porthole. Billings carelessly dropped an arm over the side of the bunk. Before he remembered and caught himself, Carney almost told him to get back in there. After a while Billings got up and dressed. "Jesus," he said, "rain." He said it with just the right impersonal inflection, that didn't necessarily invite a reply. "Yeah," said Carney. He said it just right, too.

Billings felt so good that he went up to the radio shack and did some work. As he worked, his glow of general and diffused mellowness concentrated itself into a beam of good feeling directed at Carney. About three o'clock, coke time, he returned to the room. Carney was there painting.

Billings stood peering attentively over Carney's shoulder. "What is that?" he asked respectfully.

Carney looked up and smiled. "The courthouse at Osceola, the county seat of Clark County, Iowa."

Billings continued to study the picture seriously. "What's that?" he said, pointing to a pagoda-like structure.

"That's the cupola," Carney said. He cocked his head and grinned. "Those curves represent the Chinese influence on my work."

Billings stroked his chin and with a perfectly deadpan face he asked: "Are you sure they don't represent the Asiatic influence?"

And then both of them were laughing easily together, and Carney, still laughing, was waving his hand and saying: "Get the ice."

IT was a very hot, sweaty day about three o'clock in the afternoon, and Apathy seemed just another island.

The port routine commenced. The gun watches stayed on, but the lookouts were secured and ran below to find the crap game. A boat was lowered to go over and get the mail.

Sam Insigna was up on the flying bridge with the other signalmen and he was idly scanning the beach through the ship's telescope, a large mounted glass of thirty-two power. The ship was anchored perhaps two hundred yards from the beach, and just off the starboard bow, the way she was heading now, there was a base hospital. The hospital flag was flying over three rows of Quonset huts. Farther off to the right was the rest of the naval base: clapboard buildings and Quonsets. Dead ahead, right on the point, was a house, an authentic civilian house. It was a wooden two-story house, painted yellow; long and low, with a veranda.

Sam swung the telescope around to have a look. At first he trained it carelessly around the grounds, then he turned it on the house. He had been leaning with one elbow on the windshield; all of a sudden he jerked upright, sucked in his breath and grabbed at the glass as if he were falling.

"What is it?" Schlemmer said, standing beside him.

There was only reverence in Sam's voice. "She's bare!"

There were accessible in the wheelhouse and charthouse seven pairs of binoculars; on the flying bridge were two spyglasses and two long-glasses, and the ship's telescope; and on a platform above was the range-finder, an instrument of powerful magnification. Within some twenty seconds, there were manned six pairs of binoculars, two spyglasses, two long-glasses, of course the ship's telescope, and the range-finder. The glasses were all on the target right away, but the range-finder took a little longer, that instrument being a large unwieldy affair.

Sam's discovery was that nurses lived in the long, yellow house. He had discovered two large windows in the middle of the second-story front, with only shade curtains, retracted. The windows belonged to the bathroom. It is, of course, redundant to say that he had also discovered a nurse in the shower stall in the far left-hand corner of the room. To these men (who had last seen a white woman, probably fat, certainly fully clothed, perhaps fourteen months ago) this vision was a miracle.

The four-to-eight signal watch, never known to relieve before the stroke of the hour, appeared at three-thirty and met an equally incredible thing; a watch that refused to be relieved.

"Get the hell out of here," Sam told the newcomers. "We're staying up here till chow."

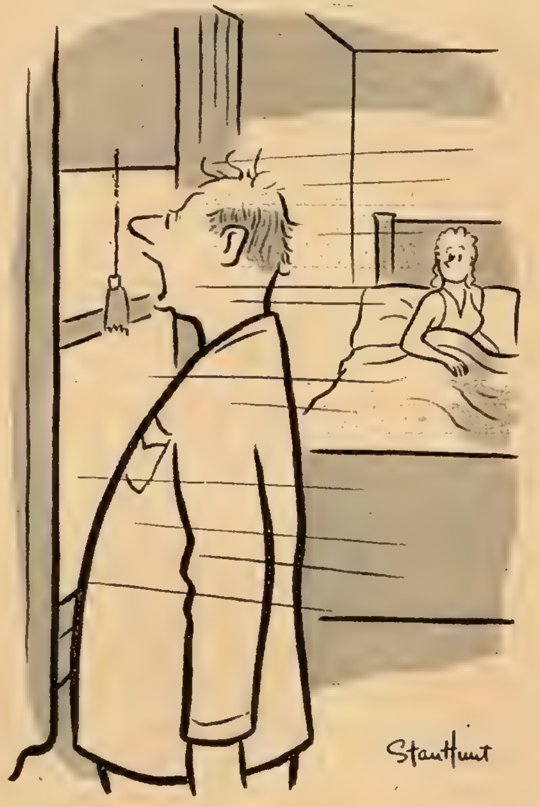
There was some bitterness and much indignant insistence by the oncoming pair of their *right* to relieve the watch, but the old watch, firmly entrenched at the glasses, stayed by them until chow was piped.

THERE was a splendid run of bathers. The shore station blinked for half an hour trying to rouse this ship, a bare two hundred yards away; and, finally succeeding, sent out a nasty message about keeping a more alert signal watch. Accordingly, the glass of the striker Mannion was taken away from him and he was detailed to watch for signals. It seemed that Sam had just gone below for supper when he was back again, demanding and getting his telescope. He and the rest of the watch stayed on until after sunset, when lights went on in the bathroom and the curtains were pulled chastely down for the night.

That first day was chaotic, comparable perhaps to the establishing of a beachhead. The next day a system and a pattern appeared. The curtain was raised at 0745 and was witnessed by Sam, Schlemmer, Canappa, Mannion, Morris, Niesen, three quartermasters, and the officer-of-the-deck. For perhaps forty-five minutes there was a dazzling crowd of early-morning bathers. Then there was a long slack period (no one in the room) that extended to ten o'clock. It is fatiguing to stand squinting through an eyepiece for long periods, so Sam arranged that one man, by turns, keep the lookout during the off-hours and give the word when action developed.

It was shrewdly observed and duly noted that watches at the hospital evidently changed at eight in the morning and three in the afternoon. All glasses were manned during those periods; even pathetic little two-power opera glasses made their appearance then.

By this time, also, the watch—as it came to be known—assumed a routine of its own. The assignment and ownership of glasses came to be understood. Three pairs of binoc-



"Well, here comes Monday—rosy-fingered as all hell!"

LIBERTY

ulars belonged down below for the officer-of-the-deck and two quartermasters. The other four pairs of binoculars, the spy-glasses and the long-glasses, belonged to the signalmen, to use themselves or lend to radiomen, storekeepers, and cooks in return for future favors. The rangefinder came to be recognized as officer property and was almost continually manned by a rotating team of two officers. The big telescope, of course, was a prize. It magnified thirty-two times.

From the first, Sam's right to the telescope had been strangely unchallenged, perhaps in intuitive recognition of his zeal. Then one morning Lieutenant (jg) Billings chanced on the bridge. Lieutenant Billings was the communication officer and Sam's boss, and he relieved Sam briefly on the telescope. That was all right the first time; Sam was good-natured in yielding; he liked Mr. Billings. But then Mr. Billings began to chance on the bridge frequently and regularly, and every time he would relieve Sam.

SAM got pretty sore over the whole business. As he complained to his friend Schlemmer: "Sure, he's an officer. All right. If we was in chow line together, sure, he could go in ahead of me. All right. But I sure can't see where that gives him the right to take a man's glass away from him!"

By the third day personalities began to emerge from the amorphous group that flitted past the windows. There appeared to be nine consistent users of this particular bathroom. Canappa insisted there were only eight, but then he denied the validity of the two-blonde theory. The two-blonde theory was Sam's and it was supported by the consensus. Actually there was conclusive evidence of their separate identity; evidence of the most distinctive sort which one of the girls carried.

As Mannion put it, looking up from his glass: "What the hell is that she's got?"

Sam didn't look up from his glass. "You dumb bastard, that's a birthmark."

The two blondes were the real stars: as the result of comparison the other girls came to be regarded as rather run-of-the-mill.

There was one ghastly afternoon when not a soul, not a single soul, came in for a bath. The watchers were bewildered and resentful; and, finally, disgusted. Sam probably spoke for all when he said: "They call themselves nurses! A nurse would at least take a bath once in a while. I pity those poor sick bastards over there who have to let those filthy pigs handle them!"

Lieutenant (jg) Langston, the gunnery officer, had been having a good bit of trouble with his eyes. One day he had a splitting headache and the next morning he went over to the base hospital to have his eyes refracted. They were very nice over

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there. The Doctor was very nice, and there was a pleasant-faced nurse who helped, and she also was very nice. It came out that she was from a town not twenty miles from Youngstown, Ohio, where he lived. Langston felt that a certain bond was established, and on the strength of it he invited the nurse, whose name was Miss Williamson, to dinner on the ship that night.

To her acceptance, she added one clause: she asked if she could bring a friend, "a terribly cute girl." Langston of course said yes, and mentioned that he would assign her to a friend of his, an Ensign Pulver, whom he described as a "very handsome young man."

WHEN the girls came aboard that night, escorted by the two officers, the entire crew was massed along the rail and on the bridges. As the white-stockinged legs tripped up the gangway, one great, composite, heartfelt whistle rose to the heavens and hung there. Ensign Pulver's girl, Miss Girard, had turned out to be a knockout.

After dinner Ensign Pulver proposed a tour of the ship. A plan now began to shape itself in Pulver's mind: after the tour, a few more drinks; then a little dancing in the wardroom; then a few more drinks; then get Langston to take the other one off somewhere.

As they set out, Miss Girard gave him her small hand. When they started to walk around behind the funnel, he noticed that Sam Insigna was trailing them. He was a little annoyed, but he made a sort of introduction. "This is Sam," he said, "one of the signalmen."

Miss Girard smiled at Sam. "How do you do, Sam," she said graciously. Sam was evidently too shy and flustered to speak; he just stood there and grinned foolishly. When they had gone on, Miss Girard squeezed her escort's hand and whispered, "He's darling."

They took a turn around the funnel, came forward again, and went over to the port wing to look at the twenty millimeters. By this time the signalmen had gotten their tongues back and were having a bitter and quite vocal argument under the awning. It was obvious that they were trying to keep their voices guarded, but the restraint only intensified them. Sam's voice in particular carried well. It traveled out from under the awning in an unfaltering parabola, fell on the ears of the inspection party, and broke into words of simple eloquence:

"I got one hundred bucks that says that's the one with the birthmark on her! Now put up or shut up!"

Sam may have been right, at that. No one ever knew. The curtains of the two middle upstairs windows were not raised next morning, and when the ship sailed three days later they were still down. It was three weeks before a sizable membership of the crew would speak to Sam except to curse him, and it was longer than that before Ensign Pulver would speak to him at all.

"I've put in a floor show." LIBERTY

ALL of the officers had at one time or another submitted letters to the Bureau requesting a change of duty. This was their privilege, and presumably the Bureau gave just consideration to such letters. These officers, however, turned in their requests perfunctorily and without hope; for all of them were absolutely certain that there existed at the Bureau a yeoman, probably a Wave, whose sole duty it was to drop all such correspondence, unopened, into a roaring incinerator.

As a matter of policy—a policy, clearly, of pure spite, since he had loudly and many times expressed his desire to be rid of his whole passel of officers—the Captain always forwarded these letters with the endorsement: "Not recommending approval." That way they were licked from the start.

The other officers were content to submit their one letter, make their one gesture, and let it go at that, but Lieutenant Roberts did not give up so easily. One month to the day after he had written his first request, he appeared in the yeoman's office and had the letter retyped verbatim and presented again to the Captain. The Captain muttered, then spluttered, then roared; but he had no choice other than to forward it—with, of course, the same negative endorsement.

Every month after that—without fail, it was exactly a month—this procedure was repeated. As Roberts explained to his friend Ensign Pulver, if anyone at the Bureau did indeed read these letters, sooner or later that person was going to get so very angry that he, Roberts, would be transferred to the naval equivalent of Siberia—which, by comparison with the *Reluctant,* he did not consider at all undesirable.

One afternoon Roberts had had a very busy watch. The ship was simultaneously unloading cargo from three holds onto LCM's and LCT's, and he had not only the routine of the watch, but also the complex duties of cargo officer to occupy him.

Normally the Captain had just enough sense to leave Roberts alone —except for a little nagging in a routine way to keep up appearances —but today he clearly forgot himself. If he had called the bridge once this afternoon, he had called fifteen times, and every time Roberts had to drop what he was doing and listen to the Old Man's views on some such absurd detail as a man on deck without a cap, or cigarette butts on the flying bridge.

The last time the Captain called, Roberts was out on the wing telling three different boats where he wanted them. "Tell him I'm busy!" he said to the quartermaster. The quartermaster did that and came back grinning. "Flash Red!" he announced. In the usages of the ship this meant not that an air attack was imminent, but rather a visit from the Captain. A second later the Captain stormed into the wing.

He shouted at Roberts. "What the hell do you mean, telling me you're busy? Who the hell do you think you are anyhow? I'm running this here ship and when I tell you I want to talk to you you get on that phone in a goddamn quick hurry! Do you understand?"

ROBERTS had been standing in the outboard corner of the wing with a megaphone in his hand. He turned to the Captain.

"Captain," he said easily, "there's no use your coming up here and getting all excited. We're doing this job as well as we can, and if you just leave us alone and quit bothering, we'll get along all right."

Bergstrom the quartermaster, and the messenger and the talker were all right there, and they told later how the Captain's eyes popped almost out of his head, how his mouth fell open, and how for a space of several seconds it worked soundlessly. Then he was shouting again, and shaking his fist at Roberts.

"Now, you've gone too far! I don't have to put up with crap like that and I don't intend to! You can go in your room for ten days and see how you like that!"

Roberts had slung around his neck a pair of binoculars, which he had been using for spotting the numbers of approaching boats. He faced the Captain now and removed the glasses. "Do you relieve me, Captain?" he said coldly. "Can I go down in my room now? I'd like ten days in my room, you know!"

The Captain's mouth worked again, and then he said: "Yeah, I know you would! You think you're pretty goddamn smart, don't you?"

"Are you relieving me, Captain?" Roberts persisted. He extended the glasses.

A slightly trapped look had come into the Captain's face. He looked uneasily out over the water. He ignored the proffered glasses. "By God," he said defensively and quite inconsistently, "I don't ask a lot from you officers, but when I want a thing done I want it done! Now, by God, you just do your job and don't go trying to tell me how to run this here ship and we'll get along all right. But, by God, I'm not going to take a lot of crap from you!"

The Captain turned then and started to slouch away.

"How about it, Captain?" Roberts demanded. "Am I going in my room for ten days or not?"

The Captain still didn't turn around to Roberts. "By God," he muttered fiercely, "I'll let you know when I give you ten days and, by God, you'll know it! Now you just get to work and take care of your job up here!" And the Captain started walking away into the wheelhouse.

Roberts stayed right at his heels. "Captain, if you don't like the way I'm handling my job, why don't you get me transferred? You could do it, you know, Captain!"

Captain Morton was now in complete rout. It was public rout, too, for suddenly there were half a dozen enlisted men in the wheelhouse. "By God, you just take care of your job and don't go trying to run the ship," he mumbled again, and he kept on walking toward the door.

Roberts was as relentless as a Fury. "It would be easy, Captain. All you have to do is write a letter and say you want to get rid of me. I'll even write the letter *for* you, Captain!" he offered.

But the Captain had ducked down the ladder.

The incident was an instantaneous sensation on the ship. Everywhere Roberts went, he was congratulated.

That night Ensign Pulver, sitting talking in Roberts's room, said to him: "Boy, you really won a round today!"

Roberts turned up his palms. "I'm still on the ship," he pointed out. "No, Pulver, he won. He wins them all. The Captain's bound to win, every time."

THE crew was certainly ripe for a good liberty when the *Reluctant* got orders to sail to Elysium in the Limbo Islands. The ship was three years out of the States and of her original crew there were only four left.

On the theory that it had at least a one-in-three chance of making the liberty list, almost the entire crew gathered in the compartment and stripped down to scivvies, ready for a lightning change into whites.

Then the word went round that the Captain wasn't going to grant any liberty. But while they sat stunned, before they could even curse the Captain, the P.A. speaker squawked exultantly: "Li-ber-ty . . . will commence . . . immediately . . . for the starboard section!" And the starboard section dived for its whites.

Lieutenant (jg) Ed Pauley, the officer-of-the-deck, had a hectic time at the gangway. At one time he had to inspect the liberty cards and check out seventy-three men of a seventy-four-man liberty list. They pushed and shoved and in general behaved exactly like men leaving a sinking ship by the only escape hatch.

Lieutenant Carney had the eight-to-twelve. He had been on watch only five minutes when a Navy pickup truck stopped on the dock and two shore patrolmen piled out. In the back end were five bodies in white uniforms. "These are your boys," the shore patrol called, "come and get 'em." The gangway P.O. and the messenger dragged the five aboard, one by one. They were out cold, and Carney ordered them laid out on top of number three hatch.

Ten minutes later the truck returned. It carried three more bodies in back, and in the front seat was Ringgold, of the third division. The charge against him was stealing a goat. The shore patrol submitted it on a yellow slip to Carney.

The truck was back again in fifteen minutes, this time with twelve bodies. The arrival of the bodies became a commonplace and background event. The largest single load delivered was fifteen.

The shore patrol was back at nine-fifteen with Kalinka, the shipfitter. The charge was making an indecent proposal to an elderly lady. These two particular shore patrolmen had already been out several times, and they stopped now for a cup of coffee. They told Carney that this was the first Navy ship in Elysium in a month and that since eight o'clock they had put on ten extra shore patrolmen.

IT was only a few blocks from the dock to the center of town. Shortly after ten o'clock, Carney heard a big noise over in town. There was shouting and some screaming and then the sound of at least three sirens.

The noise stopped a few minutes later. Ten minutes after, an M.P. command truck and a shore patrol paddy wagon pulled up on the dock. Both were loaded to the brim with members of the starboard section. Almost all of them were covered with blood and dripping blood. Their uniforms were in tatters and a few had lost their trousers. They all seemed perfectly happy, those who were up and about. Even those who were unconscious had a peaceful smile on their faces. The shore patrol spoke ill-naturedly of a big fight with some soldiers in a dance hall.

It took half an hour to put that bunch away. Then the Doctor went along number three hatch examining

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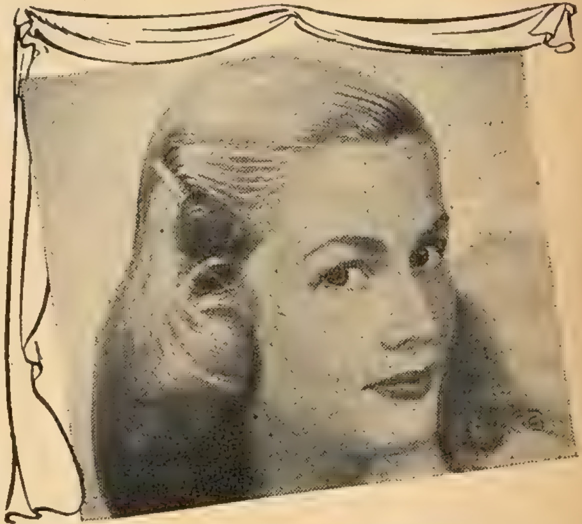

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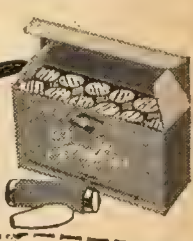

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the bodies with a flashlight. The hatch cover was getting crowded.

At eleven-thirty, a Navy station wagon stopped at the gangway. Four shore patrolmen got out, two officers and two enlisted men. The enlisted men, wearing forty-fives, stationed themselves at the foot of the gangway. The officers came on up. The Commander of the Naval Base, they said, had ordered the sentries stationed to prevent anyone, officer or man, from leaving the ship during the rest of its stay in Elysium. Some sailors, certainly members of this crew, had broken into the home of the French consul and thoroughly taken it apart.

As they turned to go, one of the officers asked: "How long since these guys made a liberty, anyway?" Carney told him.

That was all then. Pauley, who had the mid-watch, had an easy time. A few more bodies were brought aboard, and at two o'clock one of the bodies already laid out revived and tried to slide down the bow spring line. Those were the only incidents. Otherwise peace settled soddenly on the *Reluctant*. The liberty was over.

LIEUTENANT ROBERTS was the only one on the ship who gave a damn about the war in Europe. Scarcely anybody else even listened to the news, much less absorbed it. Once in a while a man would ask another, "They still fighting over there in Europe?" but he didn't really care.

When the news came of the final surrender of Germany, the *Reluctant* lay at anchor in the bay of one of the islands. Roberts had the four-to-eight watch. Because there was no gangway down, he stood it on the bridge. There were several difficulties with the Captain. First the quartermaster dropped a megaphone on the deck of the wheelhouse, and the Captain was heard from on that. His cabin was directly below, and he couldn't stand noise overhead of any sort.

Then it wasn't ten minutes until the Captain came up on the bridge again, obviously looking for trouble. He saw a group of men on the foredeck leaning on the rail. He stormed over to Lieutenant Roberts.

"Do you see those men down there?" he demanded.

Roberts looked up with the minor annoyance of a man brushing away a fly. He nodded complacently.

"Well!" shouted the Captain. "What're you going to do about it?"

Roberts looked around indifferently and summoned the messenger. "Go down and tell those men to get off the rail," he said casually.

The Captain's mustache bristled. "Get off the rail, nothing!" he shouted. "You get their names and, by God, you put them on report, or I'll take care of you!" He started muttering then and walking agitatedly about.

Roberts turned wearily to the messenger. "Go down and get their names," he said, as if humoring a foolish child. A few minutes later, when Thompson, the radioman, came out and told Roberts that Germany had just surrendered unconditionally, he forgot all about the Captain.

As soon as he was relieved, Roberts went into the radio shack and put on the headset. It must have been two hours that he listened.

The movie was just letting out. There were sudden shouts in the passageways and the loud happy voices of the crew as they swarmed forward to the fo'c'sle. Hearing them, Roberts felt a sudden loneliness. He needed suddenly to talk to someone.

He went around and told his friends the news. Ed Pauley said, "Well, maybe they'll get on the ball out here now." Ensign Pulver was languidly militant: "I guess we took care of the bastards good this time!" Ensign Moulton was cynical. "That'll hold them for another twenty years." Finally Roberts went to the Doc's room.

The Doctor was reading at his desk. "Come in!" he called. He put the book aside.

"Hi, Doc," said Roberts. He sat down in the chair beside the desk. "The war is over in Europe. Germany surrendered unconditionally at Reims."

The Doctor stroked his mustache thoughtfully. "That's fine," he said. "That's really splendid news."

"Doc, here's something for you," Roberts said slowly. "The most horrible war in history has just ended. A terrible war, Doc, a truly terrible one. You would expect this, then, to be a time of the wildest general rejoicing. And what do I feel? Doc, I feel depressed as all hell. I feel left out. Does that sound stupid?"

"No," said the Doc, "but it is rare." He lighted a cigarette. "You never did satisfactorily explain to me how come you're so all-fired anxious to fight this war."

"I don't know that I could," said Roberts. "I don't know how you go about explaining a compulsion. That's what it is, of course. When I was eighteen I quit high school and went to New York and got signed up as an ambulance driver in the Lincoln Brigade. That time the war was over before they could ship me out." He scratched his ear. "But I guess there wasn't much anti-fascism to that. It was just a hell of a gaudy thing to do.

"Then," he went on, "in 1940, in my last year of pre-med, I quit school again. This time I went up to Montreal and tried to get in the RAF. I think by then I honestly had an idea of what was involved. It was strictly nothing doing, though." He tapped his teeth. "They threw me out on this foolish malocclusion. Same thing in 1941 when I tried to get in the Air Corps—all three of them. This is the only outfit that would have me."

"You give this war a lot, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," said Roberts. "But you don't."

"No," the Doc agreed. "I don't. I see it as a war of unrelieved necessity—nothing more. Any ideology attaching is only incidental. Not to say accidental."

"Well," said Roberts, "if you had asked me four years ago I could have told you to hell and back what this war was about. I would have used terms like 'war against fascism,' 'holy war,' 'crusade,' and so forth. And perhaps, Doc, there was a lot of justice in that sort of talk. Perhaps there still is: I don't know. It seems to me that causes are hellishly elusive things, and that the moment you try to articulate them, give them a label, they shy away and become something else."

The Doc was quiet a moment; then he said: "I could kick your backside for ever leaving med school."

"So could I," said Roberts. "Now. Particularly today. I chase the hell out of this war and it quits on me."

The Doctor pushed back from the desk. "What we need is a drink. How about getting the orange juice?"

"You're right," said Roberts. He went and got it and the Doc broke out the alcohol. When Roberts left an hour later, he thought now perhaps he could sleep: it was after eleven. He went up and turned in.

BUT he couldn't sleep. Langston snored lustily in the top bunk, and Roberts lay and studied the lights of the island circled in the porthole.

The dead, Roberts mused: what could you say for the dead of this war? What could you *really* say? Just this once, just this one war, anyhow, let us try to say true things about the dead. Begin by cancelling the phrase, "our honored dead"; for that is not true—we forget them, we do not honor them but in rhetoric—

"Men! Let one out of sight for two minutes and he goes right back to his wife!!"
LIBERTY

and the phrase is the badge of those who want something of the dead. And let us not say of them, this time, "they gave their lives" for something or other; for certainly there was nothing voluntary in their dying. And neither is it fair to speak of "dead heroes," for not at all necessarily does the fact of death include the fact of heroism.

But, thought Roberts, you could say of all that in a war of terrifying consequence and overwhelming agony, they participated one hundred per cent. That was the only true thing you could say for all, but it was enough.

ROBERTS got up, and in the dark put on his clothes. He went out and down the ladder to the quarterdeck. He started walking up and down.

V-E day aboard the *Reluctant,* he composed, was observed quietly, without ostentatious display, and with a grim awareness of the still unfinished Pacific war. Appropriately, the ship's company marked the great day in restrained but distinctive fashion. Lieutenant Carney and Lieutenant (jg) Billings, swept up in the spirit of the moment, played a game of acey-deucey in the wardroom. Lieutenant (jg) Pauley celebrated with quiet taste by reading a detective magazine. Lieutenant (jg) Langston observed the day by retiring at nine instead of ten, and by sleeping a little more soundly than usual. The gruff but lovable Captain couldn't quite conceal an unusual generousness of spirit, placing only twelve men on report during a fifteen-minute period. But in these small though significant ways it was, for the *Reluctant,* just another work day on the road to Tokyo. . . .

And all of a sudden Roberts had to do something. And it had to be against the Captain: it had to be. And just the thought of it was like a door opening out of prison. And he knew right away what to do. The Captain kept a small palm tree in a painted five-gallon can on the wing of his bridge, and it was the joy of his life. With slow, deadly certainty Roberts walked up to the boat deck and out on the Captain's wing. There, in the corner, was the palm tree. He jerked it out by the roots and threw it over the side. Then he took the can and scattered the loose earth about on the deck. Then he put the can down and went around aft of the house. Already he felt worlds better, but still there was something undone. And immediately that thing was revealed to him, too.

Automatically he recalled the Captain's obsessional hatred of noise, particularly noise at night, particularly noise in the area of his cabin. He went down to the cabin deck and found what he wanted. It was a gangway stanchion, about the size of a baseball bat, and solid lead. He went up to the port wing of the Captain's bridge and calculated. The Captain's bedroom was just inside, and the Captain slept athwartships. The head of his bunk was right against this bulkhead.

He swung the stanchion with all his strength against the bulkhead. Then he swung a second time and a third. The blows shook the house like an explosion. He placed the stanchion carefully at the Captain's door, walked calmly down the ladder and around the house, and returned to his own room by the starboard ladder. He undressed carefully and got into bed.

Langston was awake and sitting dazedly up. "What the hell was that noise?" he mumbled.

Roberts pulled the sheet up to his chin. "I didn't hear any noise," he said. And then he added, "But I do now." He could hear the screaming voice of the Captain, and the opening of doors, and the scurrying of many feet, as of quartermasters and messengers running down from the bridge. They were wonderfully pleasant noises.

IT was roughly ten minutes past eight in the morning when the Captain stepped out on the wing of his boat deck and discovered his loss. Immediately he let out a bellow for poor little Cornwall, his steward's mate. He pointed fiercely at the loose earth strewn around the empty overturned five-gallon can. "Don't touch that!" he shouted at the bewildered Cornwall. "Don't let anybody near that!"

Then he bounded up the ladder to the bridge. His face was stained a deep purple as he lurched toward the microphone of the P.A. system. His voice came to the crew like a douse of ice water:

"All right now, goddamit, listen to this. Some smart son-of-a-bitch has been up here and thrown my palm tree over the side, and last night he was getting smart and pounding on my bulkhead. There's going to be a general court-martial for the fellow who did that! Now if you know anyone who had anything to do with it, you better get up here and tell me. There won't be any liberty on board this ship until I find the son-of-a-bitch!"

The crew listened at first with shock, then wonder, and finally with conspicuous joy. "Hey, did ya hear that?" they shouted at one another. "Somebody threw the Old Man's tree over the side!" All of a sudden it was a wonderful day. Down in the compartment men guffawed and slapped each other on the back. There was less evident rejoicing out on deck, under the Captain's eye, but it was there just the same. The threat of restriction depressed no one, for the ship wasn't going anywhere near another liberty port after Elysium.

After addressing the crew, the Captain summoned Mr. LeSueur, the executive officer, and addressed him for fifteen minutes. The pitch and volume of the Captain's voice were

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high. It was reported he told Mr. LeSueur that if he didn't find out who threw his tree over the side and pounded on his bulkhead, by God, he'd put him, Mr. LeSueur, in hack for ten days! He ordered Mr. LeSueur to send a boat ashore to dig up *two* small palm trees and return with them. He further ordered Mr. LeSueur to set a watch on the starboard wing of the boat deck from sunset until 8 A.M. The sole duty of the watch would be to guard the two palm trees.

The entire ship's company was excited over this unrevealed hero in their midst. They were avid to locate him and do him honor.

The really smart boys in the crew figured it must have been an officer. An officer, they reasoned, had both greater opportunity and larger motive. They mentioned Lieutenant Roberts as a possibility, but they deferred him to Ensign Pulver and Lieutenant (jg) Ed Pauley. This was done because both Pulver and Pauley had a history of fierce and vocal threats against the Captain. Roberts never wasted his time that way.

DOWDY and Olson and Stefanowski, the machinist's mate, met as usual that evening in the armory. For a long while they sat and digested the rich news of the Captain's misfortune. Then Dowdy and Olson settled down to an acey-deucy game and Stefanowski went over to the phonograph and played Gene Autry records. At midnight Dolan came in. He had just come off watch.

Stefanowski looked up from his records. "I hear you threw the Old Man's tree over the side," he greeted.

"No, I didn't," said Dolan. "But I know who did," he added quietly.

Both Dowdy and Olson looked up from their game.

Dolan nodded slowly. "Roberts did it," he said. "Mister Roberts. I was on the bridge and I heard this splash and I saw him. He was just taking his time." He added fiercely, "Now, goddamit, that's just between the four of us. I ain't told nobody. You go spreading that around and you'll get him in trouble."

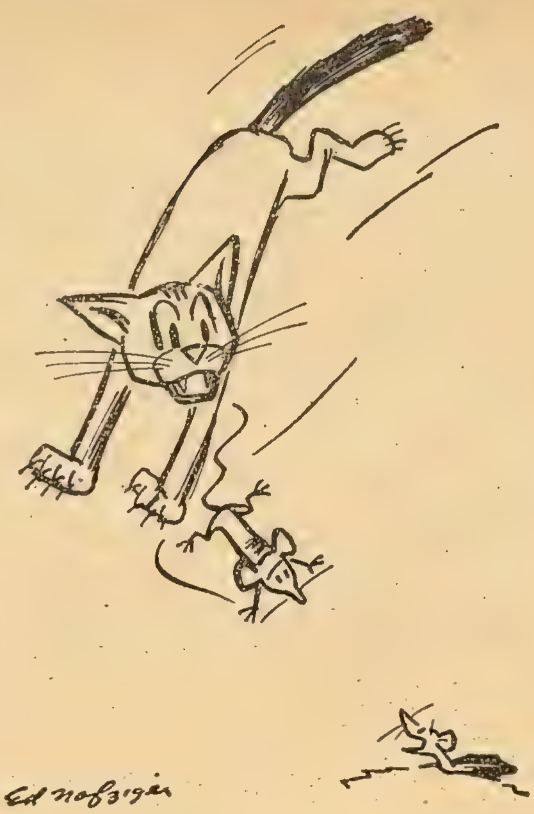
"Yeah," agreed Dowdy, "we'll have to keep it quiet." He grinned suddenly and pushed back from the acey-deucy board. "Old Roberts," he said admiringly, "that's all right!"

Stefanowski smacked the workbench. "He must be the guy that pounded hell out of the Old Man's bulkhead too. Man, he done a good day's work! He ought to have a medal. That was sure a hell of a fine job!"

"Hell, yes," said Dolan. "Any guy that would fix the Old Man up like that ought to have a medal."

There was a little quiet moment while Dowdy eyed the other three strangely. Then he said with an air of decision: "All right, let's give him a medal."

"Where you going to get it?" Stefanowski asked doubtfully.



"Slide, Pop! Slide!"

Dowdy said scathingly: "You got a lathe down there in the machine shop, haven't you?"

"Yeah," said Stefanowski, and there was the dawn of excitement in his voice.

"And you got plenty of sheet brass, haven't you?"

Stefanowski got it now. "Yeah," he said excitedly.

"Well, all right!" Dowdy said triumphantly. "What more do you want? . . ."

AT four o'clock next afternoon, Lieutenant Roberts sat in his room talking with Lieutenant (jg) Langston, his roommate. It had been a busy day, unloading dry stores onto barges, and Roberts had been out on deck since six o'clock. He was very tired. There was a knock on the jamb of the opened door and Dowdy and Olson and Dolan and Stefanowski stood in the passageway.

"Come in," Roberts called. The four filed inside. Stefanowski was holding a small green box.

Dowdy spoke: "Could we see you a minute, Mr. Roberts?" He looked significantly over at Langston.

Roberts smiled. "Sure," he said. And in answer to Dowdy's look: "That's all right."

Stefanowski passed the box to Dowdy. Dowdy shuffled a moment and looked again doubtfully at Langston. Then he went ahead. "Well, Mr. Roberts, we just wanted to give you this." He handed the box to Roberts.

Roberts looked at the box. He looked at the four awkward, embarrassed men. Then, smiling, he opened the box.

It was a nice box, and it had been floored with cotton. On the cotton, very bright, lay a medal cut of shining brass in the shape of a full-grown palm tree with overhanging fronds. Fastened at the back of the medal was a piece of gorgeous silk, blue and red and yellow, secured at the other end to a safety pin clasp. The palm tree was embedded in a rectangular base, and words had been painstakingly cut with a drill press into this base. Lieutenant Roberts read the words:

ORDER OF THE PALM
TO LIEUT. D. A. ROBERTS, FOR ACTION
AGAINST THE ENEMY, ABOVE AND
BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY,
ON THE NIGHT OF 8 MAY 1945

Roberts looked at the medal for a long time. Then he smiled and passed it over to Langston.

"That's very nice," he said to Dowdy, "but I'm afraid you've got the wrong man."

He and Dowdy looked deeply at each other, and Dowdy grinned. "Yessir," Dowdy said. "We know that, Mr. Roberts, but we'd kind of like you to have it, anyhow, sir."

The smile on Roberts's face was funny and tight. "All right," he said, "I'll keep it. Thanks very much."

All four were grinning proudly. "Oh, that's nothing," Dowdy said. "Stefanowski here made it down in the shop."

"It's a fine job," Roberts said.

The four started out, and then Dolan turned in the doorway and blurted: "There ain't nobody that knows anything about this but us, Mr. Roberts. About the medal, I mean. Stefanowski, he didn't let anybody see it while he was cutting it."

"That's fine," Roberts said, "but it doesn't matter." He wanted to say something else, something of appreciation, but before he could form the words the group was gone.

"Now I've got a medal to show my grandchildren," he said quietly to Langston.

Langston passed the medal back. "Did you take care of the palm tree?" he asked curiously.

"I must have," Roberts said softly; and he smiled again that funny twisted smile. He took the box in his hands, and looked at the medal and at the absurd ribbon, read again the words so painstakingly cut; and for the first time in perhaps fifteen years he felt like crying.

BILLINGS, the communications officer, found Roberts at number two hatch, watching while some dunnage was removed from the bottom. "Your orders!" Billings shouted, and showed him the radio message.

Roberts read it and then looked up and studied Billings. "Are you kidding?" he said flatly.

"No, I ain't kidding," Billings said. "This is on the level, Doug!"

Roberts read the orders again; and then all of a sudden he grinned. He just stood and grinned the widest and most foolish grin Billings had ever seen.

The orders of the last officer to get off, Ensign Soucek, had read the same way; and the Captain had kept him a full month. Roberts expected at least equal treatment.

But the Captain fooled him. Fooled him wonderfully. When Billings finally took him the message, he read it and sniffed and grunted. Then he said with sudden decisiveness: "All right, that's fine! We'll get rid of that guy fast. You tell the executive officer to write up his orders and get him off of here tomorrow. Yessir, we'll get rid of that guy in a hurry!"

It was a wonderful day for Roberts. Billings had been over on the beach the day before, and coming back he had given a ride to an armed guard officer from a merchant tanker. The officer had mentioned that his ship was sailing straight to San Francisco day after tomorrow. Billings, remarkably, even remembered the name of the ship, and with Roberts's enthusiastic consent, and without consulting the Captain, he had this message signaled over: "Can you take one officer passenger back to the States?" In a very few minutes the answer came back: "Affirmative. Have him aboard by noon tomorrow."

It was a wonderful day for Roberts. The Captain signed the orders detaching him, and Mr. LeSueur, the executive officer, promised him a boat any time in the morning that he wanted it.

Dinner that evening was quite an exciting meal for all the officers. It was a genuine event when any officer got orders, but when that officer was Roberts it was really so. It was a noisy dinner. Every officer in the wardroom shouted bawdy admonitions at Roberts.

AFTER dinner, the Doc came over and said offhandedly to Roberts: "Drop around after a while." It was the Doc's way of announcing that alcohol would be available.

It took Roberts a couple of hours to turn over to Carney, his successor, all the records and Title B cards of the First Lieutenant. It was eight o'clock before he got around to the Doc's room. The door was closed and Pulver and Ed Pauley were already there. Ensign Pulver was lying on the Doc's bunk with a drink balanced on his stomach. The Doc poured a half-inch of grain alcohol in a water glass, filled it halfway from a can of orange juice, and handed the drink to Roberts. "Sit down," he said.

At first there was polite discussion of Roberts's orders. There was speculation as to how much time in the States he would get, and after that, what type of duty he would draw. Then Ed Pauley transferred the talk to sex.

"Doug," he said to Roberts, "do you rape easily? Because from what I read about the States, you'll probably be attacked in the middle of Market Street by one of those predatory American women."

This provoked a long and thoughtful discussion of the mores and morals of American womanhood. It consumed a period of three drinks.

It was after ten o'clock when Dowdy knocked on the door. He stood sober and purposeful in the doorway. "Hear you're leaving us," he addressed Roberts. When this was confirmed, he went on: "Well, a few of us are having a little party down in the armory and they said for me to ask you down to have a drink with us. That's all of you," he added.

Roberts questioned the Doc with a look. "Sure thing," said the Doc expansively. "Hell, yes, we'll have a drink. But first you have one with us."

Dowdy did that, and he did better than that: he had two. Then the Doc said: "We might as well take this with us." He picked up the quart of alcohol, now reduced to less than a pint, stuck it under his shirt, and then, in single file, the Doc leading, Ensign Pulver trailing, the group repaired to the armory.

They met a noisy reception. The new party was already in an advanced state. The large ten-gallon crock sat on the deck in almost the geometrical center of the room. Right away the Doc made a perfect gesture. He pulled out the bottle of alcohol, flourished it, and emptied its contents into the crock. The cheers were almost deafening.

Dowdy poured drinks of the amalgamated alcohol and jungle juice for the newcomers. "This here is a brand-new batch," he explained to them. "It turned out pretty good."

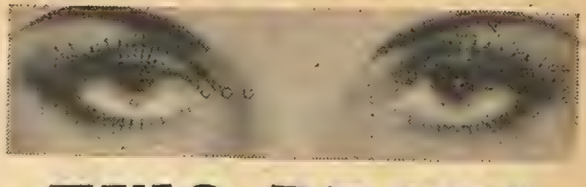
Then the toasts began. Stefanowski made the first, and considering the occasion, it was just about perfect. Although he stood a little unsteadily, his words were firm and brave: "Now, by God, this drink is for the best damn officer I know, and that's Mister Roberts. And that ain't saying nothing against the rest of you officers because I think we got a good bunch of officers on this ship, except for that"—Stefanowski paused and picked a nicely qualifying term—"of a Captain, and I think we got the best of the lot here tonight. But, by God, I say, and I bet you other officers agree with me, that Mister Roberts is absolutely the tops, and I'm sure sorry to see him go, and, by God, I think we ought to drink to him!"

IT is hard to see how it could have been more nicely put.

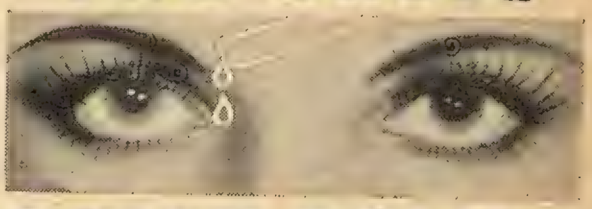
The toast idea caught the fancy of the party, and the level of the improved jungle juice went down markedly in the crock. After all present had been honored, toasts were drunk to, among others: Bela Kun, Chili Williams, the Captain's early demise, and Girls Who Wore Black Pants. Dowdy sidled over to Lieutenant Roberts.

"Say," he said secretively, "Tom Olson's got a good idea. He says we ought to take care of the Old Man's palm trees tonight. You know the Old Man's got that watch up there now, but Olson says that Red McLaughlin went on at midnight, and

EYES TIRED?



TWO DROPS



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hell, if he did, he's asleep by now. Hell, it's twelve-fifteen, and you know Red McLaughlin. So maybe if you and me and Olson sort of sneak up there now . . ."

The thing was done with style. Dowdy was right: Red McLaughlin was asleep, propped against the Captain's bulkhead. The two palm trees were removed from their five-gallon cans and dumped over the side. Dowdy and Olson did everything—they insisted it was their turn. Roberts' rôle was that of honored observer, and when they finished, he complimented the boys on a thoroughly professional job.

The evening should have ended there. Right then and there it was a success. It had form, and accomplishment, and a nice feeling. Unfortunately the others in the armory had not this sense of structure and proportion. Dowdy and Olson and Lieutenant Roberts weren't absent very long on their mission, but when they returned to the party, they found it noticeably deteriorated.

It was no longer possible to move from one end of the armory to the other. The party divided into several autonomous groups. One, with Wiley and Schaffer, sat on the deck in a corner and sang a new set of lyrics to "On, Wisconsin." The new lyrics consisted solely of a popular and colloquial four-letter verb or noun chanted over and over. Kalinka was the center of the little group in the opposite corner. Kalinka had been demonstrating the process of placing one's leg behind one's head; now his leg was locked behind his head and he couldn't get it down.

IT was about two o'clock when it came to Ensign Pulver that he could walk on water. He announced his discovery to the party, and some believed him and some didn't. It was decided that he should demonstrate. The whole party surged up to the quarterdeck. They stood at the rail while Pulver walked down to the foot of the gangway and stepped off.

There was a strong current running, and although Pulver threshed energetically he was slipping rapidly astern. Denowsky climbed over the rail and jumped twenty feet into the water to save him. Stevens, the gangway watch, scurried down the jacob's-ladder into the LCVP tied alongside, started it up and went after the two. He had quite a time rounding them up.

When the two swimmers were finally laid out on the quarterdeck, Lieutenant Roberts slipped up the ladder and made it safely to his room. Although he was far from sober, he did two very wise and practical things: he locked the door and he set his alarm clock for six-thirty. He thought it entirely possible that the Captain might seek to identify him with the night's doings, and might further seek to detain him for a few days or a few months. Roberts was going to get away before the Captain got up.

At six-thirty the clatter of the alarm was horrible. Roberts heard it and awoke, and it seemed to him inconceivable that he could ever move again. His head was one great pounding agony and his stomach was so raw he thought it exposed. But as he lay in bed he recalled what was at stake; and finally, slowly, and with an awful dragging care, he got up. Slowly he dressed and slowly he walked down to the wardroom. There he drank a glass of orange juice and asked Jackson, the steward's mate, to bring down his gear. He took paper and scribbled little notes to Pulver and the Doc and Ed Pauley and Mr. LeSueur. It was seven-fifteen when he went out to Ensign Moulton, the officer-of-the-deck, to request a boat.

He shook hands with Moulton, asked him to say goodbye to everyone, and got aboard. It was a fifteen minute boatride over to the tanker, and all the way Roberts sat in the stern sheets with his head in his hands and tried desperately not to be sick. It occurred to him that he should feel some emotion at leaving the *Reluctant*, but beyond his own physical misery there wasn't a thing. He didn't even look back.

THERE is a phrase, "magnetic personality," which through the blurring and misuse common to our language, has come to designate any person sufficiently noisy at a party to compel attention. Even used with discipline, the term is inadequate, but still and all, it is valid. There are people of wonderful conductivity who draw rather than repel the tenuous and tentative approaches that we call human relationships, and through whom, as through a nerve center, run the freely extended threads of many lives.

The quality that they possess is not an aggressive one, not a conscious one, and it can never be acquired. It is native and inescapable and may even be unwelcome to its inheritor. It admits of greater loneliness than is commonly thought possible. It is completely inaccessible to analysis, and about all you can say of its composition is that perhaps it has to do with "life force," a concept equally nebulous. This quality of attraction and cohesiveness is, like most ineffables, best observed in its own void: when its possessor leaves a group of which he was a unit, he invariably depletes it by much more than one unit.

Lieutenant Roberts was that sort of person. In a very real sense, he had held the ship together. Awakening to the prospect of each toneless and reiterated day, every man on the ship took some degree of sustenance from the simple awareness that Roberts was aboard.

He was friendly, but not aggressively so, and he worked hard and was often tired, and when he was tired he could be very sharp and sarcastic. He had a desperate humor, and he had great tolerance and, probably, much humility. He held the ship together as a magnet holds filings, and when he left, the filings fell into undirected confusion.

Lieutenant Carney took over the job of First Lieutenant, and everything went wrong out on deck. Carney proved to be flagrantly incompetent, and under his direction the loading or unloading took hours and sometimes days longer than it should. There was a lot of bitterness about that. The Captain ordered that any man caught in his bunk after reveille go on report. Mr. LeSueur himself became nasty and treacherous. There was an almost daily fist fight, and once Cornwall, the Captain's boy, took a knife to Jake Bailey, the chief steward, and cut him up severely about the arms.

BUT the biggest change of all was in Ensign Pulver. He had been slow and almost unknown to wrath. Now he was in his best mood merely surly; in his worst, which predominated, he was downright belligerent. One night at dinner he almost came to blows with Ed Pauley over the issue of a napkin. After that he wasn't on speaking terms with Pauley. He took to roving the ship restlessly late at night.

After the farewell party, Pulver wrote ahead to Roberts's home in Chicago. In that letter he told Roberts how the Captain blamed him for the second sabotage of his trees, and he reproduced as well as he could the texture of the Captain's threat against Roberts. He told Roberts of the *four* palm trees. Roberts wrote back about three weeks later. He said that the palm trees should certainly be dumped as a scientific experiment to determine whether they squared in number each time, or merely doubled. Roberts was at home then on a twenty-five day leave.

"All right, Men of Distinction, take out the garbage!"

On August first, a few days before the first atomic bomb was dropped, the *Reluctant* had been under way for a week. Late one afternoon she anchored in Ennui Bay. Steuben, the yeoman and mail clerk, was sent over to pick up the mail.

Ensign Pulver got four letters. He took them to his room, lay down in his bunk, and opened them in the order in which they lay. The first was from his mother, the second was from a girl in San Francisco, and the third was from Lieutenant Roberts. The date-mark was three weeks old. It said that he was now on a destroyer, and that he'd been flown out all the way from the States to catch it. He was replacement for the First Lieutenant, who had gone off his nut and had been transferred to a hospital ship. Roberts seemed very pleased with the duty, and mentioned that there was on board a fellow named Fornell who had gone through the University of Alabama with Pulver.

The last letter was from Fornell, and it had been written three weeks later than the one from Lieutenant Roberts. Ensign Pulver read it through to the end and then he folded it carefully into the envelope and placed it and the other letters in the space behind his mattress where he kept all of his mail. He didn't quite know what to do.

HE went to find the Doc. But the Doc wasn't in his room. He set out to find Dowdy. He went out on the quarterdeck. Lights had been rigged on the mast-table and he could see Dowdy out on deck supervising removal of the hatch beams from number three. Pulver called to him.

Pulver said: "Mister Roberts is dead. I just got the word in a letter."

Dowdy looked up quickly and then looked at him steadily.

Pulver went on: "He got orders to a can and the can got hit by a suicide plane off Japan. There were eleven of them killed altogether." He didn't know anything else to say.

Dowdy held his gaze for a moment longer. Then, abruptly, he broke it off. "Thanks," he said. He turned then and walked away.

Pulver was beginning now to feel pain, dull, desolate, and smothering. He went back and found the Doc.

"Hi, Doc," Pulver said.

"Hi," said the Doc. He looked curiously at Pulver.

"Roberts is dead," Pulver said in a flat voice. "He was on a can and the can took a suicide plane off Japan."

The Doc let out a soft whistle and sat down slowly on the edge of his desk. He studied Pulver with the same fixity as Dowdy.

"How did you find out?" he said.

"I got a letter from a guy I know who was on the same ship. A guy I used to know in college." Pulver spoke with sudden anguish: "Isn't that rough, Doc? You know how he batted his head to get off of here? You know how he wanted to get in the war? And then as soon as he gets out there, he gets killed."

The Doc nodded and chewed his lip. "That's funny," he said thoughtfully. He paused for a moment. "I mean that I think that's what he wanted."

Ensign Pulver was startled. What did the Doc mean? He was about to ask, but now the pain was getting bad, and suddenly he didn't want to talk any longer. He stood away from the door. "Well," he said vaguely, "I just thought I'd tell you."

The Doc didn't seem to hear right away. He was staring at the deck again. Then he said quietly: "I'm glad you did." And as Pulver started haltingly out the door, he called after him: "I'm awfully sorry, Frank."

Pulver turned around and nodded acknowledgment; then he went on down the passageway. He came to the wardroom and he thought of telling the people there. But the moment he looked in, he saw it was impossible. Carney and Billings were playing acey-deucy. Keith was sitting at one table writing letters and Ed Pauley was drinking coffee.

It was just as every night, days without end. Nothing had happened; and now Pulver saw that, in plain truth, nothing ever could happen to these men. Apathy had seemed to the men of this ship the only possible faith that could accommodate the facts of their existence, and at its demand they had reduced life to the monotone reflex that was, in the last analysis, the only possible survival. Ensign Pulver had lived this life for over a year without objection and often with enjoyment. Now it seemed to him horrible.

Abruptly he withdrew and plunged down the passageway. He went outside and walked along the rail of the house. On the starboard side, in the dark of the house, he found a place at the rail with no one about. He stood there a long time. Roberts was dead. He felt a need to cry, and he looked around him furtively, and then, furtively, he tried it. Self-consciously, he whimpered aloud, but the sound was so strange to him that he stopped. Crying wouldn't help. Nothing would help. But, suddenly, there was something to do.

HE went up the starboard ladder to the wing of the boat deck. He went over to the Captain's palm trees, standing in their neat, mute row, and one by one he picked them up, four of them, and threw them over the side. When he finished, he was panting more than could be accounted for by the exertion. He went inside on the boat deck.

The Captain was sitting, reading, in the large chair of his cabin. He glanced up at the knock on the opened door. "Yeah," he said gruffly, "what is it?"

Ensign Pulver leaned a casual hand on the door jamb. "Captain," he said easily, "I just threw your damn palm trees over the side."

THE END

RHEUMATISM YIELDS TO DRUGLESS METHOD OF TREATMENT

Excelsior Springs, Mo., Feb. 26—So successful has a comparatively new, drugless method proven for treating rheumatism and arthritis that an amazing new book will be sent free to any reader of this magazine who will write for it.

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MAR. 1, 1947

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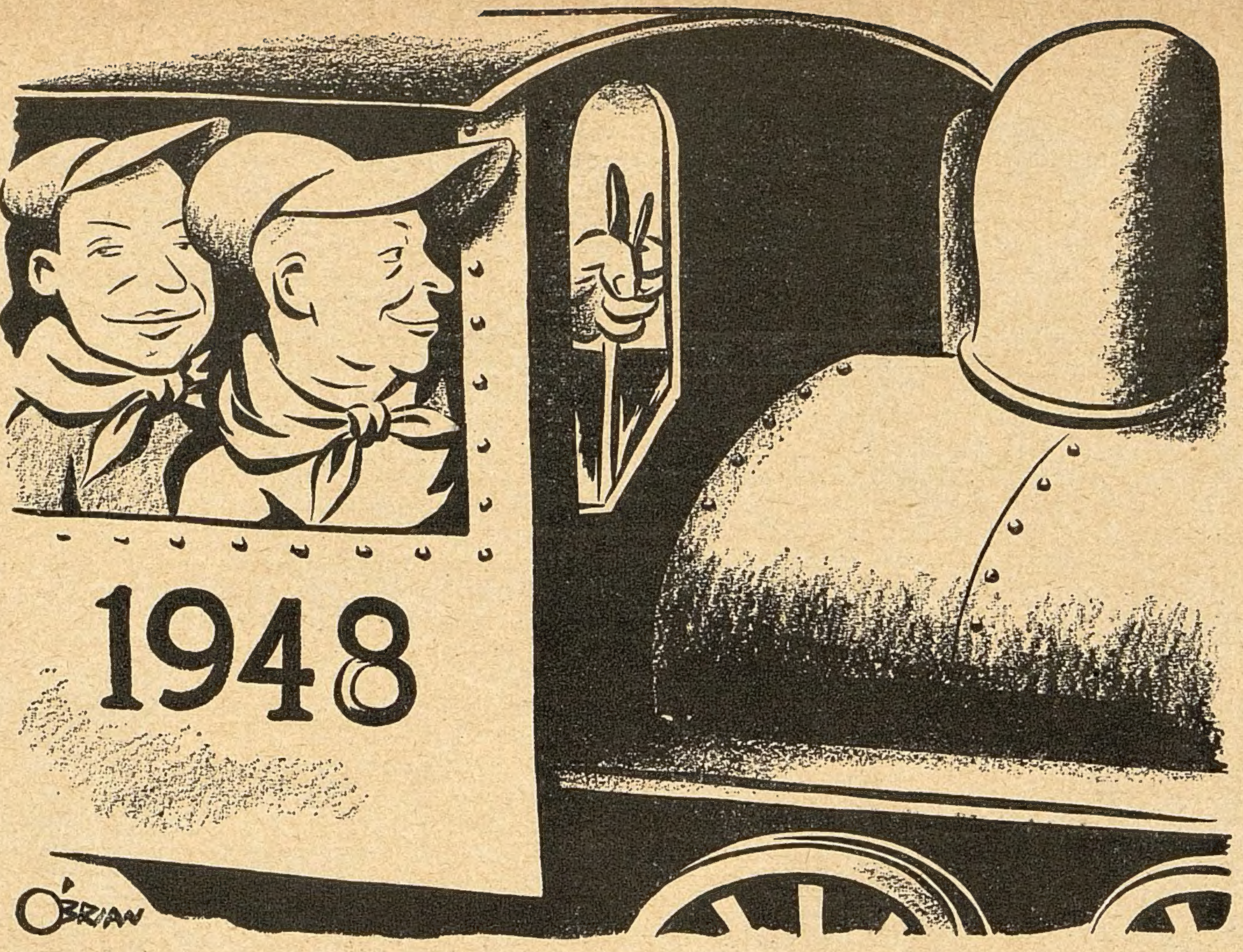


We'll feel safe with Ike and Stassen up there.

GENERAL IKE SAYS "NO"—BUT—

GENERAL DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER has stated with some emphasis that he is not a candidate for the Presidency. He could hardly do otherwise while he holds his present post as Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army. To talk politics would be an impropriety and not in accord with General Ike's great sense of duty. He has a job to finish—the setting up of our postwar defense program and the putting of the nation's military forces on a basis which will assure its safety.

Yet, embarrassing though it may be for the General in the circumstances, the "Eisenhower for President" boom will not subside. Mention of Ike's name hits any gathering with tremendous impact. Men and women, Democrats and Republicans, recognize at once Eisenhower's outstanding qualifications for the job. If he is called to this higher, greater task by the American people when his present work is finished, it is a safe bet he will accept this further duty.

The President of the United States in the next decade will be the most influential man on earth. He will lead the world to peace and progress or else to misunderstanding and frustration. The job is global in nature and needs imperatively a man who knows and understands world-wide problems, who knows and understands the leaders abroad with whom he will have to do business. It needs a man with the courage to make decisions and the intelligence to make the right ones; with the ability to organize and execute; with an unshakable faith in the American way of life. Measured against these requirements, Eisenhower is almost in a class by himself. In addition, he is known and respected by the masses of the people throughout the world. His name is synonymous with liberation and freedom and the prestige and ideals of the United States.

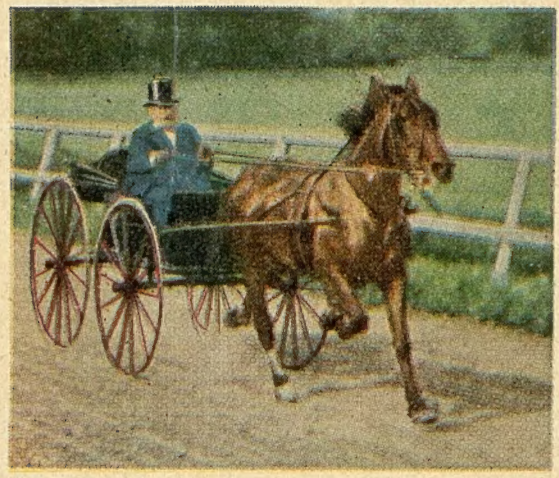
Perhaps once a century the American people have a chance to choose as their President a man of such outstanding greatness that he becomes a candidate without ascending the usual political ladder. Such a man has no debts to pay, no political obligations. He can be truly President of all the people. He is unlikely to favor groups or classes and, having no need of political horse trading, he will not play politics with American principles and the country's welfare.

When Eisenhower finishes the work of 1947, he is sure to be seriously considered for the big job of 1948 and the years ahead. An ideal Republican ticket would be Eisenhower for President and Harold Stassen for Vice-President. General Ike is now fifty-six, Stassen thirty-nine. Eight years of Eisenhower followed by two terms of Stassen would give us sixteen years of intelligent, courageous, and humane government. These will be critical years in American and world history. At the present time no other team seems so well qualified to guide us through them.

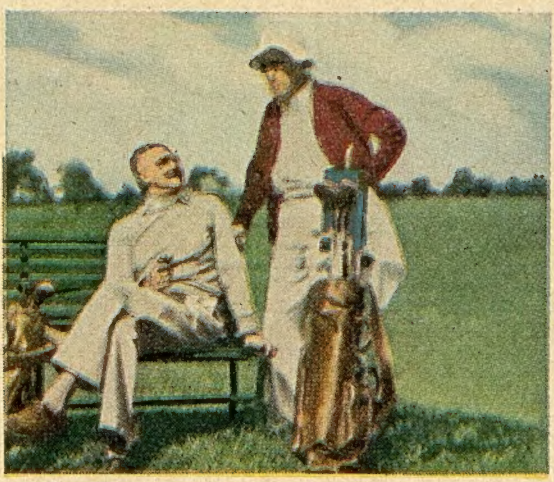
Paul Hunter

Liberty
...THE PRESERVATION OF FREEDOM IS THIS MAGAZINE'S PURPOSE

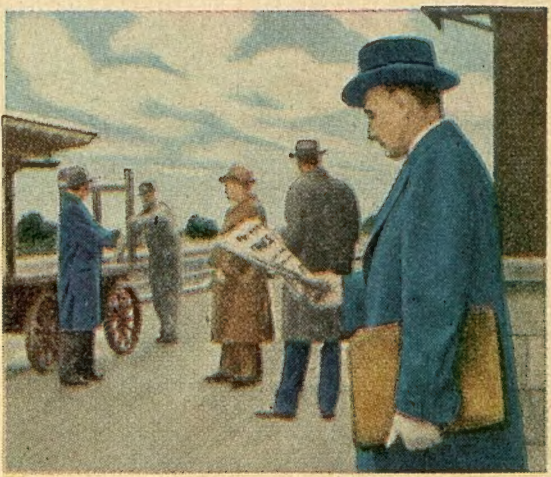
How you talk through your hat



1880 **A language of hats?** It goes like this. Imagine yourself driving in a silk topper. In 1880 that would have tagged you as "Mr. Big." In this 22nd year after the name Corby's came to Canada, hats were a tip on worldly position.



1923 **In the "Roaring Twenties"** hats recounted a new story. Headgear told the world where you were going, what you were going to do. Floppy white hats symbolized golf, when the name Corby's went into its 65th year of Canadian fame.



1935 **A careful observer** might well have guessed that the man sporting a suave Homburg was definitely "city" —a commuter, and probably an Easterner. Hats said much 77 years after the name Corby's first won acclaim in Canada.

N. Corby
SAY CORBY'S
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA · ILLINOIS

1947 **Hats are still talking**—they are a tip on who you are, where you're from. Try to spot the hats in this group that say, "New York"—"Chicago"—"Tulsa." Regardless of how you guess in this "hat game," *the name Corby's is a sure choice for a light, sociable whiskey.* May we suggest that you remember this grand old Canadian name when you order your next drink? Corby's has a way of putting new enjoyment into old favorites from the bar.

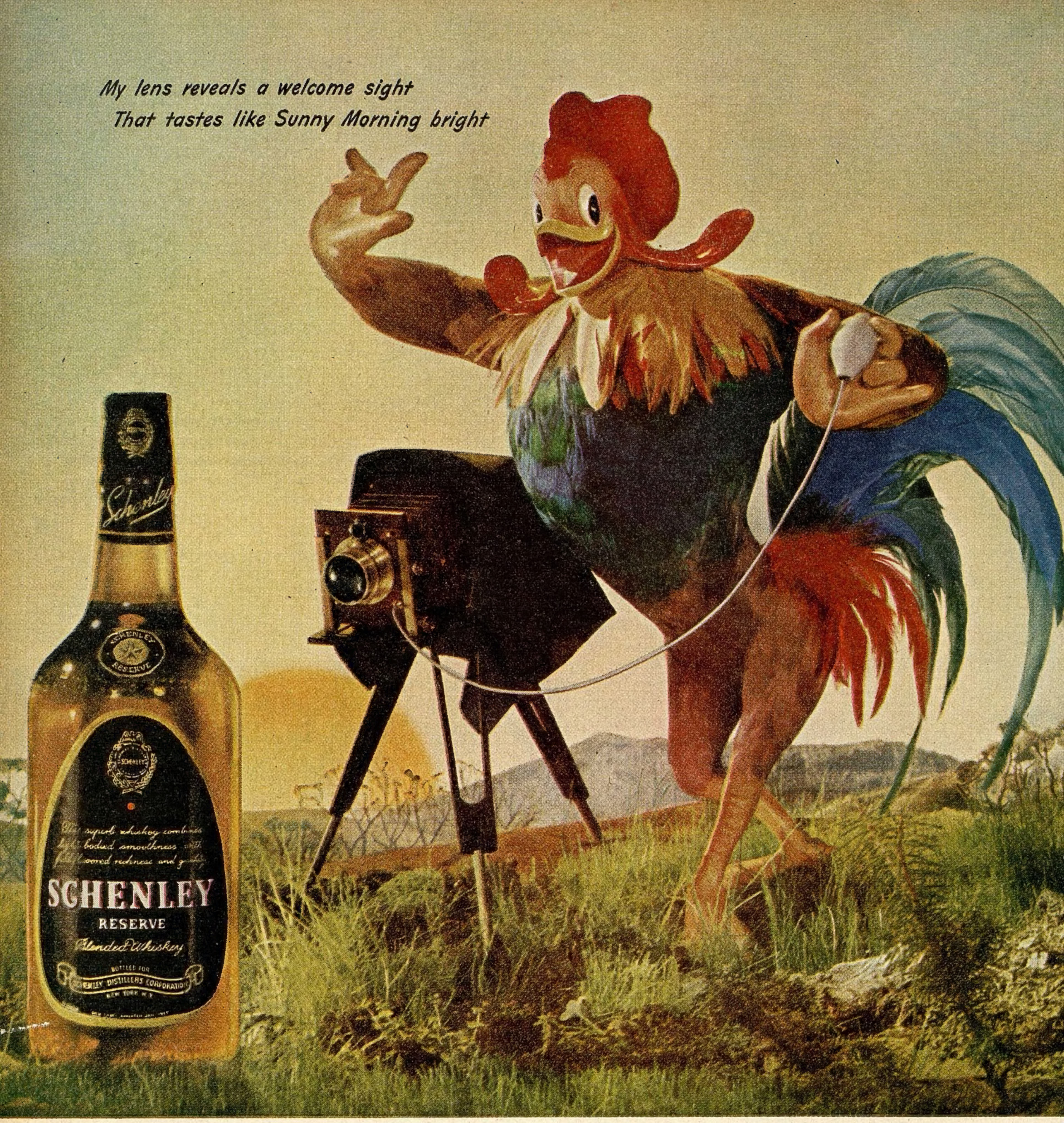
Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.


My lens reveals a welcome sight
That tastes like Sunny Morning bright
Schenley
SCHENLEY
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey
BOTTLED FOR
SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION
NEW YORK N.Y.

GET INTO THIS PICTURE OF SUNNY MORNING FLAVOR!

Picture yourself enjoying life . . . and the picture's sure to include Schenley Reserve! Its famous Sunny Morning flavor gives an *extra* measure of enjoyment every time. That's why Schenley Reserve is far and away America's favorite whiskey!

PRE-WAR QUALITY

SCHENLEY
RESERVE

Rare Blended Whiskey 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. COPR. 1947, SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.